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The Saturday Evening
POST

June 30-July 7, 1962

20¢

Birth Control Pills
A Case-History Report

Baseball's Hottest Debate:
The BEANBALL

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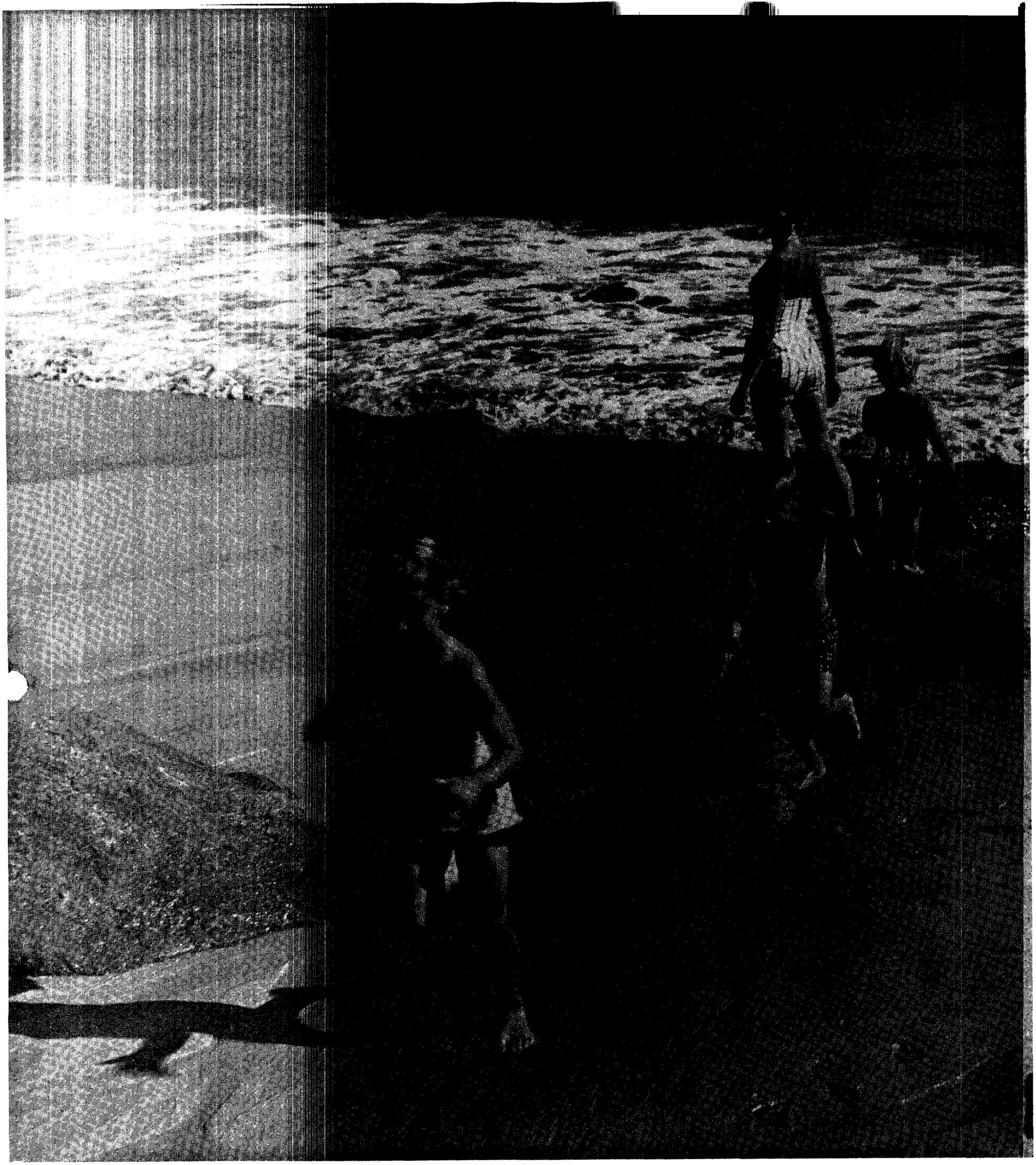

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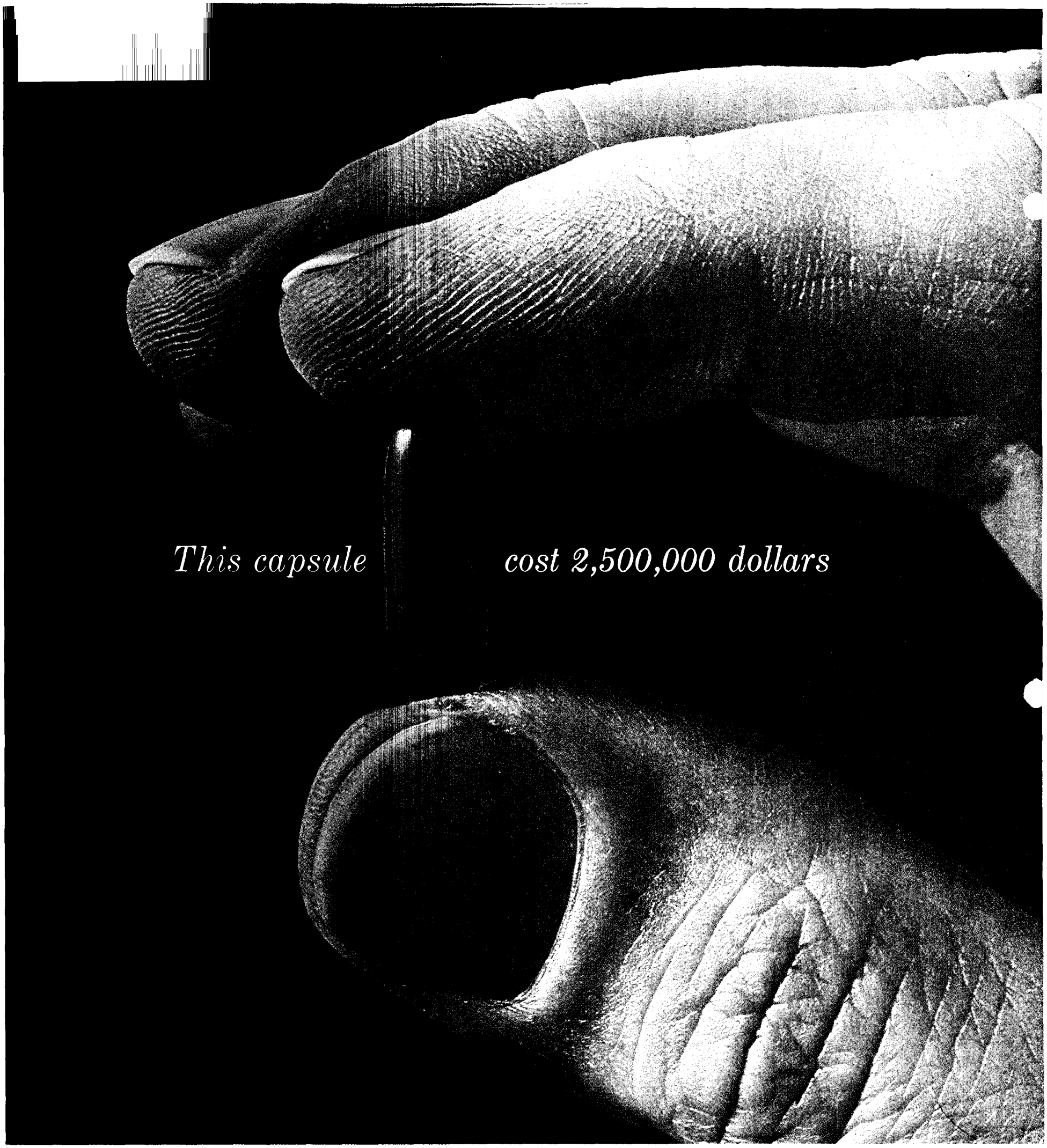

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Such accomplishments are the satisfactions of pharmaceutical research. They don't come every day, or every year. But they *have* come often enough in America to save millions of human lives. And the research future is even brighter.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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To Our Readers:

In accordance with a previously announced plan, *The Saturday Evening Post* will be published on alternate weeks from now until Labor Day. The issue following this one will be dated July 14–21 and will go on sale July 10. Weekly publication will resume with the September 8 issue.

Our By-Lines. **Lewis L. Strauss** wrote his forthcoming book, *Men and Decisions*, at his horse-and-cattle farm in Culpeper County, Virginia. SAFEGUARDING OUR ATOMIC SECRETS is a condensation of one chapter from the book. Other chapters deal with the work to expand the peaceful uses of atomic energy and with the decisions to make the atomic and hydrogen bombs. . . . Secretary of State **Dean Rusk** is a distinguished author of long standing: An essay on international relations won him the Cecil Peace Prize at St. John's College, Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar thirty years ago. . . . Contributing Editor **Steven M. Spencer** was cited by Temple University recently for his "brilliant and vital interpretation of the wonders and the challenges of science". . . . Shark slaughterer **Scott G. Slaughter** and underwater writer **William M. Stephens** are fellow Floridians. . . . New York's **Stanley Frank** writes enviously of a $12,000-a-word fellow writer.... Ex-GI **Bernard Asbell** became an Army editor as a nineteen-year-old private during World War II. . . . Novelist-newspaperman **Tom Macdonald** lives in Johannesburg, South Africa. . . . **Jacob Hay** sailed home from England recently aboard the *SS France*, accompanied by his wife, his mother-in-law, two dogs and a dilapidated station wagon. . . . Died on June 2: Contributing Editor **Demaree Bess,** sixty-eight, a highly esteemed *Post* writer for a quarter of a century. At the time of his death he had nearly completed a two-year project which we plan to publish next winter. Demaree Bess had spent most of his adult life abroad until he settled a few years ago in Asheville, N.C., with his wife Dorothy.

The Cover. The Piazza della Signoria of Florence—where Savonarola was burned at the stake, where Cellini's *Perseus* stands a few paces from Giambologna's *Rape of the Sabines*. And how do artist Alajálov's *signorine* spend their few hours amid this Renaissance splendor? They write "Wish you were here" cards. What they really wish, of course, is the time and money to linger longer.

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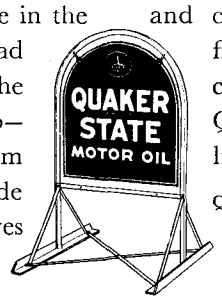
Your day always turns out more pleasantly with Quaker State in the crankcase. This years-ahead motor oil keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop—saves you money. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State gives every car longer-lasting lubrication and complete protection. It's the finest motor oil your money can buy. So always insist on Quaker State—the best engine life preserver. ©QSORC, 1962



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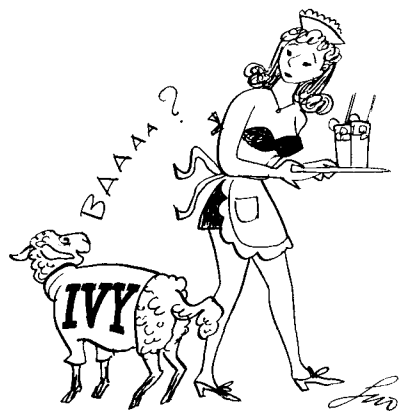
LETTERS

Ivy Sheep Gone Astray?

Dear Sirs:

Quite a nice picture Tom Congdon [BERMUDA: WHERE THE GIRLS ARE, May 26] tries to paint. . . . Of course he would lead us to believe there is no sex involved and quotes a pretty, young waitress as saying: "Nothing much happens. Believe me."

Well, *believe me*, if it doesn't, there has been a drastic change in the male and female of the species since I was that age. . . . Looks to me, there's a pretty big flock of sheep in Bermuda



that's gone astray. Maybe they need the "Good Shepherd."

ED WEST
Oakland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Tom Congdon's article was excellent! Having visited Bermuda during College Week, *The Post* has now given me written memories of that wonderful island.

HELEN VERSCHUYL
Hawthorne, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was extremely annoyed to read BERMUDA: WHERE THE GIRLS ARE. The main point of the article, it appears to me, is that the actions of "Ivy Leaguers" at Bermuda are laudable, while actions of their counterparts from "coed schools in the Midwest and South" who frequent Fort Lauderdale are most raucous. The element of snobbery is most obvious. . . .

As an Ivy Leaguer (Harvard '61) and a preppie (the Taft School '57), I feel socially competent to comment on the article. The most striking characteristic is not the difference but rather the similarity in the behavior of the groups frequenting Fort Lauderdale and Bermuda. The main objectives of each group are to live it up, to go wild. . . . To spend $300 for the privilege of acting exactly as I could at home seems to be ludicrous.

ANDREW N. BROWN
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for printing an article on a place which does not regard the vacationing student as a menace to be met with police action. . . . If other resorts would take the time to plan activities to keep the students out of trouble, I feel they would have less trouble.

KATHIE CASSIDY
San Bernardino, Calif.

"Never . . . a Socialist."

Dear Sirs:

I refuse to keep quiet on Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s attempt [SPEAKING OUT: THE FAILURE OF WORLD COMMUNISM, May 19] to brainwash me into believing socialism is the wave of the future. This same Schlesinger in 1947 wrote an article called THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM. . . . Why does he feel th necessity to hide his true leanings by calling himself a liberal?

MARY G. MICHELS
Albion, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Some readers of *The Post* have questioned my competence to describe the failure of Communism on the ground of an alleged "socialist" background. This allegation is based on the fact that I contributed an essay to a symposium on THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM in the *Partisan Review* in 1947. Let me make it absolutely clear that I have never been a socialist (and am not one now). The fact that I, as a historian, participated in a symposium on THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM no more turns me into a socialist than participation in a symposium on THE FUTURE OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY would turn me into Roger Blough. The essay was an exercise in analysis, not in advocacy.

Let me quote to your readers what I had to say in the 1947 article on the question of capitalism vs. socialism: "After all, which system has more successfully dehumanized the worker, fettered the working class and extinguished personal and political liberty? . . . The socialist state is thus worse than the capitalist state because it is more inclusive in its coverage and more un limited in its power." . . .

It might be added that the objection, in any case, is founded on the false premise that socialists and Communists are partners and allies. Actually there has been no more bitter and continuing antagonism than that between totalitarian Communists and democratic socialists. Lenin once said that he believed in supporting one socialist leader "the way a rope supports a hanged man." The strongest opponents of Communism in Europe today include such socialists as Willy Brandt of West Berlin, Hugh Gaitskell of Great Britain, Spaak of Belgium, Guy Mollet and Jules Moch of France, and Saragat of Italy. The basic issue of our age is the struggle between tyranny and freedom, and in this struggle the democratic socialists are on the side of freedom.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
Special Assistant to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Cheers & Jeers Re Romney

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend you on your article on George Romney [THE G.O.P.'s FAST COMER, by Stewart Alsop, May 26]. Your article proves the Republican Party is not a dying party, but a party with new faces and new ideas.

GERALD AXTELL
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Republican Party and Mr. Romney should be forever thankful to *The Post* and Stewart Alsop for the neatness and dispatch by which they

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THE DREAMERS AND THE DRIVEN!
THIS IS THE SAVAGE ADVENTURE OF THEIR CONQUEST
OF THE PAGAN JUNGLE ...AND OF EACH OTHER!!!
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SNOOPY
A VINYL-COVERED ROOF SOUNDS LIKE A VERY WORTH-WHILE IDEA..
SNOOPY
SNOOPY
IT WOULD PROBABLY HELP KEEP YOU FROM ROLLING OFF WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP!
SNOOPY
SCHULZ
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Er...right, Snoopy—but this new Falcon Sports Futura has a whole lot more to offer than just optional vinyl roof covering! It has more good looks—in a sleek new Thunderbird-style roofline. It has more luxury—in its special bucket seats. And for those who really want to go—it's available with a sizzling 170 Special engine! Yet it costs *less* than some standard compacts!* Want one? Just join the line at your Ford Dealer's.

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ANOTHER LIVELY ONE...FROM FORD!

LETTERS

chose the 1964 nominee, defeated him and relegated him to political pasture. The entire article struck me as a Mark Antony speech in reverse.

JOHN MAYFIELD
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Thank God for George Romney. It is so refreshing to have once again on the American political scene one man who believes in God as a supreme being and is not afraid to say so. Scoffers aside, God and one still make a majority.

J. B. RUFFIN
Deatsville, Ala.

Bright Eyes Made Realtors See Red

Dear Sirs:

I could hardly read past your May 26 cover picture [by George Hughes, at right]. It is clever, witty and, besides, it deals with MY profession. Alas, and alack, as I proceeded to read the accompanying explanation I saw red! For all the humor on the cover, you really erred in using the term Realtor.

WHEAT WILLIAMS JR., *Realtor*
Decatur, Ga.

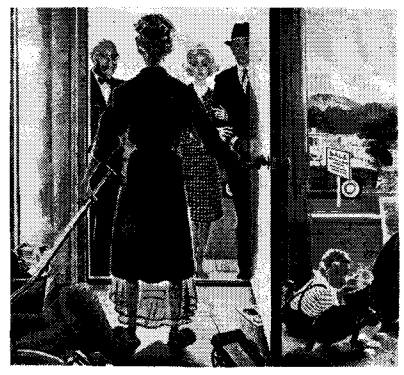
Dear Sirs:

Your cover features "Bright Eyes," a real-estate broker, described both on the cover and in your text as a "realtor." In the text he is said to have the "ulterior motive" of flustering both his client and prospective purchasers so that "they will sign an agreement of sale just to terminate the mutual embarrassment." . . .

The terms Realtor and Realtors are registered collective service marks owned by the National Association of Real Estate Boards. . . . Its members are pledged and required to abide by a strict standard of business ethics. . . . There are approximately 250,000 licensed real-estate brokers in the United States. Of them, 71,000 are Realtors. The result of your action, therefore, is to ascribe rapaciousness and violation of ethical standards to those brokers entitled to use the term Realtor. Brokers not so entitled are left unscathed. . .

THOMAS F. SCULLY, *Counsel*
National Association of Real Estate Boards
Chicago, Ill.

● *Most people now use generically the term coined by the N.A.R.E.B.* Webster's Third New International Dictionary *defines "realtor" as "a real estate agent," then adds, "esp.: an agent who is a member of the National Association of Real Estate Boards."—ED.*



Dear Sirs:

Your cover was a masterpiece. . . . We are in the real-estate business and can fully appreciate a situation such as this.

CLIFFORD DEXTER
Huron, S. Dak

Dear Sirs:

Real-estate men everywhere will frame your cover.

RICHARD M. HERTZ
Atlantic City, N.J.

Coming...in the next Post

Confessions of a
Block-Buster
By a Chicago Real-Estate Agent

General De Gaulle vs. Prince Rainier
The Battle for Monaco

ALSO:

Hollywood's Warren Beatty

How Your Children Grow

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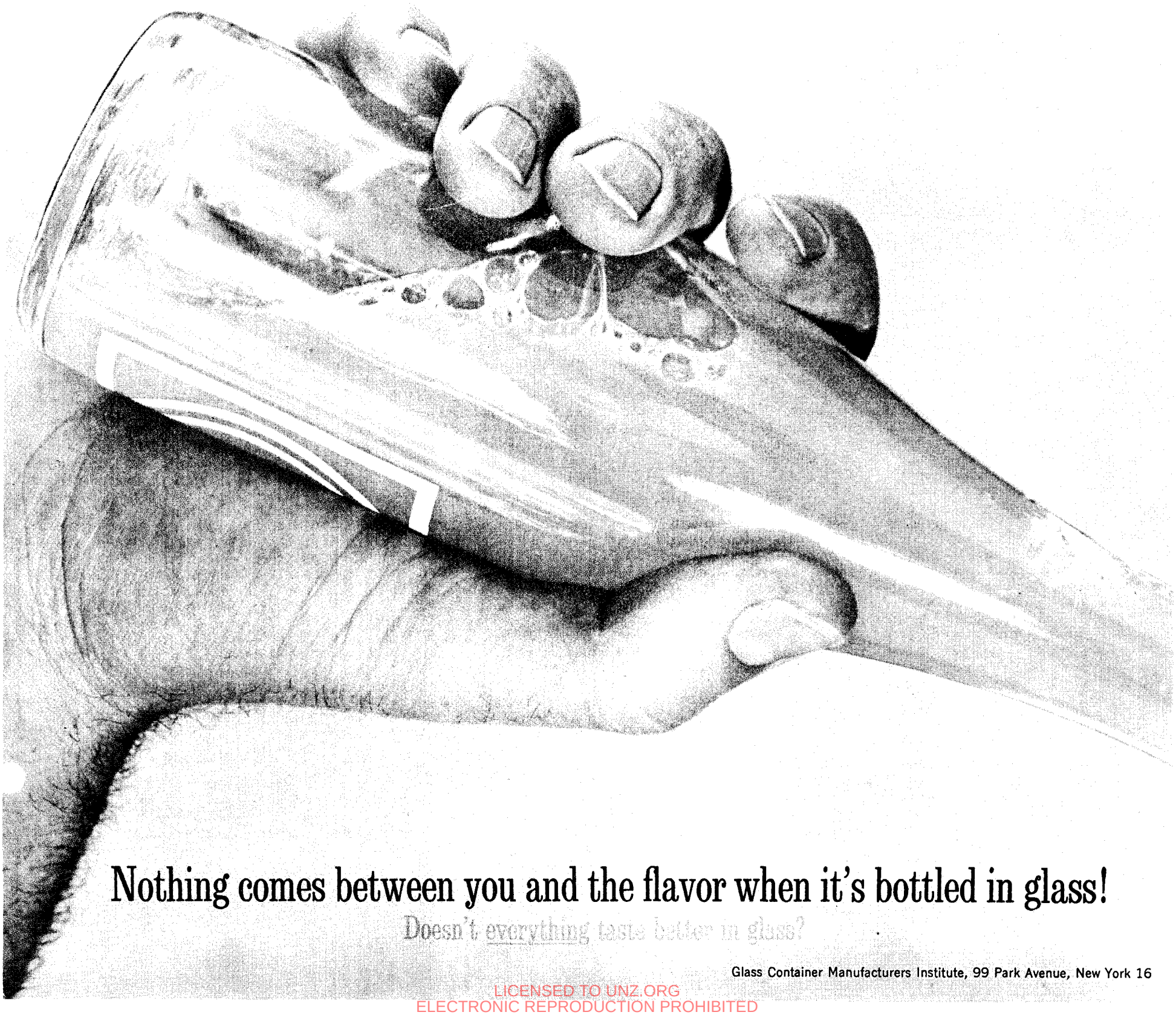

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You Yanks Are Hypocrites

Americans abroad should tell the truth—even if it hurts.

By PRAKASH C. JAIN

Should an Englishman say, "I will see what I can do," one can almost take it that it will be done. But should an American answer, "I see no reason why it can't be done," or even, "I shall be too glad to do it," to most Indians who have had dealings with Americans, the words have a hollow sound. I am sure that this is not a very correct image of a people who have set an unparalleled example in international generosity, or of a nation which is perhaps the most spontaneous, friendly, open-minded and informal in the world. But, if blame for misunderstandings is to be apportioned, in my judgment at least 50 percent of it should go to the Americans.

I have talked with dozens of other Indians about this American failing, and in nearly every case I could see that the Americans concerned never intended any harm. It was clear that most of their difficulty arose out of what I can best describe as their carefree thoughtlessness, a happy-go-lucky indecisiveness, a blitheful forgetfulness, a much-too-innocent politeness, an overwhelming exuberance, a flippant informality and that peculiar American belief that the shortest way of reaching a people's heart is by telling them goody-goody things.

A part of the trouble also could be traced to the special American idiom and mannerisms which are not always understood in a foreign country. For example, perhaps in America no girl will be offended if her boss greets her in the morning with, "Say, you look so nice and bright this morning! What did you do last night?" The chances are that the girl will smile, will not attempt a reply and will not take it as an insinuation or as a mark of special intimacy. But let a fresh-from-home American try it in India, Pakistan or any of the Arab countries, and he would be lucky if such a remark didn't lead to a staff strike or a demand for an unqualified apology.

Prakash C. Jain, New Delhi correspondent for the New York Daily News, *studied journalism at the U. of Minnesota, a period of his life he discussed in a 1960* Post *article,* THE FRIENDLY AMERICANS.

I know an Indian photographer who describes Americans as a nation of undependables. Briefly his case was this: He had applied for a job with the New Delhi office of the United States Information Agency, which in reply stated that he had excellent qualifications and that they greatly appreciated his writing them. But since they didn't have a vacancy at that time, they would be glad to consider his offer at the first opportunity.

This man thought that such vacancies occur frequently and that he would be able to land a good job within a few days or weeks. (In India, because of the comparatively high salaries offered, jobs with Americans are a great lure.) Accordingly he sold his photo studio in Meerut and came to New Delhi. After six months and repeated visits to the USIA office he learned that the original letter was the American way of telling him that he was not wanted. Obviously the American officer wanted to save this man's feelings, but his injudicious politeness caused no end of suffering to this poor man.

Goody-Goody Talk

For myself, although I lived in America for several years, I am still occasionally fooled by this vague politeness. For instance, once an American editor sent back one of my manuscripts with the note saying that it was a moving document, but it didn't give enough supporting facts. Unable to grasp his deeper import, I put in another fifteen days' work, filled it with supporting facts and mailed it back to him. This time, however, his note said that it was a splendid job but it was written in a style which might not convince others. After the fourth try I learned that the editor earlier had bought a similar article.

I got my first taste of the American goody-goody talk in 1953 when I ran into an American-embassy dignitary at a private party. I had talked to him for only a few minutes when he started complimenting me on my remarkable grasp of the English language and my penetrating insight in international politics. He said that someday, entirely for his own benefit, he would like to sit down with me for a long chat over dinner. He took down my name, address and telephone number. I, of course, was thrilled and felt that at last I had met someone who had realized my true worth. But the invitation for a long chat is still to come.

Since then I have had this experience repeated so many times that even the first remarks leave me cold and unimpressed. My friends tell me that it is a standard way in which some American officials greet even strangers.

How to Lose Friends

Obviously these tactics may win short-term friends, but in the long run they breed distrust and disrespect for the American nation. Sometimes they invite immediate ridicule. For example, late in 1956, when I worked on an Indian-government railway magazine, an American railroad expert—who had come to India to advise on ways to improve railway efficiency—came to see me in connection with one of his articles. No sooner did he sit down than he started admiring my table, room and the building. My table was no bigger than that of a schoolboy, and the room and building were so dilapidated that they were scheduled to be pulled down next month.

Naturally I was not amused by these pleasantries and, sidetracking them, I asked, "How do you find the Indian railways?" His reply was, "Perfect! Everything is perfect! It is a wonderful system." Surprised and angered, I told him that if things were so good, why on earth was he wasting his time over here? He at once became apologetic and explained that he was not expected to be very frank in a foreign land. He was afraid that he might tread on other people's corns and bring odium to himself and his country. This man was trying to be nice, but by indulging in such hyperboles, he and the sixteen other members of the American team did not create a very favorable impression on the Indian railway officials.

But then, at the same time, I must say that some Americans are brutally frank and outspoken. For example, just about the time the above happened, Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith was here submitting to the Indian government his suggestions for reducing overcrowding on our government-controlled railways. Some of these were: a raise in passenger fares, withdrawal of seasonal concession tickets, and discouragement of nonessential travel by starting trains at such inconvenient hours as two or four A.M. This report somehow leaked to the press. No one questioned the sincerity and spirit of helpfulness of the professor—he is now the American ambassador here—but newspapers published a number of angry letters asking: What do Americans mean by advocating measures which should unnecessarily harass the Indian public? The government of India wisely did not implement any of these suggestions.

I can appreciate that a foreign expert often must face delicate situations. But surely the English language is rich enough to enable a judicious combination of constructive suggestions and discretion.

Contrary to popular belief, American tourists in India are not rude at all—anyway 99 percent of them are not. Perhaps American girls do manage to outrage Italians by going to St. Peter's in Bermudas, but in Hindu temples or Moslem mosques they conduct themselves with great dignity and decorum. In fact, when one of my journalist friends took an American tourist group to a Sikh shrine near Amritsar, all thirty of the Americans removed their shoes, stood respectfully with folded hands before the main shrine and contributed ten rupees ($2.10) each to the temple funds. In return the temple priest gave them *prasad* (an Indian sweet) as God's gift.

The Gushing Tourist

Most tourists come to India in such an appreciative and responsive mood that, from small thatched shacks in most Indian villages to the new palatial buildings in New Delhi, everything to them is either "most wonderful" or "very interesting."

Indeed, I once had an occasion to accompany a few American tourists going

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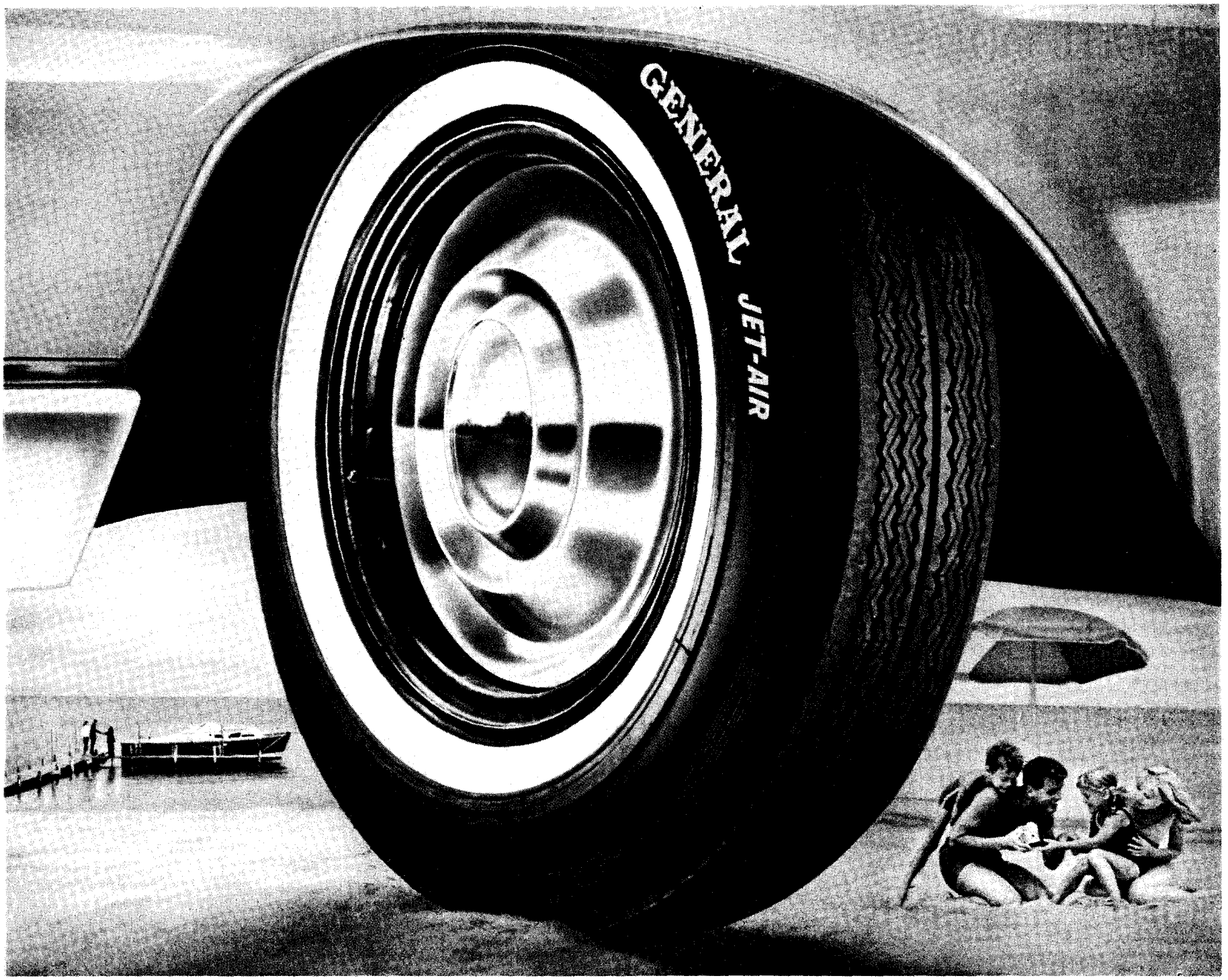

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Itching cracks between toes are sure signs of Athlete's Foot—a fungus infection which can burrow deep and become a serious medical problem.

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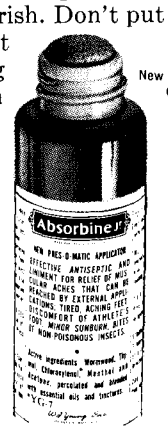

New Applicator: Convenient, prevents spilling and waste

Note to Foot Specialists: Write for summary of Laboratory research on effectiveness against embedded fungi. Address: Medical Director, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

SPEAKING OUT

to Agra to admire the Taj Mahal. On the way they saw a typical Indian-village girl wearing an azure pleated skirt, an above-the-navel bodice and a jonquil-yellow mantle. The Americans, including the two women in the party, got so excited at the sight that they stopped the car and spent several minutes in loud admiration. They were ready to do or give anything to have the pleasure of just saying "hello" to her and getting themselves photographed with her. The Indian girl was at first shy, but finally I managed to persuade her to pose with them. At this, the Americans were so overwhelmed with gratitude that each one of them wanted to shake her hand. To this I had to say a firm "no," since Indian girls are not used to any physical touch from strangers.

Extremely informal, friendly, curious and ready to backslap at the slightest joke, Americans are ever eager to swap addresses with anybody—be he the tourist guide, taxi driver or another traveler in the train. Not only that, their natural friendliness often becomes so overpowering that they promise almost everybody within hearing that, once they reach home, they will send them anything from playing cards to ball-point pens to subscriptions to American magazines, and will arrange free U.S. trips for them. Most of the time they not only fail to do any such thing, but don't even answer letters from their foreign friends.

This is understandable, for it may be impossible for anyone to send gifts to all 200 people whom he has promised. But the people on the other side often are left with an impression that the Americans are not very trustworthy and cannot be taken at their word.

An Innocent Abroad

A classic case is that of no less a person than Vice President Lyndon Johnson, who came last May on a whistle-stop visit to India and Pakistan. While driving from a trip to the Taj Mahal, he spotted a poor farmer pulling water from a well with a rope and a leather bucket.

Mr. Johnson stopped his motorcade, graciously walked up a flight of steps to look down into the well, took the rope from the farmer's hand, pulled up a bucket of water for him and asked, "Don't you think electric pumps will help you to get water easily from the wells?"

In reply the Indian farmer respectfully bowed his head and answered that it would be a "great blessing" if he could get the pump. At this Mr. Johnson gave a brief lecture on the American desire to extend electrification in India and everywhere else in the world.

The point is, this illiterate farmer never realized that through him Mr. Johnson was addressing the Indian farmers in general. All his life he had drawn water with a rope and bucket and was quite contented about it; but now, expecting the gift of an electric pump, his mind became restless. Unfortunately, though, much time has passed, and he has not yet got his electric pump, and in bitterness he says, "Even the words of the American maharajah don't seem to mean much."

Mr. Johnson's hail-fellow-well-met friendliness is typical of most American tourists. Dressed in silks and dacrons and with cameras dangling from their shoulders, even their chance remarks arouse expectations. In most cases these expectations may be unreasonable and their fulfillment well-nigh impossible, but my point will be made clear by a quotation from a Hindu scripture: "One who first arouses hope and then fails to fulfill, know him to be a real sinner."

It is not that these hopes are *never* fulfilled. But the very act of fulfillment sometimes leads to bizarre consequences. This will be evident from another episode resulting from Mr. Johnson's visit to Karachi in May, 1961.

Mr. Johnson, while driving through Karachi streets, happened to see a camel cart. Probably struck by its novelty, he hopped out of his car, shook cart driver Bashir Ahmad's hand and said, "President Ayub Khan is coming to the United States. Why don't you come too?"

Sour Commentary

Mr. Johnson was true to his promise, and Bashir visited the U.S. last October as the personal guest of the Vice President. However, one of Pakistan's leading papers, the *Leader*, commented:

> What does the U.S. hope to achieve through such stunts? We live in a grim age in which neither such frivolity nor ultrasanctimonious professions of virtues of freedom will produce results.
>
> In an age when Russians are busy piling up 100-megaton bombs, it is undoubtedly quite a diversion to see the U.S. merrily hosting a camel driver and allotting a Vice President to escort him; otherwise one cannot help noticing that Bashir's visit is the by-product of an immaturity which goes ill with the title of the leader of the free world in these critical times.

I could go on adding to these incidents, but I shall conclude with the one where a good American fell victim to his own politeness.

A few days ago a friend of mine invited an American tourist for dinner in a New Delhi restaurant and asked for two orders of *murga tanduri* (roasted chicken). Indians, even more than Mexicans, take a lot of red chilies and like their food real hot. My friend forgot to tell the waiter that the chicken for the American should be prepared without chilies. The result was that at the very first morsel the American's face became red, eyes watered and drops of perspiration started falling from his forehead. Hurriedly he gulped down three glasses of water. On being asked, "How is the chicken?" the American kept his dignity, saying, "Oh, it is wonderful! Really wonderful! Never had one like this at home." Hearing this, my friend was very pleased and insisted the American eat the whole chicken.

I should make it clear that, for every adverse incident, I could easily give at least four times the number of instances where the Americans concerned acquitted themselves honorably, creditably and wisely. But human nature is such that, while it tends to forget or ignore a mountain of good, even the slightest deflection rankles for a long time. If the Americans remember this while dealing particularly with those foreigners who don't fully understand them, they will go a long way in proving that God has not bestowed on them the leadership of the free world undeservedly.

I am sure my readers will understand very well that I wrote all this to help and not to detract. And if the mere fact that a foreigner should offer a piece like this to an American magazine and hope for its publication does not prove his faith in the good humor, catholicity and virility of the American nation, what can? THE END

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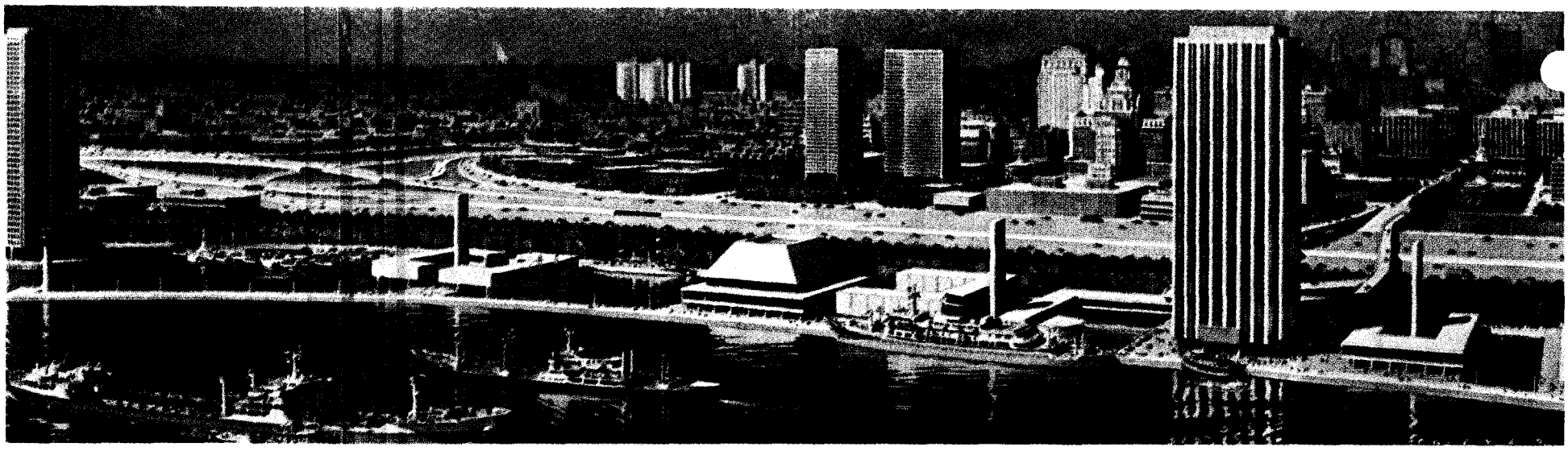
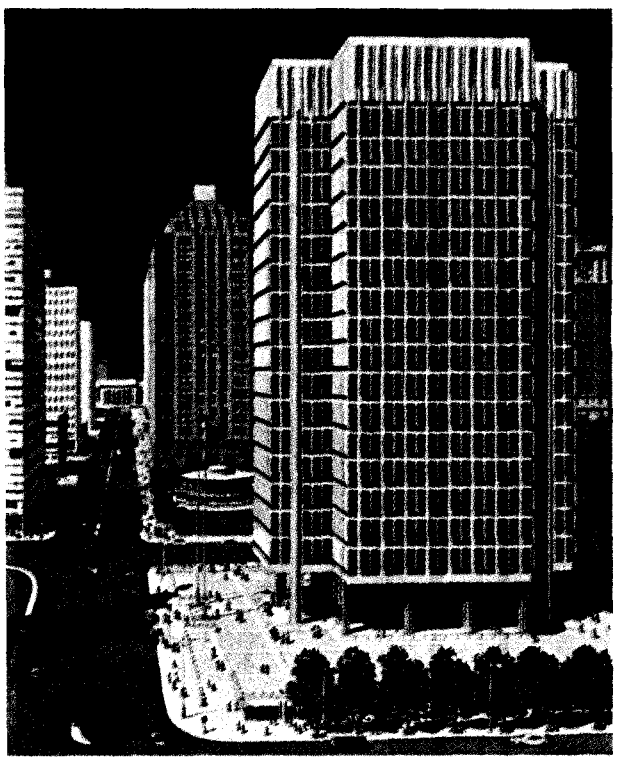
The renaissance of America's birthplace

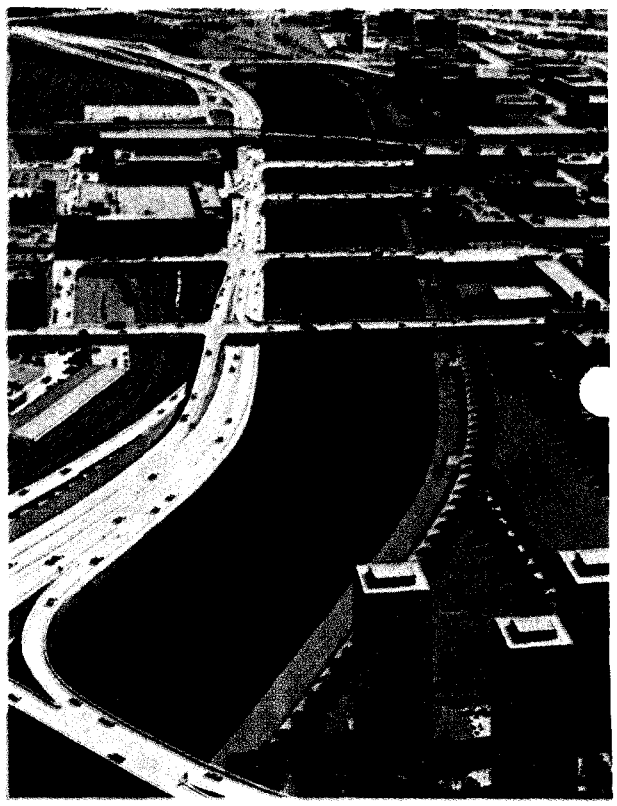


ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF MASTER PLAN FOR PHILADELPHIA'S NEW WATERFRONT PROJECT "PENN'S LANDING"



PENN CENTER LOOKING WEST

Greater Philadelphia has taken a new lease on life in recent years. A billion dollars worth of impressive projects, now under way or proposed, include Penn Center developments, new Independence Hall Mall and National Historical Park, Schuylkill Expressway and Vine Street extension, Delaware Expressway waterfront improvement, and modern residential apartments. A progressing area is a natural place for a business or industry to move ahead, especially when it offers such advantages as nearby markets and raw materials, a magnificent port and transportation network, and plentiful electric power. Greater Philadelphia is the leading industrial center in America. Why not prosper with it?



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The Saturday Evening POST
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NEW CASE-HISTORY FACTS ON

Birth Control Pills

Despite medical and religious controversy, nearly a million American women are now using oral contraceptives for family planning. A *Post* editor reports on a major testing program.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

The small house of the Garcia family, perched on a high ridge in the Puerto Rican barrio of Buena Vista, has a magnificent view of the surrounding hills and the blue Caribbean. But like much of rural Puerto Rico, these hills are richer in scenery than in life-supporting resources. The Garcias (which is not their real name) raise skimpy patches of corn and tobacco, a bit of fruit—and bumper crops of children.

Maria Garcia, a pleasant buxom woman in her late thirties, has had fourteen. One died, and ten of the surviving thirteen live with her and her husband in the two-room house with the big view. However, the youngest child is four years old, and there are no more on the way. Señora Garcia has at long last found a satisfactory way to limit the size of her family. She is one of an estimated million women, several thousand of them in Puerto Rico, who are using the newest, simplest and surest method of birth control ever invented: the oral pill. She has been taking one pill a day twenty days of each month, for four years.

Controversy surges around the pills, as it has around every new advance in birth control. Some of the argument concerns medical questions, but the sharpest is on theological issues. An eminent Catholic gynecologist who helped develop the pills believes "their use for legitimate contraception is completely moral." Catholic Church officials, on the other hand, say the pills "may not be used in order to prevent conception," although they approve of them for such medical purposes as the prevention of miscarriage, the promotion of fertility—a curiously paradoxical effect of which we shall say more later—and the regularization of the menstrual cycle.

Regardless of controversy, the birth-control pill is here. Mrs. Garcia takes it because she thinks fourteen children are enough. Her neighbor on the next hill has only five children, but is taking birth-control pills because her high blood pressure and a serious kidney condition make another pregnancy hazardous.

There is no doubt about the efficacy of the "Pincus pills for prolific people," so-called by friends of their principal developer. He is Dr. Gregory Pincus, research director of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, at Shrewsbury, Mass. A pill a day is almost guaranteed to keep the stork away.

Producing People Faster Than Food

Moreover, the synthetic-hormone tablet is a scientific breakthrough with tremendous economic and sociological implications. It has reached a stage of practical usefulness at a time when statesmen are becoming more and more alarmed over the speed of the population explosion. The earth's present total of 3,000,000,000 persons is expected to double by the year 2000, if current growth rates continue. In a world where more than half the population is already hungry, many countries are now producing people faster than food. The pill, or some better and cheaper chemical method almost sure to follow, may reverse this dangerous trend.

Success of the pill has also spurred efforts to persuade the Kennedy Administration to call a population conference this year. The aim would be to facilitate the dispensing of birth-control advice in this country—now hampered in many city hospitals—and to reopen discussion of U.S. aid on birth control to foreign countries who may wish it, such as India and Pakistan.

Credit for perfecting the oral contraceptive is shared by a number of scientists, notably Doctor Pincus, the physiologist, and Dr. John Rock, emeritus professor of gynecology at Harvard Medical School and for many years director of the Fertility and Endocrine Clinic at the Free Hospital for Women, in Brookline.

Margaret Sanger, founder of the birth-control movement, also contributed indirectly to the new pill. Doctor Pincus recalls that she stimulated his own interest in the problem, some years ago when he was already involved in research in the physiology of reproduction. He had shown that fatherless rabbits could be produced by stimulating the unfertilized ova with heat, cold and salt solution. This feat threw new light on the chemistry of reproduction but offered nothing practical for preventing human births.

In 1951 Doctor Pincus and Mrs. Sanger met again. "This time she was more insistent about the need for more effective and simpler methods of family planning," he said in a recent interview. "She had seen complete failure of conventional methods in India, and she said to me, 'Gregory, can't you devise some sort of pill?' I said we'd try, and she obtained a grant of $2600 for us, as a start, from the Planned Parenthood Federation of America." Five years and several thousand

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Photographs by Suzanne Szasz

Halted on her daily rounds, Puerto Rican social worker Mrs. Estelia Mendez Lopez checks pill-taking cycle with San Juan mother, one of 1500 women taking part in local program.

dollars later success came to Doctor Pincus, Doctor Rock and their associates; the clinical testing—now in its seventh year—began.

"Failure Rate Virtually Zero"

Currently two varieties of the pill are being administered: one called Enovid, sold by G. D. Searle and Company of Chicago, and the other, Ortho Novum, produced by Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation at Raritan, N.J., a Johnson & Johnson subsidiary. They are similar in formula. Each is a synthetic hormone resembling one of those secreted by the ovary to maintain normal pregnancy. But given in daily doses, the pill prevents ovulation. With no egg for the male sperm to encounter, there can be no conception. However, the pill does not impair a woman's basic fertility. When she wants to have another baby, she simply stops taking the pills.

Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, eminent obstetrician and gynecologist at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, has termed this hormonal inhibition "physiologic contraception." At a 1961 symposium on one of the pills he remarked: "Its failure rate in patients who take it consistently is virtually zero. We can say this, I believe, about no other method of contraception except perhaps chaining the husband out in the woodshed."

Silver-haired, outspoken Doctor Guttmacher is a former Baltimorean who trained in medicine at Johns Hopkins. He is clinical professor at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation and director of the Margaret Sanger Bureau, a birth-control clinic in New York City. His opinion of the pills thus carries weight. Many physicians, including the twenty-nine other members of the Planned Parenthood Federation's medical committee, agree with his appraisal even though some were at first skeptical. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration thus far has approved the pills for a two-year period of use in any one case.

A number of other leading obstetricians, however, including Dr. Joe V. Meigs of Harvard Medical School and Dr. Ernest W. Page, head of the obstetrics-and-gynecology department at the University of California, are not yet convinced. They feel that more testing is needed before all risk of harmful effects in long-continued use can be ruled out.

Dr. Abe Cline, of Los Angeles, has expressed concern about reports of two fatal cases of pulmonary embolism and a nonfatal thrombosis of pelvic vessels in women who were taking the pills. But Food and Drug doctors investigating the cases said no cause-and-effect relationship involving the pills could be demonstrated. And others who have studied the blood of thousands of women on the pills report no adverse effect.

"Obviously, no one can guarantee that continuous use of oral contraceptives over a period longer than the past six years of tests will be equally harmless," Doctor Guttmacher has remarked. "But there is every reason to think so, based on the mass of evidence accumulated thus far."

Side Effects Resembling Pregnancy

Even the most enthusiastic advocates recognize shortcomings. In some women the tablets, especially during the first months they are taken, produce side effects resembling early pregnancy—nausea, headache, breast discomfort, occasional weight gain. To be effective, the pills must be swallowed daily from the fifth through the twenty-fifth day of the menstrual cycle. A month's supply costs $3.50—less in clinics—and must be obtained on a doctor's prescription.

Attracted by their convenience, reliability and aesthetic superiority over other methods, women in increasing numbers are going on the pills. Most of the million or more users are in the United States, where the Planned Parenthood Federation believes availability of the pills is largely responsible for a thirty-two percent increase in the number of patients coming to its 151 centers during the past year. The health-and-welfare authorities of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, have had a pilot program under way since November, 1960, in which seventy-two women, many with seven or more living children, have been receiving the pills at a cost of less than ten cents a day. "There has not been a single pregnancy among them," Doctor Guttmacher reported at a recent Planned Parenthood meeting in San Francisco.

Month's Supply 28¢ in Britain

In Great Britain, women are obtaining the pills at a nominal cost—28¢ for a month's supply—through the National Health Service. The oral tablets also have reached South Africa, Pakistan and other parts of the world. Carefully documented trials of the pills, all under medical supervision, have been carried out in clinics in North America and the West Indies. Tallying the reports from Los Angeles, New York City, San Antonio, Texas, Mexico City and Puerto Rico, one finds that only fifty-one unplanned pregnancies occurred among 3550 clinic patients, whose experience with the pills ranged from a month to six years. Practically all of these pregnancies were in women who admitted skipping their pills for two or more consecutive days.

Nowhere have the social conflicts that characterize the birth-control movement emerged so sharply as in Puerto Rico. There more than 1500 women have participated in the clinical tests. Some have taken the tablets as long as six years, persisting in the face of political and religious controversy.

Despite the spectacular economic achievements of Gov. Luis Muñoz Marín's "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico still has too little good land and too few jobs for its rapidly expanding population. It represents in microcosm the alarming population pressures now afflicting larger areas in Latin America and in Asia. It has become a focus of world attention as it applies the pill and other methods to its "people problem."

The island's clinical trials are centered in two places: the Family Planning Association of Puerto Rico, in the Río Piedras section of San Juan, under the medical direction of Dr. Manuel E. Paniagua; and the Ryder Memorial Hospital,

On a follow-up visit, Mrs. Mendez Lopez interviews Mrs. Demetria Fernandez, mother of ten. Before beginning pill program, Mrs. Fernandez received physical examination and individual counseling at clinic.

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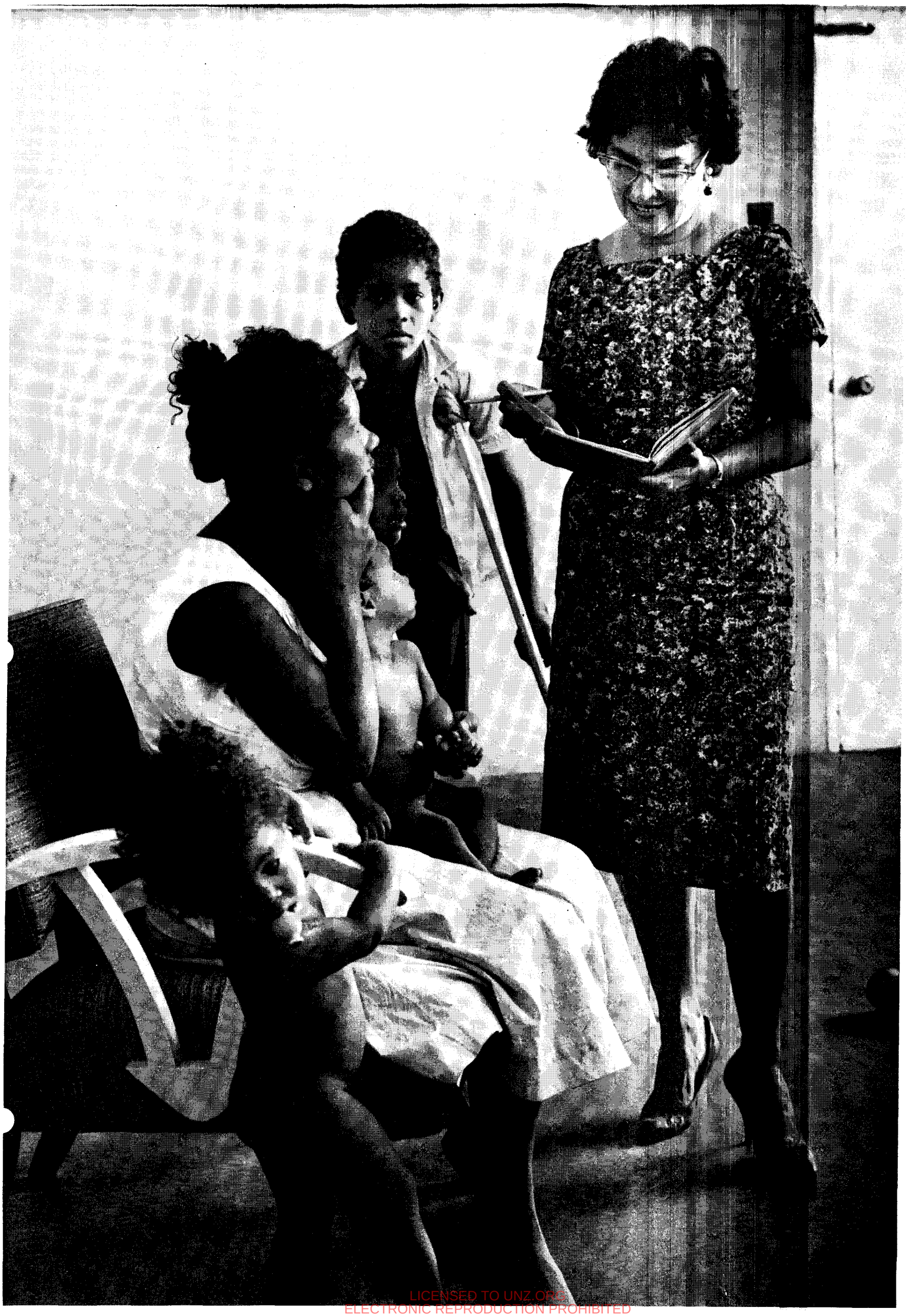

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Directors of the island's Family Planning Association, Dr. Manuel E. Paniagua and Mrs. Celestina Zalduondo, run clinics and oversee volunteers who educate women about program.

a Congregational mission unit at Humacao, a small town of white and pastel houses in the hills forty miles southeast of San Juan. Both studies have received assistance from Dr. Clarence J. Gamble, of the Harvard School of Public Health's Population Studies Unit, and his Pathfinder Fund, of Milton, Massachusetts.

In charge of the birth-control clinic at Ryder Hospital is Dr. Adaline Pendleton Satterthwaite—known to her friends as "Doctor Penny"—a merry brown-eyed woman who has spent thirteen years practicing medicine in Puerto Rico. Twenty, thirty, forty women come to the clinic daily. Doctor Penny talks with them in friendly Spanish as rapid-fire as their own.

A delicate, pretty girl who says she is twenty-three but who looks about seventeen takes her seat nervously in the waiting room. Her eyes are full of tears, but she smiles as Doctor Penny greets her. She is the wife of a truck driver who earns fifty dollars a week and is therefore relatively prosperous by Humacao standards. She has two little girls, ages three and a half and two, but she has lost two babies, the last one only six weeks before this visit.

Had she ever used any form of birth control? "No," the girl replied, "but a neighbor told me about these pills. Do you think I could have them?" After a thorough examination of the type carried out on every woman before starting administration of the pills, the doctor handed her a small bottle containing twenty pills and asked her to come back in a month, at the time of her next menstrual period, for another supply.

Users Note Some Discomfort

"We like them to return so we can check on side effects and keep records of their cycles," Doctor Penny explained. "About a sixth of the 838 women we've given the pills to since our study began five years ago have stopped taking them because of unpleasant symptoms. More than half of the women have no side effects, and most of those who do have find they diminish after the first few months on the pills. Many are willing to put up with some discomfort. One country mother with eight children told me, 'The pills make me feel as if I were a couple of months pregnant, but I wouldn't stop taking them for anything, because my family is big enough.' And I know from what women tell me that eliminating fear of pregnancy has resulted in increased marital happiness for great numbers of couples.

"A hundred and sixty-nine women went off the pills long enough to have one or more babies, and bore a total of 190. We found among this number only three babies with abnormalities—one had a heart defect, one a birthmark on the thigh, and one had multiple defects, although in the last-named instance there was a strong history of such abnormalities in the mother's family. This proportion of anomalies was no higher than that expected in mothers receiving no special medication. In other words, there is at present no evidence that taking oral contraceptives affects children subsequently born to the women."

Free Pills for Field Trials

As the manufacturers have donated the pills for investigational use, the women enrolled in the field trials receive them without charge. But hundreds of Puerto Rican women who are not on the field test lists are buying the pills on prescription.

At this writing Enovid is the only brand on sale. Ortho Novum, approved by the Food and Drug Administration last February, is still not on the market. Although they differ slightly in chemical structure—the generic term for Enovid is norethynodrel and that for Ortho Novum is norethindrone—both are steroids. Like many other medical steroids, including cortisone, they are synthesized from an extract of an inedible wild yam, the barbasco. Much of it is gathered in the jungles near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Oral methods of birth control are not new. Folk medicine contains several examples. And a few years ago a scientist in India, S.N. Sanyal, isolated a substance from a variety of field pea and tried this as a contraceptive, but it was not positive enough to gain general acceptance. (See LAND OF TOO MANY PEOPLE, *The Saturday Evening Post*, September 19, 1959.)

Nor are the principal ingredients of the present contraceptive pills—a progestin and an estrogen—entirely new. Their progestin components, in higher concentration and under different proprietary names, had been used for several years in the treatment of menstrual disorders. They are synthetic imitations of the natural hormone, progesterone, which inhibits the release of additional ova while the already fertilized ovum is developing in the pregnant woman.

Doctor Pincus and his associate, Dr. M.C. Chang, in their search for a better contraceptive, first tried the natural progesterone. Because it was not effective enough, they began to screen 200 synthetic hormones chemically related to it. They found three, including the two now known as norethynodrel and norethindrone, which were the most effective in suppressing ovulation in rabbits, rats, mice and monkeys.

These hormones, natural or synthetic, exhibit paradoxical effects on the reproductive cycle, as Doctor Pincus and Doctor Chang and their collaborators observed in their 1956 report in *Science*. While they inhibit ovulation, they also cause the lining of the uterus to thicken, as in the early stages of pregnancy.

Doctor Pincus suggested to his friend Doctor Rock that the pills be tried on women. To compound the paradox, the problem facing most of Doctor Rock's patients was not too many babies, but too few; they were "inexplicably infertile." However, some had had babies in the past and had then been barren for several years, and all of the group of fifty on whom Doctor Rock tested the new compounds were known to ovulate regularly. During several monthly cycles of oral treatment with the synthetic hormones, not one of the fifty women conceived. But within five months after medication stopped, seven became pregnant. Five of these women had been infertile for three to six years. This apparent surge of reproductive vigor by the ovary, following several months of hormonal suppression, became known as the "Rock rebound" effect.

Massachusetts Tests Yield Key

The experience of these Massachusetts women who were trying to have babies was now translated into the new technique of birth control. Selecting norethynodrel (Enovid) for their principal studies, Doctor Pincus and Doctor Rock proceeded with field trials to test its effectiveness as an oral contraceptive for general use.

At about the same time, parallel investigations with norethindrone (Norlutin or Ortho Novum) were being pursued by Dr. Edward T. Tyler and his associates at the Planned Parenthood Centers

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Fast-growing Puerto Rico has become a focus of world attention as it applies the pills and other methods to its "people problem."

in Los Angeles. Doctor Tyler, chairman of Postgraduate Infertility Studies at the University of California at Los Angeles, was at first skeptical about the value of the oral hormone medication to prevent conception, as he admitted in a symposium last year. "But I will also confess that my opinion is continuously changing," he said. "The longer our studies proceed, and the more we see long-term users of these progestins, the more impressed we are with their effectiveness."

In Puerto Rico Doctor Pincus and physicians working with him found an unusually challenging atmosphere for field trials of their pill. Although opposition has always been vigorous, the birth-control movement gained new strength in 1937 when the legislature amended the laws so that distribution of information for the prevention of conception was no longer classed as a felony. Sterilization was also legalized.

Recruiting at Village Forums

Focus for much of the activity was the headquarters of the Family Planning Association in Río Piedras, a section of San Juan. Its executive director is Mrs. Celestina Zalduondo, who for many years was director of public welfare in the Puerto Rican government. Mrs. Zalduondo is extraordinarily quick of mind, well informed, fearless and charming. In a program of widespread publicity, she and Doctor Paniagua, a specialist in endocrinology and medical director of the Family Planning Association, distribute pamphlets at village forums and recruit volunteers to educate others. At present there are 1500 volunteers, reaching into every *municipio* in the island. Through them every woman in Puerto Rico learns that she can turn to the association for help—medical help if she wants babies and seems infertile, birth-control information if she has too many and wants no more.

Several methods of contraception in addition to the pills are offered by the association, including an Aerosol foam unit known as Emko. This is supplied free by its manufacturer, Joseph Sunnen, of St. Louis, a self-educated engineer and inventor. At present some 30,000 Puerto Rican women are using the foam.

Although the foam units are also being distributed by government health centers, both Mrs. Zalduondo and Doctor Paniagua feel that the

Head of the island's second birth-control center is Dr. Adaline Satterthwaite (right) who works at hospital in Humacao.

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Advocates say the pill does not impair a woman's basic fertility. To have another baby, she simply stops taking the pills.

In San Juan clinic Mrs. Angelina Ramos, who has six children, seeks information about a foam-type contraceptive which 30,000 Puerto Rican women are now using. It can be distributed without prescription.

government's work in the birth-control program is inadequate. The governor has expressed himself neither for nor against the movement.

"The medically indigent, about eighty percent of our people, depend on the government for medical services," Doctor Paniagua pointed out, "and the government should take some responsibility in preventing the birth of children who are unwanted and cannot be adequately cared for."

Emigration vs. Birth Control

"The present administration has lost faith in the contribution that birth control can make to solving the population problem," Mrs. Zalduondo commented, "and is relying on emigration, industrialization and raising of general educational levels to take care of it. These all help, but they are not enough.

"From ten to fifteen percent of the Puerto Rican labor force is chronically unemployed," she explained. "In spite of the devotion and imagination of the government, it has been able to create only 45,000 to 50,000 new jobs directly in the past fifteen years.

"The slums of San Juan," Mrs. Zalduondo added, "are like a necklace slowly strangling her. At long last it begins to be broken, and one reason is family planning. But there can be no relaxation in the program."

As most of its clients are Catholics, the Family Planning Association must reckon with opposition from the Church in Puerto Rico. One of Mrs. Zalduondo's village meetings was picketed by a priest and other villagers carrying posters and a statue of the Virgin. On another occasion a religious procession known as "The Way of the Cross" blocked the entrance to her meeting.

Birth control was brought into the Puerto Rican election campaign in the fall of 1960 when three Roman Catholic bishops, backing the Christian Action Party, issued a pastoral letter ordering Catholics not to vote for Governor Muñoz Marín's Popular Democratic Party, which it charged with the adoption of laws authorizing sterilization and the teaching of birth control. Although Muñoz Marín sanctioned birth-control measures, he noted that the laws were adopted long before he was elected governor.

One of the bishops had said Catholics who disobeyed the order against voting for the Popular Democratic Party would be committing a "sin of disobedience." However, Archbishop James P. Davis of San Juan said they would not be, and in this Cardinal Spellman of New York concurred. The Christian Action Party received only 6½ percent of the vote in the election.

Because the new oral contraceptive can be used to regularize a woman's cycle while she is taking the pill, there has been much discussion as to its bearing upon the "rhythm method," or "safe period," the only method of birth control clearly permitted by the Catholic Church. The rhythm method requires abstinence for about a week in the middle of the cycle, the time during which ovulation normally occurs. Doctor Rock, himself a Catholic, has said that "since the action of the pills seems to be completely physiological and in accord with human nature I believe their use for legitimate contraception is completely moral."

The Catholic theologians who have made public pronouncements on the pill differ with Doctor Rock, however, on how freely a woman could be permitted to use them.

In a pamphlet on *The New Sterility-Fertility Pills* by Hugh J. O'Connell, C.Ss. R., issued under the imprimatur of Joseph Cardinal Ritter, archbishop of St. Louis, the author observes:

> Certainly the drugs cannot be used as a disguised form of contraception. Unless there is a condition present which the drugs are intended to cure, the woman cannot take the drugs through the whole span from the fifth to the twenty-fifth day of the menstrual cycle, for she is not regularizing her cycle, but is totally inhibiting ovulation. She has no fertile period at all.

The Rev. John A. O'Brien, professor of theology at the University of Notre Dame, in a recent CBS television program, quoted a statement of Pope Pius XII of September 12, 1958, to the effect that if such pills are used on a doctor's advice for regularizing extremely irregular ovarian cycles they are legitimate even if they involve temporary sterilization. The Pope also considers them legitimate, Father O'Brien said, if they are used to prevent miscarriage.

Regardless of theological arguments, the demonstrated effectiveness of this new "physiological contraceptive" has spurred birth-control

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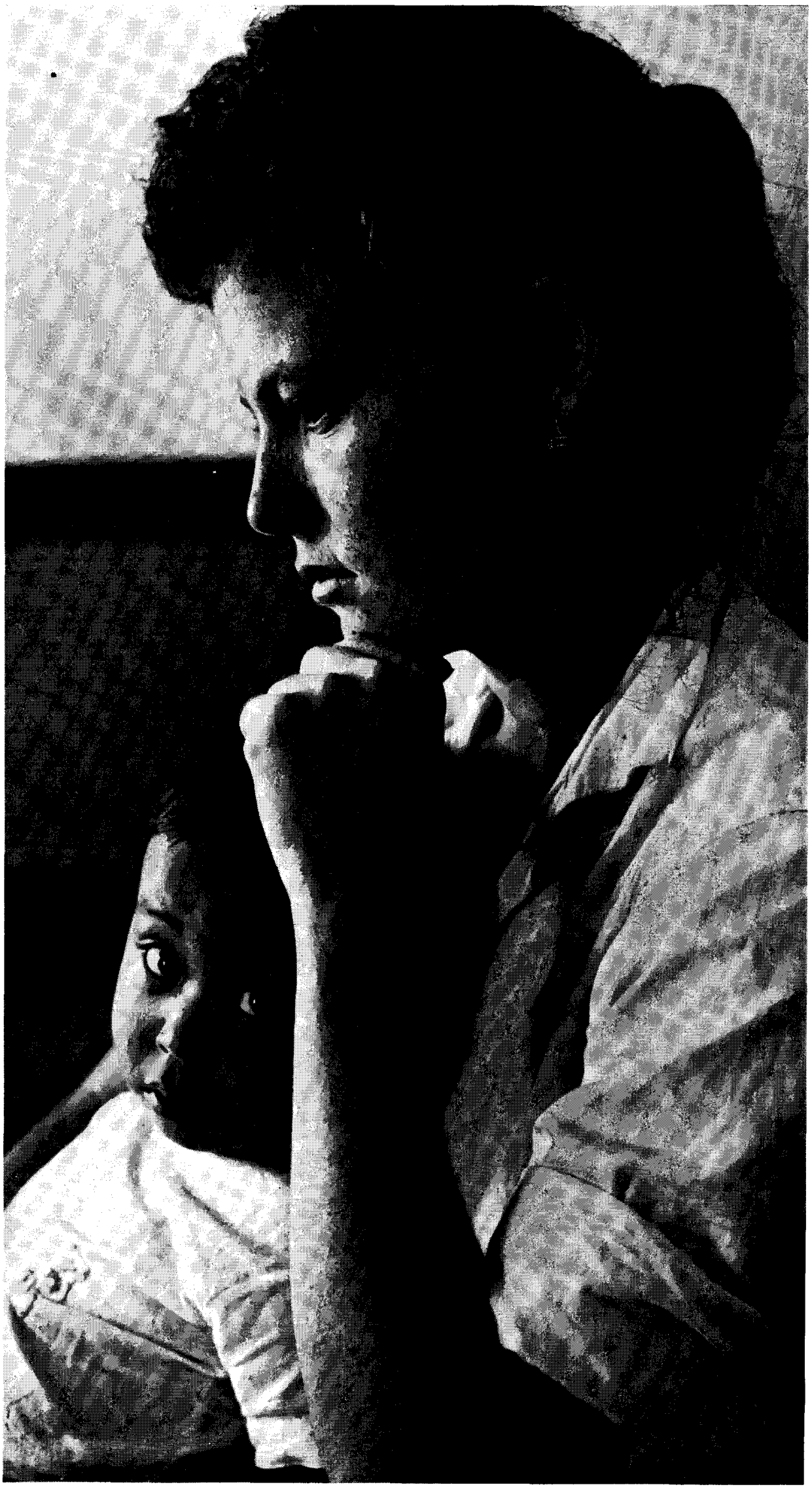

Mrs. Zaraida Velazquez, wife of a Humacao housepainter, waits with one of her three children for birth-control counseling. Both Mrs. Velazquez and her mother, who has six children, take pills.

research in all lines. One approach, proposed more than fifty years ago by the famous Russian biologist Élie Metchnikoff, is the immunization of the woman against her husband's sperm. A variation of this approach would be the setting up of an immunity reaction in the man's body to suppress production of his own sperm, rendering him sterile for long periods.

"I believe there is great promise in the immunity approach," Doctor Guttmacher told us. "It will take experts in immunology and related fields to develop the method, though, and we are going to hold a high-level conference of scientists on this immunity program next September. My feeling is that the pills may be good for about ten years; then we will have immunity methods."

Research for New Methods

Still another method, now being used in Japan, Puerto Rico, Israel, New York City and other places, involves variations of the Graefenberg ring, originated by a German physician thirty years ago. The ring, made of stainless steel or of plastic, is inserted by a physician, under sterile conditions, into the uterus, where it may remain undisturbed for about a year, after which it can be removed or replaced. Recently a plastic coil, more easily inserted, has been developed. Whatever the form, the ring apparently prevents the attachment of a fertilized ovum to the lining of the womb. Reported successful use by 19,000 women in Japan, 866 in Israel, and several hundred in New York City has revived interest in the method. The Population Council, through which Rockefeller and Ford Foundation money supports a great deal of birth-control research, recently held an international conference in New York City to evaluate the rings and coils. If generally adopted, they would be one of the cheapest and most effective methods thus far developed, although periodic medical supervision would always be necessary.

As new breakthroughs are made in research laboratories and clinics, a large selection of effective methods of birth control is almost certain to be available. Leaders of many countries see in these new methods, at long last, positive means to meet the population explosion, which as Doctor Guttmacher points out, "endangers the security of nations as well as families." THE END

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My War With Sharks

A Navy frogman, armed only with special gun and his own lung power, battles sharks at arm's-length range.

By SCOTT G. SLAUGHTER
as told to
William M. Stephens

The author loads a shark-killing powerhead weapon which takes a 12-gauge shotgun shell.

My first underwater contact with a shark gave me the worst case of jitters I have ever had. I was spearfishing with two friends on a shallow reef off Hawaii in 1955. A big parrot fish I had speared ran into a coral cave, pulling my spear with it and wedging itself into a crevice at the rear of the cave. It was bleeding profusely and thumping its tail violently, making an awful racket. I would hold my breath for a couple of minutes as I tugged at the fish, then come up for air.

On my third or fourth dive into the cave I felt something literally crawling up my spine. A heavy object pushed against the lower part of my back and then scraped forward, up between my shoulder blades to my neck. I turned my head and stared into the face of the biggest shark I had ever seen. He was on top of me, with his long pectoral fins straddling my waist. It was his lower jaw I'd felt moving up my back as he tried to push past me to get the wounded fish.

As I jerked down and under the shark's belly, still holding my gun, the parrot fish came free of the hole and out of the cave with me. The shark came too and closed his jaws on the fish with an audible "slurp." I shot for the surface and vaulted into the small boat where my friends were.

Since that time I have encountered hundreds of sharks while skin diving. I have killed 157 of them—tigers, makos, hammerheads, blues, great white sharks and others. After swimming with the beasts on tropical reefs for six years and seeing more sharks at close range than anyone I know of, I'm sure of one thing: You can't accurately predict the behavior of *any* shark. You might notice a characteristic behavior with fifty sharks and think you have them pegged. But the next one you see might make a fool, or a meal, of you.

Dueling Sharks as a Hobby

Sharks are the kings of the undersea jungle and they know it. That's why I like to challenge them, to see them on the defensive, to outwit and defeat them. There's nothing commercial about my shark warfare. It's just a hobby like big-game hunting. Of course I do my shark challenging in my off-duty hours, now that I'm back in the Navy. (Recently I completed the world's toughest conditioning course—the Underwater Demolition Team, or "frogman" school; presently I'm assigned to UDT-21 at Little Creek, Virginia. I test and maintain underwater equipment, such as midget submarines and diving lungs.)

My personal crusade against sharks began in 1957 when, at age twenty, I was spearing fish commercially off Florida. My favorite hunting ground was a reef area off Key West where the big groupers and jewfish often are stacked like kegs in a brewery. It's no trick at all to get a boatload of fish in a day—if the sharks will stay away. But some days the sharks won't let you put a fish in the boat. They'll circle in the distance, watching; and as soon as you shoot a fish, they move in for shares. You can kick them away, as I've done many times, but they always come back. One shark took a 200-pound jewfish from my spear in two bites—and that's like grabbing a fifty-dollar bill out of my hand. I don't mind competing with a shark for a fish, but I want a reasonably good chance to win the argument.

The Equalizer at Close Quarters

My won-lost record improved considerably after I heard about an underwater weapon called a powerhead, developed by a man named Chester Alexander. Alexander had built the powerhead primarily to kill big jewfish, but I believed it would work with sharks. Its simple mechanism consisted of a sliding metal tube holding a .45-caliber cartridge. The entire unit could be screwed onto a standard five-foot spear shaft. When the tube, or muzzle, was jabbed against a fish, the sleeve was pushed back slightly, forcing the primer against a fixed firing pin. The concussion, and the expanding gases entering the wound, did as much damage as the lead slug.

A weapon like this, I figured, would be a real equalizer at close quarters, so I bought a powerhead from Alexander and started taking it with me on all my trips. In March, 1957, during my first Navy hitch, I got a chance to use it on a shark.

Three of us—a Marine sergeant, a Navy friend named Emkey and I—were spearfishing over the weekend on a Florida reef called Pelican Shoals. The morning was clear and calm, and we had seventy or eighty feet of underwater visibility. The water was about forty feet deep.

Spotting a twenty-pound snapper, I glided down and chased him into a rock formation jammed with small fish. My snapper would approach me, then drift back. Finally he came too close, and I hit him with my spear.

As I backed out, pulling the fish with me, I felt a current wash my legs, and I turned to see a nine-foot blacktip shark circling and eying my snapper. Before I got to the surface, the blacktip darted in and bit my fish in two.

I shouted a warning to my friends, and we all swam for the boat. Just before I reached it, the shark took the rest of the snapper and bent the spear in the shape of a horseshoe. I clambered aboard with my spear and sat on the floorboards getting madder and madder. Besides ruining my spear, the shark had taken one of the nicest snappers I'd ever seen. *(Continued on page 56)*

Photographs by Burton McNeely

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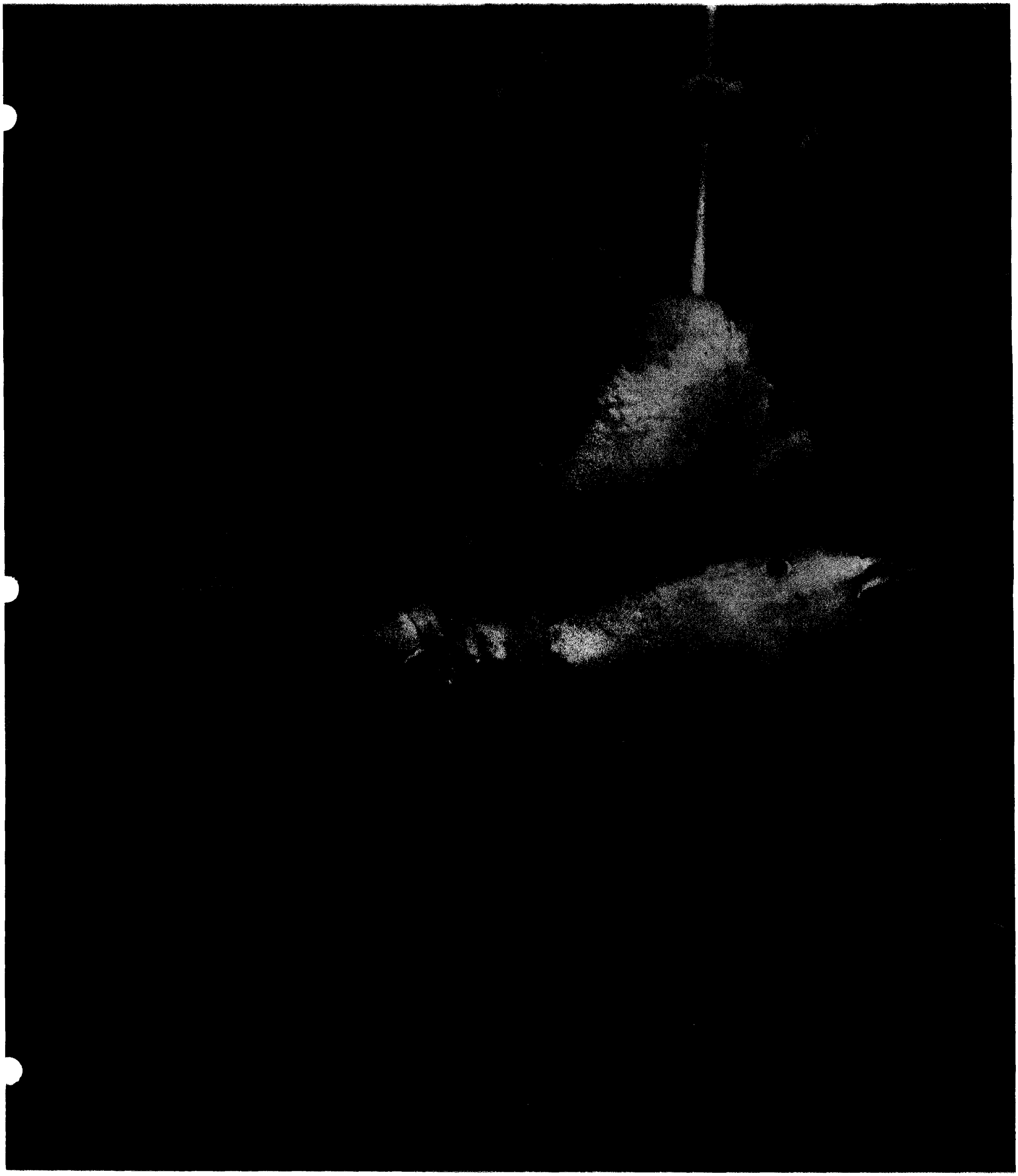

Coming in for the kill, Slaughter explodes lethal powerhead on a shark's head. In such encounters he has killed 157 sharks in the past five years.

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Safeguarding Our Atomic

By LEWIS L. STRAUSS

DROP IN ANYTIME

When the Army was in charge of atomic-bomb development, security officers required everyone entering a restricted area to wear an identification badge. This rule was adopted by the Atomic Energy Commission as one way of excluding trespassers. In fact, a visitor to the headquarters building had to be badged, announced by telephone from the entrance, and escorted to and from the office he was authorized to visit. But Admiral Strauss discovered a shocking exception.

"In 1948," he writes, "I learned that an alien was the holder of a permanent pass to the Commission's headquarters—a pass, moreover, of a kind that did not require him to be accompanied while in the building. From the record maintained at the building entrances it was learned that this particular alien was a frequent visitor in the evenings, after usual work hours.

"I took the matter up with my colleagues and found that none of them had been aware of the situation. The pass was withdrawn at once. The alien was Donald MacLean, an attaché of the British Embassy."

After MacLean lost his AEC pass he was shifted to the British Embassy in Cairo, then to the Foreign Office in London. There British security officers learned that he had been spying for the Soviet Union. MacLean disappeared and later turned up in Moscow with Guy Burgess, another Foreign Office suspect, and there they remain.

SOUVENIRS

Can a man caught flatfooted in a breach of security escape arrest and trial? It appears that he can, if the authorities decide that evidence given in court would further expose military secrets. An example, related from the early history of the Atomic Energy Commission, is given by Admiral Strauss:

"In 1949 a former employee of the Manhattan District (the original A-bomb agency), and since then a sometime critic of Government atomic policies, took two pieces of uranium to a friend in the Department of Defense and requested that they be kept for him there in a safe place.

"Amazed at receiving such material, private ownership of which was extraordinary if not forbidden by law, and recognizing that the geometry of the pieces might reveal highly secret information—that is, they appeared to be the size and shape of parts of our then current weapon—the man into whose keeping they had been given took them to his senior officer. That officer in turn took them to Gen. K.D. Nichols, then commanding the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project. General Nichols informed the Atomic Energy Commission, which in turn reported the situation to the Department of Justice.

"The former Manhattan District employee was interviewed. He said that he had received the objects as souvenirs from another person, who, however, being no longer alive, could not confirm the statement. Following that interview the former employee turned up with more 'souvenirs' of the same description.

"Although a serious irregularity appeared to have occurred, the Commission saw that prosecution in the courts would entail an exposure and description of the exhibits. Since this evidence would be front-page news, here and abroad, no further action could be taken."

Spying is repugnant to most Americans. The institution of intelligence-gathering by spying is as old as history, however, and our own history begins with it. One of the first in our pantheon of heroes was Nathan Hale, a spy for General Washington. Washington employed many other spies during the Revolution; so did the British. In one operation, very sophisticated for its day, they planted an agent with Benjamin Franklin to be his private secretary. In consequence Franklin's negotiations with France and Spain, his correspondence with Congress, even such timely information as the sailing dates of our ships, were transmitted to the enemy in London by messages written in invisible ink between the lines of letters addressed to a lady "on matters of gallantry."

Nowadays our Government takes extraordinary security measures to balk spies. Admittedly there are many examples of security made silly. Once during the war, while waiting to see the head of a Government department, I asked a secretary if I might look up a man in *Who's Who*. Word came back that before releasing the book the librarian had to know my credentials.

On the other hand, concealment that a military commander properly regards as vital may seem to someone outside the chain of command an unnecessary exercise of caution. For this reason, if any security whatever is to exist, there must be recognized authority and a rule to which all must adhere; otherwise confusion results in compromise, favoring the enemy.

The need for an authority and rules can be illustrated by certain events which began in 1939. In that year, on January twenty-fifth, Dr. Leo Szilard wrote a letter to me in which he speculated on the possibility that, as a result of experiments confirming the hypothesis of the fission of uranium, it might be possible to make an "atomic bomb." This was the first time I had seen these two words used together.

Scientists Urge Secrecy

Almost at once a group of physicists, including Doctor Szilard, Dr. Edward Teller, Dr. Eugene Wigner, Dr. Victor Weisskopf, and Dr. Enrico Fermi, concluded that the weapons potential of the discovery might also be apparent to scientists working for Hitler. To keep from the Nazis any hint of work being done in the Free World, they recommended that all publication on the subject should be deferred, despite the custom among scientists of publishing discoveries as a means of diffusing knowledge.

American and British scientists agreed with this plan, but Frédéric Joliot, the distinguished French physicist, declined to cooperate. In later years Joliot's Communist associations, which may have accounted for his attitude, became known to the French government. He was separated from the French atomic-energy project in 1950.

The arrangement among American and British scientists was voluntary and at first unorganized; but by May of 1940, the war having reached the Low Countries, a "reference committee" was established under the auspices of the National Research Council. This committee functioned as a security organization. Editors of scientific journals were asked to refer everything offered to them for publication; and if anything was deemed to be of military significance, its publication was to be withheld. The editors cooperated without exception.

Smyth Report Controversy

This arrangement drew no criticism as long as the principal enemy was the Nazi-Fascist axis. Soon after V-J day, however, an official report was published on the development of atomic energy for military purposes. This report had been compiled by Dr. Henry D. Smyth—later a member of the Atomic Energy Commission—who had been a consultant to the Army's "Manhattan Project," which, under Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, produced the first atomic bombs. The "Smyth Report," as it came to be known, was widely circulated and welcomed by the scientific community. Most of those who had worked on the bomb project had been so compartmented by security that they had no complete picture of the total enterprise which the Smyth Report gave.

No one on this side of the Iron Curtain knows how much, or whether, the report helped the Communists; but if those who decided to publish had foreseen the state of the world today, they might have withheld it. In fact, the Smyth Report was issued only after substantial objections had been overruled.

These objections came not only from professional security quarters but from several of the British scientists who had collaborated on the atomic-weapons project. Some of them felt that publication would be "an effective guide through the labyrinth." As an example, objectors felt that it was highly imprudent to specify the methods by which uranium 235 had been produced and to indicate that several different approaches had been successful.

The argument that science flourishes in a climate of unhampered communication is surely correct, though it does not account for the apparent success of Russian science, which is completely subordinated to the military concept of security. Scientific freedom to publish as we enjoy it does not exist in Russia. The Soviets have never released anything even remotely resembling the Smyth Report.

In fact, we know relatively little about the Soviet atomic establishment. Until their test series in 1961, with its strong propaganda overtones, the Soviets usually admitted making atomic-weapons tests only after we had detected and announced them. Occasionally, revealing information reaches us. For example, we

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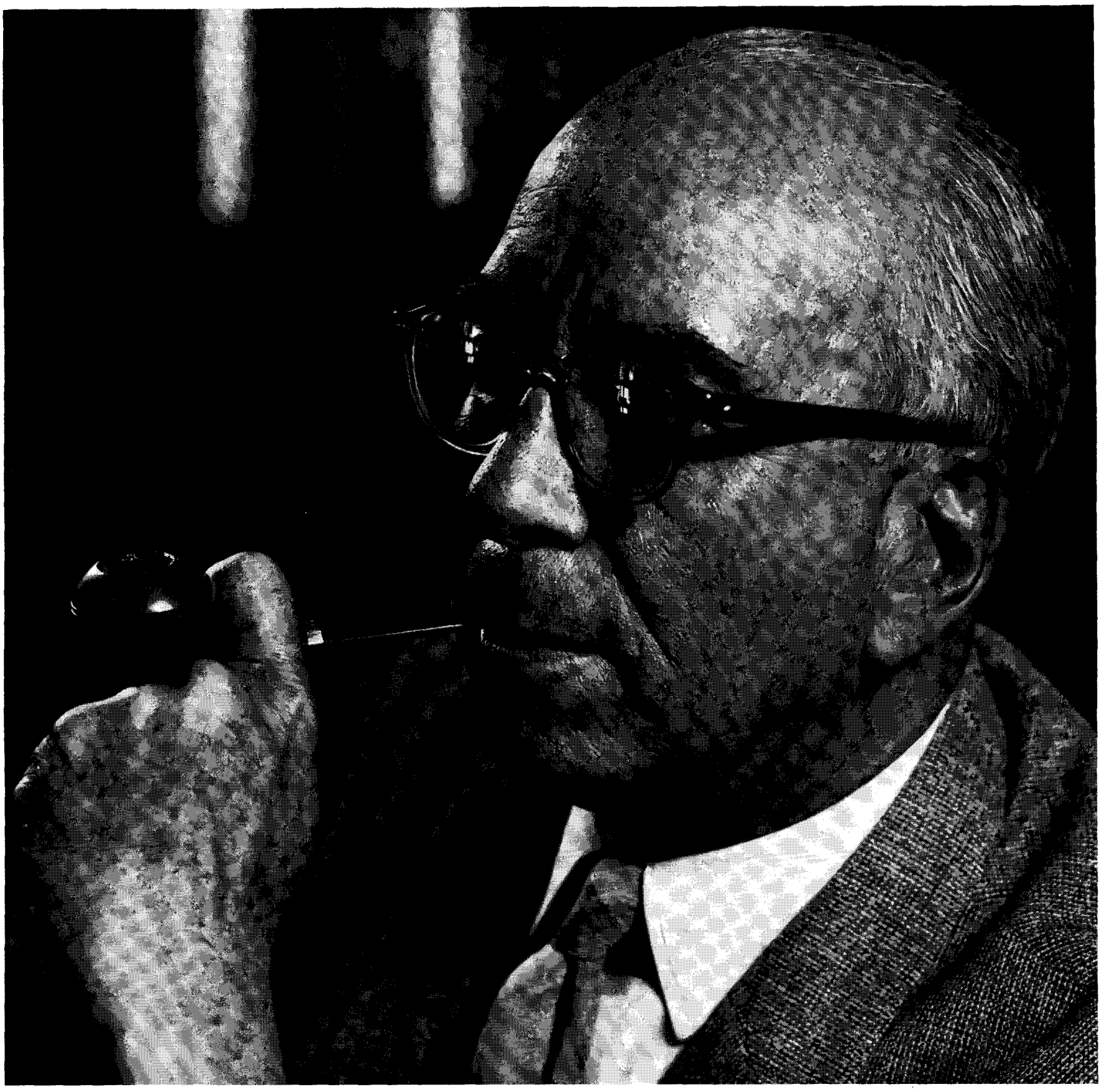
Secrets

A former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission points up the urgent need to maintain security in the nuclear age.



SHOE DRUMMER TO STATESMAN: Lewis L. Strauss grew up in Virginia, making his way selling shoes. He later amassed a fortune in Wall Street—but has always found time for public service. During World War I he was secretary to food administrator Herbert Hoover. In World War II he served as a Navy officer in Washington, attaining the rank of Rear Admiral. President Truman appointed him to the Atomic Energy Commission in 1946 and President Eisenhower named Strauss chairman of the AEC in 1953. Frequently involved in controversial issues, Strauss won hard-fought battles to erect a nuclear detection net and to build the hydrogen bomb. He drew praise—and fire—for his role in the Robert Oppenheimer security case and the Dixon-Yates power contract. In 1959 the Senate rejected Strauss's nomination as Secretary of Commerce after a bitter fight, led by Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson. This article is taken from his book, *Men and Decisions*, to be published next week by Doubleday & Co.

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"Those apprehended were a part of the espionage net which

have learned that the first Soviet reactor, designated PSR, is almost a carbon copy of the reactor 305 which we built at Hanford, our great plutonium installation on the Columbia River. It is significant that the Russian reactor was completed before 1955, while the data on our reactor was not made public until 1955.

Dr. Charles Allen Thomas of the Monsanto Chemical Company, who was a key figure in the early years of the Manhattan Project, recalls another "coincidence." Scientists at that time were fascinated by the ease with which some atoms could stop certain neutrons. "One of them," said Doctor Thomas, "compared the process with the ease of hitting a barn when it presented a broadside target. As a result of this chance remark, the unit of measure for nuclear-capture cross sections became known as the 'barn,' and this function of atoms is still measured in 'barns,' just as distance is measured in miles. When we first learned of Soviet nuclear technology some years later, we were surprised to hear *they* were measuring these same cross sections in terms of 'barns,' even though the closest word to 'barn' in the Russian language is *bahrahn*, which means mutton. . . . I leave it to you to say who has been whose lamb chop," concludes Doctor Thomas. This incident suggests that there was a fairly free flow of scientific information—in one direction.

Security System Is Suspect

Beginning with the organization of the original Atomic Energy Commission, when the law transferred control of the project from military to civilian authority, the commissioners sought to rationalize the security program. They found themselves under pressure from two sides. On one side was a group that, while regarding Soviet intentions with some reserve, believed that much greater relaxation of the control of secret data was desirable "in the interest of the spirit of free scientific inquiry." On the other side was a body of opinion which did not share the prevailing optimism about Stalin's amicable intentions. If withholding information from Hitler's Germany was wise in 1940, they believed that equal prudence was called for in dealing with Stalin's Russia in 1947. Those who held this view had a pretty rough time of it, being stigmatized as security addicts.

Scientists were far from unanimous in their attitude on the handling of security information after the war. A letter addressed to me over the signatures of a number of scientists expressed their deep concern with the problem of maintaining our atomic lead over the Russians, and with the treatment of classified information by high-ranking officials. They wrote:

"There is something suspect with a system of security which allows the Russians to profit by every major gain made by us and with precious little effort on their part. . . . Our present national course seems to be to give away the big secrets and retain the little ones."

There were many intermediate shades of opinion. Some felt that Russia could not hope to equal our accomplishments in the foreseeable future. Most, however, felt that in ten to fifteen years the Soviets might make a prototype weapon. And there were fears, even then, of successful penetration by espionage.

As early as September 18, 1945, with victory over Japan popularly attributed to the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, President Truman had called a Cabinet meeting to help him decide whether to declassify our atomic information and to give to the Russians whatever we had learned. Though this course may have been urged upon him, it is certain that he had not favored it. The "know-how of putting it (the bomb) together" he did not propose to share. He decided that "the secret of the manufacture of the weapon would remain a secret with us."

Two weeks later, on October third, the President sent a message to Congress recommending the establishment of a new agency of government which in due course came into being as the Atomic Energy Commission. In Section 10 of the legislation which established the Commission, Congress stipulated that "effective and enforceable safeguards" against the use of atomic energy in war would have to come into being before any atomic information of a secret character—"restricted data"—could be exchanged with other nations, even for industrial purposes.

In practice, however, the Atomic Energy Act gave the commissioners ambiguous guidance on matters of security. The ambiguity is evident in Section 10, where contradictory injunctions were given to the new Commission:

> Sec. 10. (a) POLICY—It shall be the policy of the Commission to control the dissemination of restricted data in such a manner as to assure the common defense and security. Consistent with such policy, the Commission shall be guided by the following principles:
>
> (1) That until Congress declares by joint resolution that effective and enforceable international safeguards against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes have been established, *there shall be no exchange of information with other nations* with respect to the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes; and (2) That the *dissemination of scientific and technical information relating to atomic energy shall be permitted and encouraged* so as to provide that free interchange of ideas and criticisms which is essential to scientific progress.
>
> (Italics supplied.)

This attempt to achieve two differing legislative objectives led to differing views within the Atomic Energy Commission on the administration of security of information, a difference which was not cured until the act was amended about four years later. I adhered to strict construction of the law, so the brand of "security obsession" was burned upon me, and I still wear it. There were several incidents in which this security consciousness figured. Two may serve as illustrations.

The first was the discovery that an employee in an extremely sensitive position in one of our atomic-energy establishments had been a member of a Communist group. His assignment required him to have custody of scientific documents and reports of the *utmost* secrecy.

Concealed Party Membership

In filling out the question forms for his employment when the Army was in charge of the atomic-weapons project, and again when the Atomic Energy Commission took over, this man had concealed the fact that he had been a member of a Communist organization, although the questionnaire called for the disclosure of present or past connections of every sort. When confronted five years later with evidence of his Communist membership, and of his misrepresentations on the two occasions when he had signed the questionnaires, he took the position that he had terminated his Communist connections just prior to his employment in the atomic establishment.

But I felt that the employee had continuing access to material of too great sensitivity to accept the risk that he could be trusted. The officials in the establishment where the employee was engaged disagreed with this conclusion and sent a committee to meet the commissioners and protest against a decision to revoke the man's clearance—tantamount to his discharge. The members of the committee, important and loyal men, argued that they were absolutely confident that their associate was a Communist no longer; that they would take upon themselves full responsibility for his future actions; and, finally, that his removal would cause "consternation" in the establishment and shatter morale.

My colleagues turned to me as the cause of this embarrassment. I suggested that if we were the directors of a bank and suddenly discovered that one of our cashiers had been an embezzler, who had concealed that fact when we hired him, we would surely have to dismiss him. Our responsibility as Atomic Energy Commissioners was of a far higher order. As bank directors we would be answerable to stockholders and depositors for nothing more than money; but as commissioners we were responsible to the whole American people for the safety of their lives and the defense of our Government. The offer of our friends to accept responsibility for the man's future actions was unrealistic because the responsibility was ours, under the law; they could not relieve us of it. And finally, if the point they had made with respect to morale were a fact, we would be better advised to close the establishment than to operate it.

The commissioners excused the committee and we took a secret ballot, which turned out to be unanimous for removing the man at once. There were no resignations from the staff of the institution and it continued its high standard of performance.

The second instance has had some airing. In 1949 a laboratory of the Commission was asked to ship overseas a radioactive isotope of iron. The shipment was made to a laboratory of the defense establishment of another country. Word of the shipment reached me only after it had been forwarded; I felt that it had violated Section 10 of the law.

"What was the purpose of the shipment?" I asked. The answer was that the request had indicated that the iron isotope was to be used to develop alloys for jet or gas turbines at high temperatures, "particularly above 700 degrees, if possible." To my mind this meant that the application must be for military purposes, since in 1949 jet engines were used only to power military aircraft and the research was to be carried on in a military laboratory.

It appeared to me that the law had been flouted, since even had the intended use not been military, the law prohibited the exchange of the information for "industrial purposes" until international safeguards had been established. Steps were taken to see that no further shipments should be made without prior Commission approval.

Before this we had been shipping radioactive isotopes abroad for medical purposes, and my stipulations expressly excepted such consignments. Nevertheless, a columnist published a false statement that I had objected to a shipment of radioisotopes to Norway to be used "for medical purposes." This false charge was revived ten years later during the hearings on my appointment to be Secretary of Commerce.

Years later we learned that among the consignees of the iron isotope was a man affiliated with the Communist Party in his country.

Personnel security is a part of the task of protecting our installations not only from the compromise of information but also from damage by sabotage. In the first seven years after the Commission began to operate, over a half million persons were checked for the Commission by the FBI. Of this number a little over one percent, 5532, had their eligibility questioned. Of these, 1622 were cleared and 3910 were denied clearance, or

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doubtless still operates against us."

resigned prior to the completion of the cases, or had the request for their clearance canceled. These figures should not be taken as showing the extent of Soviet espionage, but only as evidence that there was need for caution. Some men were found to be untrustworthy because of mental instability, unacceptable personal habits and reasons other than disloyalty.

Those who regard this period as one of nothing but witch-hunting, with only innocent people being harassed by Federal bureaus and agencies, tend to forget that people like MacLean, Burgess, May, the Rosenbergs, Fuchs, Pontecorvo and a number of others misused their positions of trust in the United States, Canada and the United Kingdom to give "aid and comfort" to the Soviets. Those who were apprehended were, in all likelihood, but a part of the espionage net which operated and doubtless still operates against us.

Cabinet Kept in the Dark

Security of information can be relatively useless when leaks are occurring at the bottom of the structure, and it is far harder to impose it there than at the top. In fact, it is easy to keep high officials in ignorance of what is taking place. Mr. Truman, while Vice President, was not informed of the existence of nuclear weapons because by the test commonly applied he had no "need to know." At the same time, however, two trade-union officials were told in order to avert threatened strikes.

As late as the spring of 1947 the secretaries of War and Navy were still excluded from certain areas of information. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 required the President periodically to instruct the Commission as to the number of atomic weapons it was to manufacture. The President acted upon recommendations on this subject from the two armed-services secretaries—War and Navy. A recommendation was prepared for President Truman to be signed by Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and Secretary of War Patterson early in 1947.

At dinner on March nineteenth Forrestal complained to me that he had before him for his signature a paper addressed to the President containing requirement numbers for which he did not know the justification. It was thus that we discovered that data on the stockpile and production of atomic weapons had been so very secret that neither the Secretary of the Navy nor the Chief of Naval Operations had been included among those informed. Accordingly, briefings were arranged for them, and for the Secretary of War.

The point of this incident is that while responsible officials at the very top of the defense establishment were uninformed on certain vital defense data, Soviet spies were operating in our establishments. One of the most dangerous of them, Klaus Fuchs, who had returned to England at the end of the war, was invited back to revisit our atomic installations in 1947.

There are a few axioms concerning security. One may be stated thus: When security is found to be excessive, it can always be cured by relaxing it. There is no cure for inadequate security. Information once compromised cannot be recovered.

Personnel security, plant security and security of information are aspects of war, whether it be hot or cold. The question of whether we must live with security for as long as we can see ahead is really a question of whether by some affirmative steps we can secure a safe and durable peace.

With another war promising widespread devastation, three courses of action are open. One suggestion is that the Free World adopt a course tantamount to surrender, although the word is usually concealed by semantics. This has been seriously proposed by some who mistakenly equate a third World War with the destruction of all life and who value survival above freedom. The slogans "Better Red Than Dead" and "A Few Centuries of Communist Domination Are Preferable to Annihilation" both pose a false limitation on the alternatives.

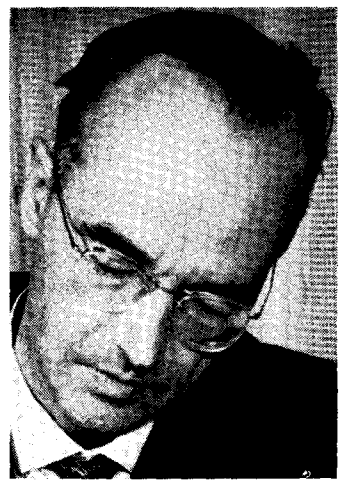
A second course, put forward as a moral alternative, is that we *unilaterally* disarm and attempt by nobility of example to convince the Communists that their world program is wrong. This is something like trying to save one's life in the jungle by converting tigers to vegetarianism. How can we communicate with the Russians in the area of morals? Honesty, truth and solemn covenants appear to be abstractions which exist for them only as bait for other nations.

Very different from surrender, or from trying to convert the Soviets to peace for the sake of peace, is the third course of action: to try to convince them that war will not profit them—that they cannot succeed with it. We have been engaged on this course for the past fifteen years. Continuing that course means keeping ahead of the Soviets in both military and peaceful technology if possible. We cannot *unilaterally* disengage ourselves from this race without risking loss of our freedom.

Meanwhile we have been living in peace. It is an uneasy and expensive peace, but it is infinitely preferable to war or surrender. In this third course, time could be on our side. We can make time our ally if we can use it wisely by husbanding our economic strength and maintaining at peak efficiency our military strength. Security meanwhile will continue to be an indispensable element in our defense. THE END

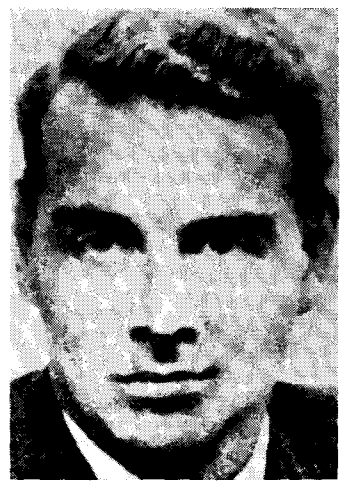
FAILURES OF SECURITY

Some people forget, Strauss says, that there were men in positions of trust who gave aid to Russia.



British scientist Klaus Fuchs admitted passing U. S. atom data to Russia. After a prison term in England, he resumed nuclear research in East Germany.

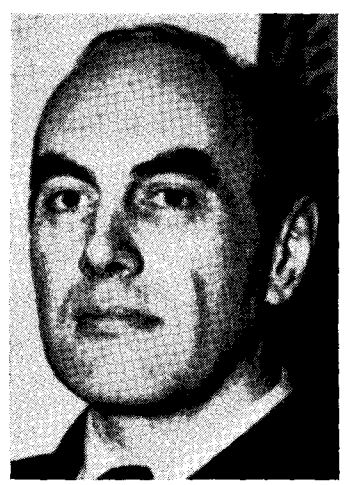
Julius Rosenberg, along with his wife Ethel, was electrocuted at Sing Sing in 1953 for handing American nuclear secrets to agents of the Soviet Union.



Guy Burgess, former British Embassy officer in Washington, vanished and then turned up in Russia. He now is employed by a Soviet state publishing house.

British diplomat Donald MacLean, who made night visits to AEC Headquarters, defected along with Burgess in 1951, is with him now in Moscow.

Bruno Pontecorvo fled job at Britain's top-secret Harwell atom lab in 1950. Pontecorvo is now a member of the Soviet Institute of Nuclear Research.



Dr. Alan Nunn May, also a British scientist, thought it "right" to give Russia atom secrets in wartime. He went to prison, now teaches in Ghana.

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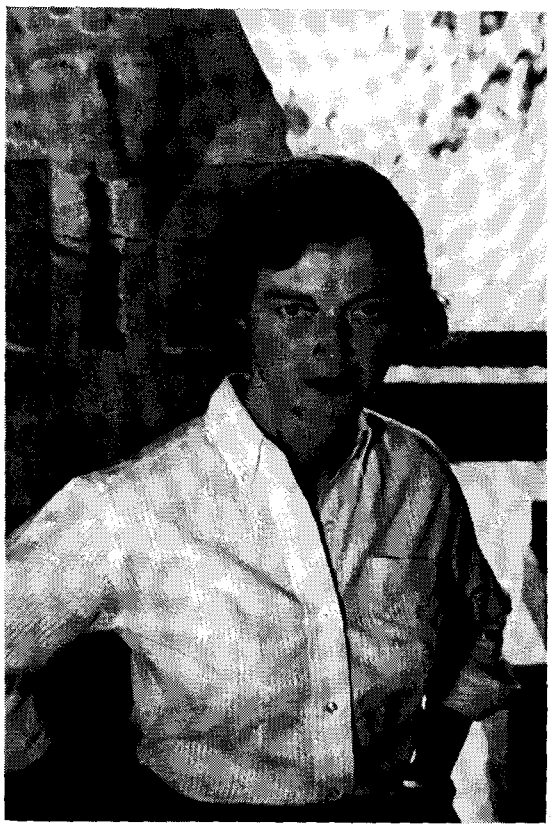
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Astronauts' Nurse

Arm in arm with Aurora 7 astronaut Scott Carpenter (left) and his backup man Walter Schirra, 1st Lt. Dolores (Dee) O'Hara, 26, strolls the sea-washed sands of Cape Canaveral. As the free world's first space nurse, Dee maintains the Aero-Medical clinic on the Cape's top-security Hangar S and assists doctors in giving the astronauts rigid physical and mental tests. Says Dee of her dream job: "Other nurses work with sick people. But my patients are superbly healthy. They're magnificent." A logger's daughter, Dee grew up in Lebanon, Oregon, was a clinic nurse before joining the Air Force in 1959. After a stint in obstetrics at Patrick Air Force Base hospital in Florida, she was catapulted into her astronauts'-nurse assignment—partly, says Air Force Col. George M. Knauf, the NASA bioastronautics surgeon who chose her for the job, because she had laboratory experience and partly because she rates high in cheerfulness and tact. "Project Mercury needed heart as well as hardware," says the colonel. Dee calls her assignment "the most desirable job in the nursing field," anticipates the day when she'll serve in a lunar infirmary. Dee shares an apartment with Shirley Sineath, the only other U.S. space nurse. She likes to dance and swim, and bakes a good lasagna, but must spend much of her free time answering fan mail. While one of the seven men in her professional life is in orbit, she does as millions of Americans do—she prays. After Aurora 7 overshot its target area by 250 miles, she stayed in her office tensely awaiting word of Carpenter's fate. "You get used to it after a while," she says, "but this one I sweated out more than any other. When I heard that Scott was OK, I let out a big yell." Photograph by Bill Shrout



Explorer of the Past

Accustomed to the company of ancient kings, Theresa Howard Carter, 33, keeps cool under the cold stare of Egypt's Rameses II in the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Highest moment of archaeologist Carter's career with the University Museum came in Turkey in the summer of 1957, when she entered the tomb of King Gordius, father of King Midas of the legendary golden touch: "We stood there, apparently the first humans in the tomb for more than 2700 years. You don't talk at a time like that." Three years later an expedition under her direction uncovered evidences of a Phoenician city beneath Leptis Magna, the large Roman city on what is now the coast of Libya. A successful "dig" makes Theresa's pulse race. "When you see the walls of some ancient site appearing, you want to call out, 'Dig, dig, dig . . . faster, faster.'" Theresa grew up on a farm in Millbrook, N.Y., met her historian husband Edward as an undergraduate at Syracuse University. Three weeks ago both received Ph.D.'s from Bryn Mawr College. Late this summer Theresa will head her third expedition to Libya. Her frequent exposure to the Near East's sun and sand has given her a tan that survives Philadelphia winters—and testifies to her hardiness. At Leptis Magna, Libyans told harrowing tales of twelve-foot red serpents said to inhabit the area. Local lore held that if one drank a bottle of native wine before an encounter, he would survive, but the serpent would die. "We found it considerably more efficient," Theresa wrote in her report of the dig, "to have someone with a stick walking ahead shouting, "*Attenzione*, 'snik'!" Photograph by Robert Phillips

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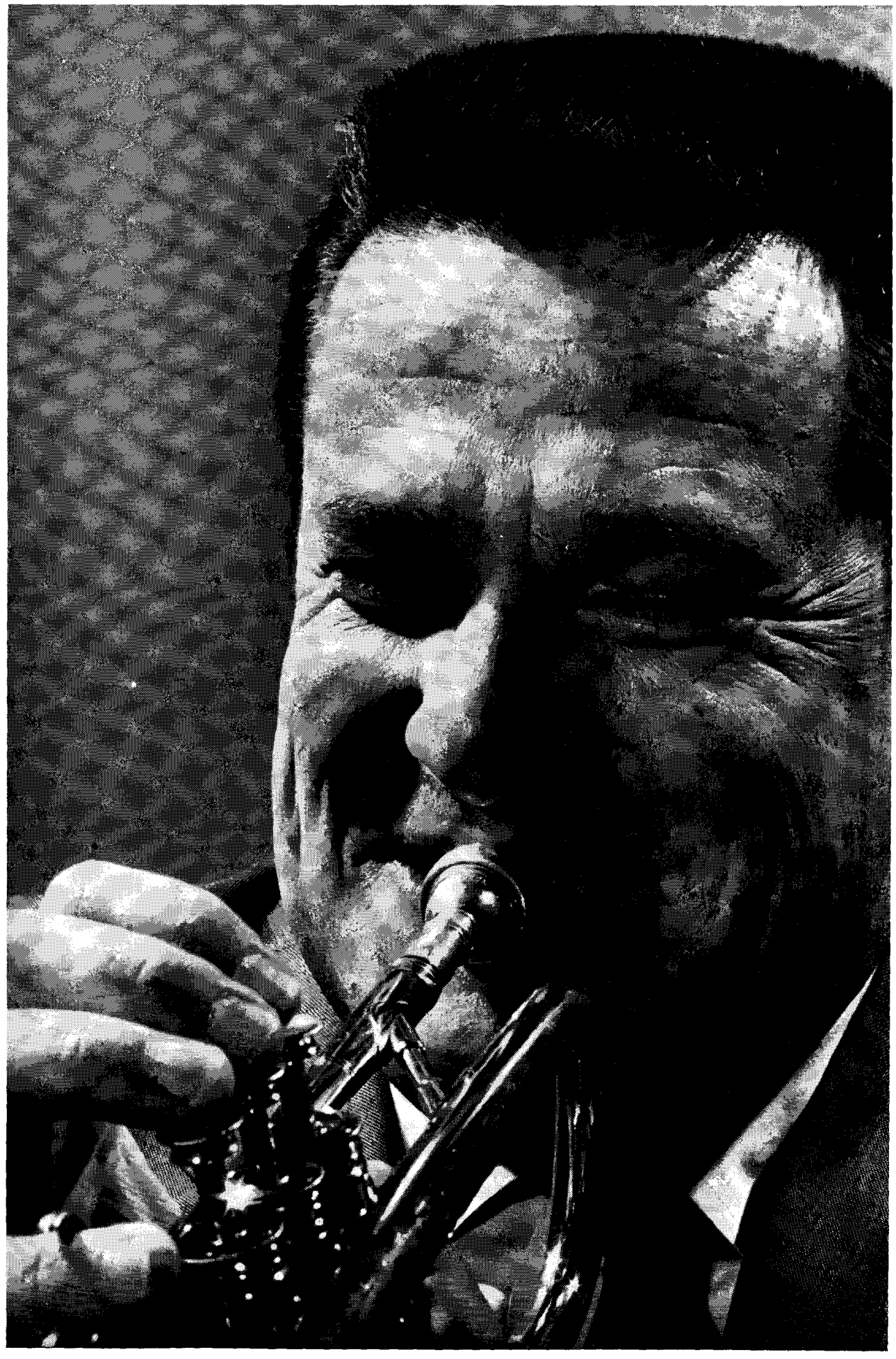
Jovial Jazzman

Tooting a happy tune, Dick Ruedebusch, 36, hits high note after high note in a fast-developing career. "No other trumpet player has Dick's warmth and feeling," says bandleader Woody Herman. "He'll be a very important figure in American jazz." Dick can rip off the roof with hot, clear blasts, but he does not, in the style of Louis Armstrong, put maximum pressure on every note. In soft, quiet passages his horn is exquisitely muted. Woody Herman first heard Dick play last August in a small Milwaukee club. Impressed, Herman arranged a TV appearance for him on the Ed Sullivan Show and a booking at New York City's Metropole Café—considered tops by true jazzmen. Dick and his band, the "Underprivileged Five," went over so well at the Metropole that they were signed for two more engagements. "That was my goal," says Dick, "to go to New York and get invited back." Dick grew up in Mayville, Wis., the son of a farm-machinery dealer who wanted the boy to follow in his furrow. After high school and the Army, Dick tried the business but loathed it. On week-ends he played trumpet with local bands. "My father gave me a trumpet when I was seven," he says, "which was a wrong thing to do if he didn't want me to take it seriously." One night at a club in Beaver Dam, Dick, 25, noticed a 19-year-old girl watching him admiringly. "A friend introduced us," he says. "Before long we got married and she turned out to be a good cook and a wonderful mother." After another three years in business—this time an auto dealership which his father bought him—Dick quit. "Starting in June, 1956, I worked as a sideman for a year and a half. Sometimes I'd travel fifty miles to play the trumpet for ten dollars. But I supported my family. Maybe it was poorly, but they all ate." In January, 1958, a club that Dick had been working in regularly burned down. One of its patrons, a jazz lover who knew a good trumpet when he heard one, bought a spot in Milwaukee and hired Dick. "What he was really doing," Dick says, "was subsidizing both me and jazz. He used to tell me, 'You can't help but make it.'" There Dick and his boys played until Woody Herman came along. "When Woody walked into the club that first time," he recalls, "I thought, *What can we possibly do for that guy?* But the next night we were laying for him, and we played our best stuff." Since then Dick has done well. "I'm making almost a thousand a week now," he says. "But we'll keep our feet on the ground." Dick's wife and three children live in Mayville, and he writes them frequently when on the road. "Even the littlest gets a letter," he says. Dick works from eight P.M. until three A.M. He avoids alcohol, the jazz musician's traditional sustainer, and so do his men. "When we swing," he says, "we're swinging straight. Nobody's got a pill in him or a drink. It's a funny band—like a bunch of Boy Scouts. I guess the reason I don't drink," he adds, "is that my dad expects that's what I'd do, and I'm not going to give that to him!"



Photograph by Bill Bridges

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He had three years to capture two God-fearing people for his master.

THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

By Tom Macdonald

The Devil and his disciple, cloaked in invisibility, were sitting under a thorn tree on a Transvaal *koppie* watching Jan van der Merwe at his spring plowing. They had seen him putting his bottle of coffee and his rusks under another thorn tree.

Jan was sixtyish, and his body was so lean that it looked as if it had been filed. He had placed his ragged coat over his rusks and coffee. He wore an old, sweat-stained hat. His face with a stub of white beard was as wrinkled as his veldschoens. His sheenless corduroy trousers had the color of the furrows he was turning over.

He was plowing the vlei land with two happy donkeys. The churr of tractors filled the valley from the lands of his rich neighbors.

And the Devil said to his disciple, "Old Jan, measured by Christian standards, is as honest as daylight. He is the poorest man in the valley, but he never whimpers. He has no envy in his heart against his rich neighbors. Calamity only strengthens his faith in his God. And he is aided and abetted by his wife, Sannie."

And the Devil sighed.

"Why, he wouldn't even make a good scarecrow," said the disciple.

"His neighbors' scarecrows are better dressed," the Devil said. "His neighbors are always trying to outsmart one another. None of them is free from any of what our enemies call the Seven Deadly Sins. I can make out a good case for their souls when they die. But not with Jan and Sannie."

Flocks of little gray birds and some flashing red and yellow-breasted weavers were following Jan's plow. As he stood at the end of a furrow for a short time, several of the birds perched on his shoulders; the Devil and his companion heard Jan say, "Thank you, O Lord, for using my humble self as an instrument to feed your little birds."

"You see," said the Devil, "he sees some purpose of his lord in everything he does. And some of those birds will steal his paltry corn."

"I see," said the disciple.

"Now go and get me his coffee and his rusks."

And the disciple fetched them. Then the Devil poured the coffee into the ground, and he broke up the rusks and scattered the crumbs. The disciple replaced the empty bottle under Jan's coat.

They waited until the time came for Jan to sit under the thorn tree for his lunch. They saw the frown creasing his forehead when he found that his meal had vanished. Then they heard him say, "That's odd. I haven't seen a soul round all morning. Not even a stray dog that might have taken the rusks. But even a dog couldn't uncork that bottle to drink my coffee." The light of a smile warmed his face. "But whoever took the food must have needed it more than I do."

"See what I mean?" said the Devil. The disciple nodded. Jan sat down and filled his old pipe from a tobacco sack.

"But he smokes," said the disciple. "If he is so poor, how can he buy tobacco?"

"He grows a little for his own use," said the Devil. "What a tough nut he is! And that wife of his. You'll have two nuts to crack."

"So I'll hire myself out as usual then?"

The Devil nodded. "I'll give you three years."

"But it will never take that long to turn a simple man into a vain man with riches. There's some weak link in every man's armor."

"It'll take you all three years," said the Devil. He touched his disciple on the shoulder and the invisible cloak vanished. The disciple became a fresh-faced youth in working corduroy clothes with weathered veldschoens on his feet.

As the Devil vanished in an eddy of smoke, Jan at the end of a furrow was looking at the *koppie*. "There goes a dust devil," he said. He pushed back his hat and scratched his head. "And the day isn't so hot." Then he saw the youth standing.

"Good day to you, mynheer," said the youth.

"Good day to you, my son," said Jan. "You're a stranger." Jan saw a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth.

"*Ja*, mynheer, I've trekked up from the Cape."

"Oh, and where are you heading for? I should say to Johannesburg if you're looking for work."

"No, mynheer. I've fallen in love with this valley and I would like to work you."

"For me?" Jan blinked in the sun. Then he chuckled. "If you weren't a stranger, you would know that I'm the poorest Boer in the valley. But there are many rich farmers, and some of them would be glad to have a sturdy youth like you."

The youth smiled, and Jan saw how white and even his teeth were. "I want experience," he said.

Jan laughed. "But my neighbors will tell you that I'm not only the poorest but the worst farmer in the valley. Sannie and I are even too poor to employ any blacks to work for us."

"I'm going to stay and work in this valley for you—and for no wages at all."

Jan gaped. There was a stumble in his gait as he walked to the shade of the tree. He sat down and called, "Come and sit down."

When the youth was seated, Jan said, "You come out of the blue as fresh as this spring day, and you tell me, as if it were ordained, that you want to work for me—and for nothing. It is as if the Lord is sending me a great gift. If I were worthy of it I might understand." He saw a spasm of pain in the young face. "Have I hurt you?"

"No," said the youth. "Accept me how you will, but accept me you must."

Jan got to his feet and stroked the only ear which one of the asses boasted. "We make little more than it takes to keep Sannie and myself," he said. "And the little more we make we give to the church. I doubt if we can feed you."

"I'll bring you more in than I'll eat, *oom*."

Jan liked the respect the youth showed him in calling him uncle. He asked, "What's your name?"

"Pieter Jordaan."

"It's a good name. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"It's a beautiful age. I can't make any decision until I've consulted Sannie, but as you're here, let's see how you handle the plow."

"I wouldn't be wasting my time plowing the vlei this year, *oom*."

"But it'll be a year of drought. Everybody is plowing in the vlei land."

"It will be a summer of rain, *oom*, and we'll plow the sloping ground. We shall contour the slopes to conserve the soil."

"How would you know about rains, Pieter?"

"I have a hunch."

Jan unyoked his donkeys, telling Pieter that the one-eared one was aptly named Stompoor, and the other was called Fielie, the diminutive of Philemon. The donkeys went trotting home. And as they followed them, Pieter asked, "Why are your donkeys so happy? All the other donkeys I have seen are drudges with drooping ears."

"I love them, Pieter. I never take a sjambok to them. I always think of the little ass as the beast that carried the most precious burden in the world—that time it carried the Christ to Jerusalem." Pieter put up his hand quickly to hide the flush on his face. And full of concern, Jan stopped and asked, "What ails you, Pieter? You look as if you had a stab of pain." (*Continued on page 58*)

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Landing on Easy Street ...In 25 Words (or Less)

Twenty million hopefuls put their best phrases forward in giveaway contests. But the pros win most big prizes.

By STANLEY FRANK

Lucky entrant Mrs. Deborah Schneider, whose well-turned phrase in an auto contest excelled 1,400,000 others and won her $500 a month for life, stands in a Minneapolis bank with $300,000—her probable lifetime prize.

Literary critics have never heard of Mrs. Deborah Schneider, and her work is not found in anthologies of memorable prose, but she has a dandy substitute for artistic recognition: money. In 1958 Mrs. Schneider, a Minneapolis housewife with no professional experience, wrote twenty-five words which brought her $500 a month for life. As she was twenty-five years old at the time, she will collect about $300,000 with normal life expectancy. This comes to $12,000 a word, a rate that will make her the highest-paid writer since the invention of the alphabet.

Mrs. Schneider took up permanent residence on Easy Street by completing a sentence that was chosen as the best blurb for Plymouth cars among 1,400,000 entries in a contest. An old promotion gimmick, contests are flourishing in a manner that would have astonished P. T. Barnum, who started the ball rolling in 1850 by offering $50 for a "classic" ode to Jenny Lind. Contests stimulate retail sales so effectively that sponsors will give away $60,000,000 in cash and merchandise this year and spend half a billion dollars more on operating expenses.

Some 20,000,000 people participate in contests, and riches seem to be handed out as casually as passes to a zither recital. The major prizes, however, are monopolized by specialists who take courses in contest techniques from correspondence schools. It is not unusual for professional contestants, who call themselves hobbyists, to submit multiple entries in 300 events a year.

Record Payoff $375,000

The biggest payoff on record, $375,000, went to Mrs. Lelia Boroughs, of Beverly Hills, in 1955 for solving a series of picture puzzles and answering 720 questions based on material in the sponsor's encyclopedia. Two years earlier Herbert Idle, of Chicago, won $307,000 in a similar contest.

Prizes are often linked to novel conditions. In 1958 Remington Rand offered one share of every blue-chip common stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange for the best twenty-five-word testimonial to its electric shaver—and doubled the stake for entrants who bought a new razor. Mrs. Lois Akers, of Denver, qualified for the premium and was rewarded with 1010 shares valued at $84,000. Mary McCrea, a San Francisco stenographer, probably was the only robust girl in America who never regretted she was not a sylph. Her 147¼ pounds literally were worth their weight in gold, $75,158.84, in a Rinso contest she won eight years ago.

Women win most of the blockbusters, and this pattern has prompted the groundless accusation that contests are rigged in favor of housewives. Actually sponsors have no control over the distribution of prizes. The selections are made by independent judging agencies on the basis of predetermined criteria filed with the Post Office Department, which closely supervises the giveaways and has kept them remarkably free of the monkey business that led to the TV quiz-show scandals. Housewives dominate the field simply because they submit 70 percent of the entries.

Jackpot in Second Contest

Coining a catchy phrase that arrests the attention of judges wading through several million entries is a knack relatively few people possess; those who have it cash in regularly. George Hill of Seattle has won more than 2500 prizes. William Sunners, a trade-school teacher in New York, has earned $60,000 in twenty-five years on receipts ranging from one cent to $4750. Most buffs get nothing but frustration; the "naturals," after learning tricks of the trade, quickly climb aboard the gravy train. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Mizelle, of Raleigh, North Carolina, won two first prizes totaling $35,000 in one year. Albert M. Husted began dabbling in contests to pass the time after he retired from the Cincinnati park system in 1960. Last year he won three cars.

The star pupil in the rapid-advance class was Mrs. Schneider, who had entered only one contest, the Pillsbury Bake-Off, before the Plymouth event. Her recipe for fruit-filled butter cookies brought her $100, a $500 kitchen range and a trip to Los Angeles; but she won no major prize. Five months later Mrs. Schneider saw a magazine ad offering a free sample of a contest bulletin from the Shepherd Correspondence School in Philadelphia.

"I was suffering from an acute case of mental doldrums," Mrs. Schneider recalls. "I sent for the bulletin mostly out of simple curiosity."

The bulletin included an analysis of the Plymouth contest advising students to stress the gas economy, safety features and resale value of the car. Mrs. Schneider pored over dealers' brochures, then spent six hours drafting two answers to a

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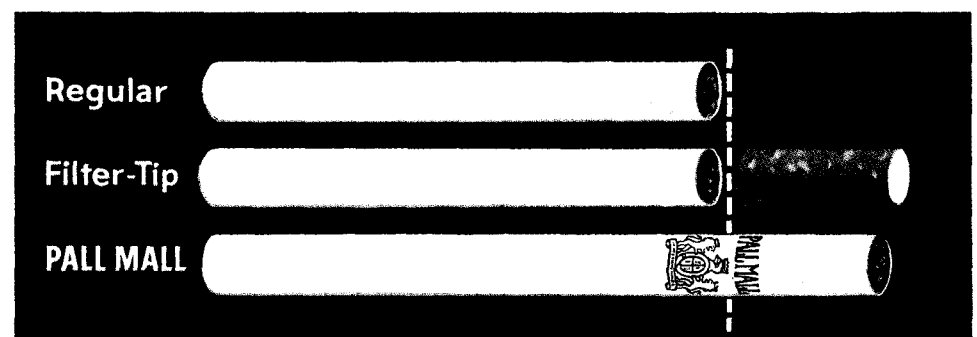

Compare all three! Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best.
See the difference! With Pall Mall, you get that famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . . over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, mellow tobaccos. Makes it mild . . . but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

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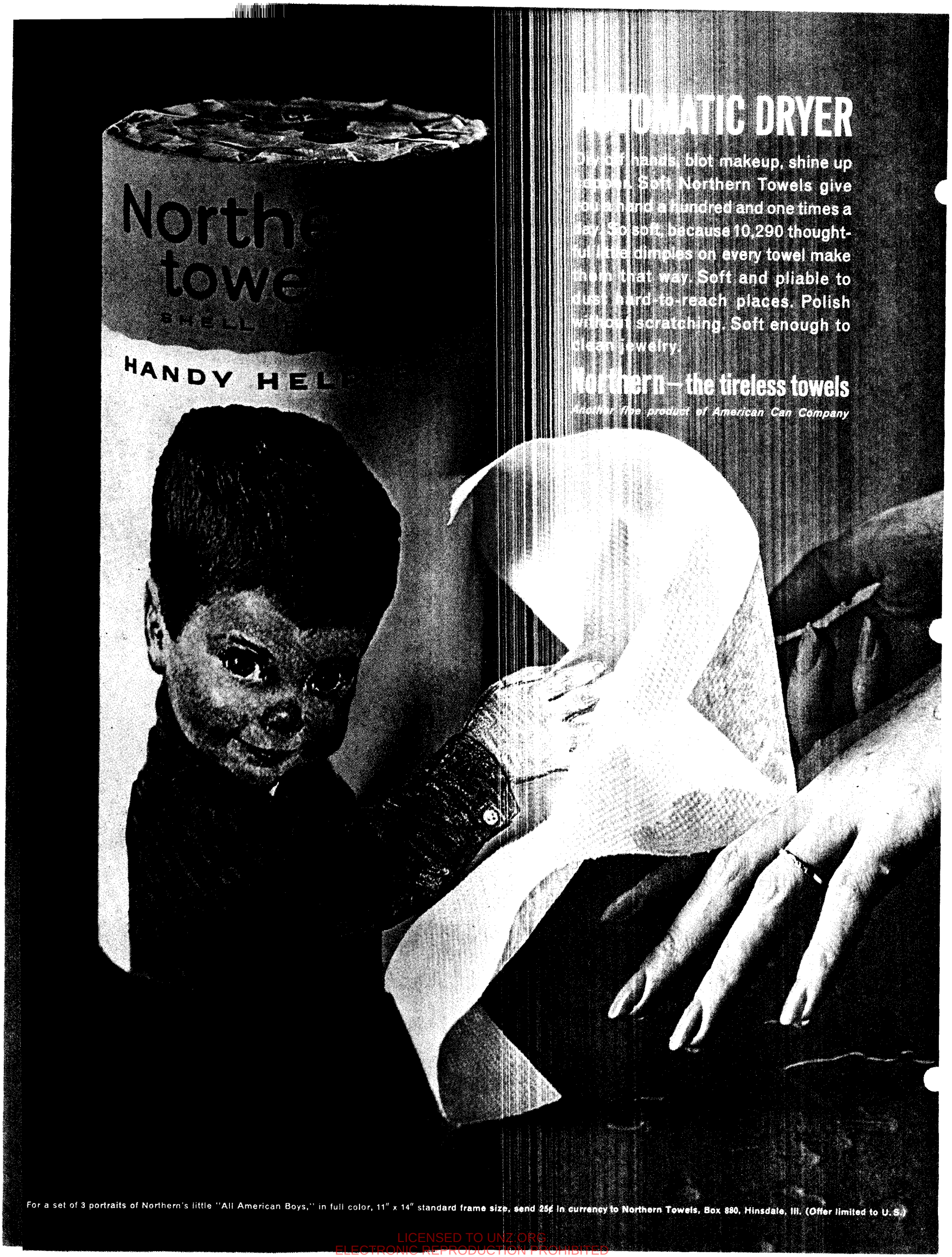
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Contests go over big with the housewives who submit 70 percent of all the entries.

Contests sentence beginning "I'd be money ahead in a new '58 Plymouth because . . ." Mrs. Schneider's second effort eventually hit the jackpot.

Since her big coup, Mrs. Schneider has won six more awards of cash and appliances. The total amount is a secret between her and the Internal Revenue Service, which collects taxes on the money and the retail value of the merchandise. The taxes on prizes are always painful—and sometimes catastrophic.

The Government takes about one third of a $25,000 cash award if the family income is, let's say, $7500 a year. A man with two children, earning $7500, might be impelled to crease his wife's brow with a blunt instrument, however, if she wins a $20,000 home outfitted with $10,000 worth of furnishings. Before good fortune stunned him, his Federal tax was $877. Now his bill is $11,450. Suppose the lucky wretch doesn't have a bank balance in five figures? What does he do?

Tax Trouble for Winners

"He pays the full amount on the next April fifteenth or he's in big trouble," a man at the IRS office in New York said curtly.

But the poor fellow doesn't have the money and ——

"Let him get a mortgage on the house or sell the furniture. People win taxable income, they pay on it."

The best part of Mrs. Schneider's windfall is that it is subject to tax at the rate of only $6000 a year.

"The financial security gave me a self-confidence I had lacked," she confides. "I made up my mind to lose forty extra pounds I'd been carrying all my adult life. In a few months my dress size shrank from seventeen to nine. I took up painting, ballroom dancing, flower arranging and dress designing. I acquired a sense of poise and found addressing groups was so enjoyable that I became a professional lecturer on contests. It's incredible that all this resulted from writing one sentence."

We intended to reveal the twenty-five words that were Mrs. Schneider's open sesame to the Promised Land, but sponsors never divulge the text of winning entries, and they swear prize winners to secrecy. Why?

Years ago, when sponsors published the winners' efforts, they were bombarded by complaints from disgruntled also-rans who maintained their ideas were better. And there were cranks who insisted they had sent in identical answers and demanded duplicate prizes. The claims were false, but sponsors had to check through tons of entries, at great expense. These headaches have been cured by withholding the judges' selections.

At least 5000 contests are going on all the time in newspapers, with prizes ranging from $1 to $1000 for solving crossword puzzles, deciphering word and picture games, or spotting lucky numbers on currency. Big-league competition is focused on 275 annual events in three categories—adding last lines to limericks, inventing names for new products and completing sentences ("I like Sheep Dip hair lotion because . . .").

Also popular now are sweepstakes, which are merely drawings of free entry blanks to be filled in with nothing except names and addresses. Sweepstakes account for about 10 percent of the prizes given away, much to the anguish of professional contestants, who carry on as though the companies were taking the bread from their mouths.

Most pros hold mail-order degrees from the Shepherd or the All American schools in Philadelphia. Wilmer S. Shepherd Jr., the pioneer in the field, estimates his 60,000 graduates have won $6,000,000 in the last thirty years. His two-room institution is chartered by the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction for the academic caliber of its writing courses.

Shepherd averages 2000 customers a year, 80 percent of them housewives from small communities. The tuition is thirty-six dollars for seventy-five lessons distributed over a twelve-month period. The curriculum is surprisingly literate, dealing with tricks of phraseology, word juggling and sentence construction which call for skill and imagination. Following are a few of Shepherd's tricks of the trade:

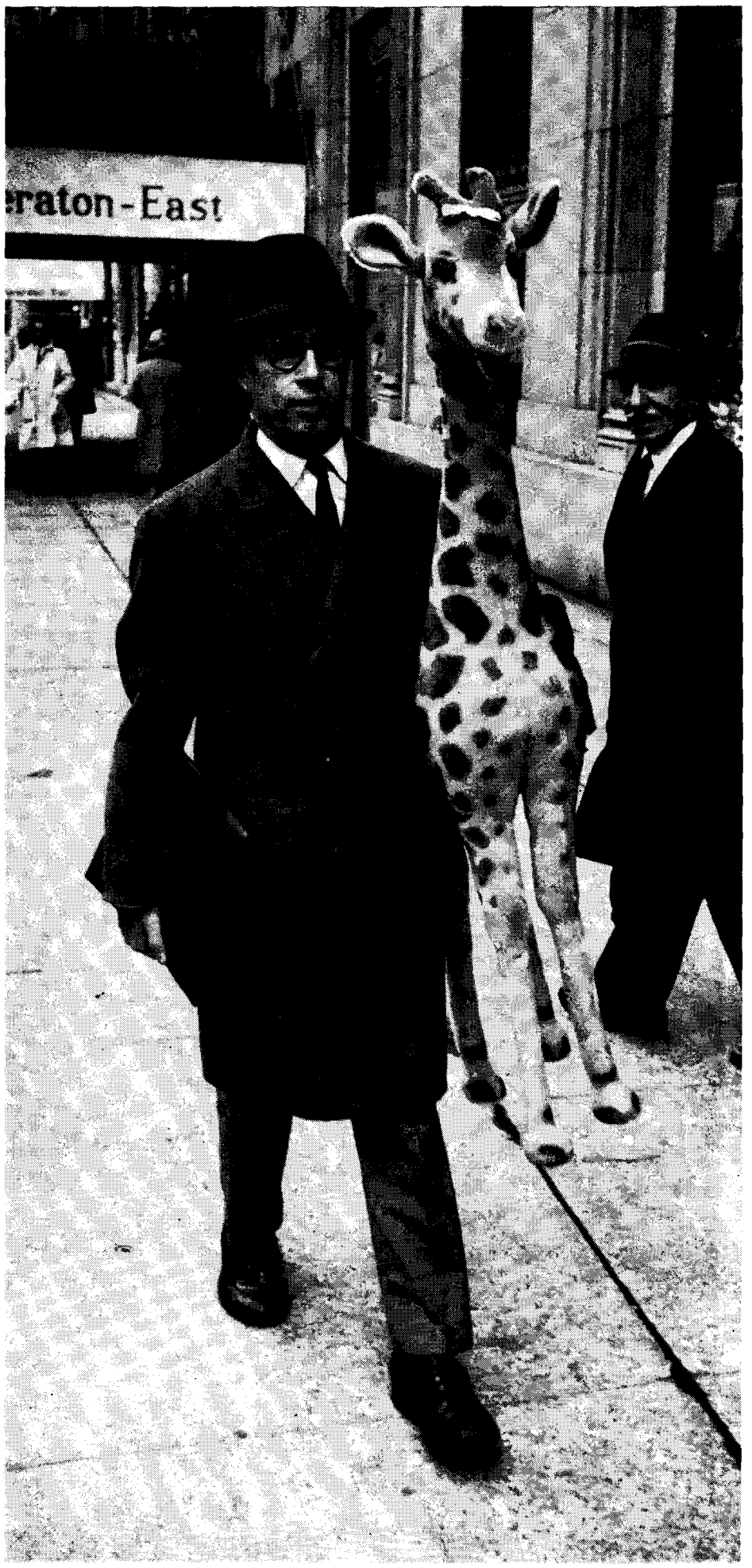
Phrase reversal ("Saves shaving seconds and second shavings"); sharp contrasts ("A large dividend for a tiny investment"); compounded words that suggest precise images ("hospital-clean, glass-smooth"); repetition of an adjective with three assonant words to stress different features of a product ("More style-age, more mileage, more smileage"); coining words by fusion ("caliqueen" for a fabric, "sungalow" for a bungalow); slogans based on idea transferrence ("Arrest Cancer—Wanted for Murder!" . . . "Rock-A-Dry Baby" for a diaper service).

Offers Tips on Judges

"The secret of my students' success," Shepherd says, "is the tips on judges I publish in a biweekly bulletin." (The bulletin costs six dollars a year.) "The companies that select the winners deny they follow a definite pattern, but I've got a better batting average than Ted Williams in predicting what they'll look for. I can tell from the return address on an entry blank which outfit will process it, and I advise my subscribers accordingly.

"For example, the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, which judges 75 percent of the big contests, has three branches that differ sharply in their preferences. The New York branch wants simplicity and sincerity in sales pitches. Chicago goes for clever phrases and transposed words. The boys in Los Angeles like jazzy stuff and puns, especially in limericks. I can give you the same rundown on Herrold, Polk, Riordan and all the other companies that handle contests."

Shepherd's powers of divination are disputed by the Donnelley organization. "He can make an educated guess whether



In pursuit of a sponsor, contest-creator Stanley Arnold totes a gimmick to sell a corporation on his promotions. His giraffe sales pitch: "You've got to stick your neck out or the competition will knock your spots off."

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Raise your car's standard of living

Macmillan Ring-Free is no ordinary motor oil. It is refined specifically for modern cars and modern driving. Ring-Free has naturally superior qualities to deliver top protection . . . for stop-and-go driving . . . high-speed turnpiking . . . quick starting in mid-winter cold. Plus long-lasting detergents to keep engines clean and quiet. Raise your car's standard of living to the level it deserves. Insist on Macmillan Ring-Free at your next oil change.

Ask your new car dealer about the Macmillan Ring-Free "Billion Dollar Warranty." It's an optional extra . . . it's free from Ring-Free!

Ring-Free trouble free . . . long-life with Ring-Free

Macmillan RING-FREE Oil Co., Inc.

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MORE INCOME!

OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
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OPPORTUNITY
★ KNOCKS ★
TWICE

One Hour Martinizing® Dry Cleaning represents one of the outstanding small business opportunities in the service field. Now independently owned and operated Martinizing stores are potentially *twice* as profitable . . . with the addition of new Marti-Thrift coin operated type dry cleaning!

Marti-Thrift is available exclusively to franchised Martinizing store owners. So, if you seek extra income, added security or a sound investment opportunity, it will pay you to investigate franchised One Hour Martinizing—where opportunity knocks twice.

No experience is necessary, and a reasonable initial investment is all that is required. Get full details today! Write:

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ONE HOUR "MARTINIZING"
CERTIFIES
THE MOST IN DRY CLEANING

® Certification Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"People won't invest a stamp in an entry unless you take them abroad."

Contests a contest calls for a serious or a light touch, but that's as far as he can go," says Paul O. Shields, an executive in New York. "He doesn't know the weighted scores on a scale of one hundred points we assign to twenty elements. In a statement, aptness and sincerity may get thirty to sixty points, depending on how the sponsor wants to promote the endorsement. For jingles and limericks, freshness and humor are the determining factors. When we're looking for a name for a new product, originality and suitability get the top scores.

"A rating sheet listing the percentiles for all elements is filed with the Post Office to meet its regulations for proof that prizes are awarded on the basis of merit. Judges must grade every entry on that scale. It's nonsense to say our branches react differently to certain types of answers. All three divisions must conform to the same scale of standards."

Ghosted Ideas Tossed Out

Judging a writing contest is such a complicated affair that it costs an average of four cents an entry. The mail Donnelley receives is screened by junior readers who eliminate twenty-five percent of the responses for banality, poor syntax or failure to include labels and box tops required by the rules. Also thrown out are big batches of identical answers bought by gullible folks from ghost-writers at five dollars a copy.

About 40 percent of the entries are passed on to senior readers, who whittle the field to three times the number of prizes to be awarded. The final selections are made by executive judges who have years of experience. Before the winners are announced, security checks are made to make sure they have no connection with the sponsor or his advertising agency. The character of the recipients also is investigated to avoid the embarrassment of circulating publicity pictures of the company's president in chummy poses with a contestant who may turn out to be a criminal or a lady of dubious repute. In such cases the prize is sent by mail while the public-relations boys quietly cut their throats.

The excitement in contests subsided after P. T. Barnum's death in 1891, sustained only by occasional $1000 prizes put up by the Procter and Gamble soap company. In 1923, however, the country was astonished by announcement of a $100,000 award by Edward William Bok, vice president of The Curtis Publishing Company and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his autobiography. Bok offered $50,000 for a plan to promote world peace and $50,000 more if it were adopted by the U. S. Senate.

A distinguished panel headed by Elihu Root selected the program of Dr. Charles H. Levermore, former president of Adelphi College in Brooklyn, who recommended that the United States participate immediately in the World Court and join eventually the League of Nations. Regrettably, the gentlemen in Washington did not ratify Doctor Levermore's proposals.

Bok's dramatic action alerted manufacturers to the spectacular impact of public participation in contests. Competition among sponsors became so intense that when Old Gold cigarettes wanted to make a big splash in the early 1930's it had to raise the ante to $250,000, with a grand prize of $100,000, which was won by John Van Sant, a Boston shoe clerk.

Despite evidence of the vigorous boost that contests give retail sales, there was a time when conservative companies refused to sponsor them—too undignified. That resistance has been broken by Stanley Arnold, a fireball from Cleveland who specializes in dreaming up bizarre contest ideas.

"Money is not the best inducement for pulling big entries unless an awful lot of it is put up," he explains. "The most worthwhile prizes ever offered, from public-service viewpoint, provided tuition and board for four years of college. You'd think parents would've clogged the mail with entries, but the contest was an awful flop. But who can resist the temptation to live like a millionaire on the French Riviera for a month? That was the bait in a contest I ran for Gulf Oil at the same time the college thing was going on, and we drew nearly two and a half million entries."

Gulf offered the winner of a jingle contest all expenses paid for a month's occupancy of a forty-room château at Menton, complete with a staff of servants, a fleet of cars and a yacht. Dale Kelly, an electronics technician from Oklahoma City, moved into the establishment with his wife, two children and a dazed expression.

"The Kellys had a little trouble adjusting to fancy living," Arnold reports. "There was a crisis the first night when the wine steward poured the champagne and the kids hollered for soda pop, but two nights later the Kellys were drinking three different wines with dinner."

Rabbit-Foot Technique

Arnold's proudest accomplishment was persuading the Du Pont Company, long a holdout against flamboyant merchandising, to sponsor the first contest in its history. After repeated rebuffs, he was invited to make a presentation to the executive committee in 1959. He startled the dignified audience by brandishing a rabbit's foot above his head.

"See this?" he cried. "It's supposed to be a symbol of luck, but it didn't work for the rabbit. You can't trust to luck in a highly competitive market. You've got to use every modern sales technique to survive." The committee listened to more of the same for a half hour, then decided the company could get along without Mr. Arnold's services. Undismayed, Arnold returned every ten days with new spiels tailored to various department heads. Four months later the committee capitulated.

Du Pont went whole hog on a humdinger. The contest, designed to push the company's No. 7 line of automotive products, involved finding all the 7's hidden in an intricate drawing. First prize was seven times the entrant's weight in silver dollars. The winner, Dr. James Mace, of Kirksville, Missouri, checked in at 169 pounds and collected $20,111.

In the relatively short time Arnold has been a contest consultant he has seen significant shifts in the public's attitude toward prizes. "The yokel is disappearing in America," he says. "A few years ago a prize of two weeks in Miami with all expenses was a big deal. Now people won't invest a stamp in an entry unless you take them abroad." In almost every case where a winner has the choice of a trip around the world by jet, or five thousand dollars, he takes the trip."

Offered Their Own Island

Arnold learned a surprising lesson in the first contest he staged, in 1955, for the Young and Rubicam advertising agency in New York. Previously he had expanded his father's Pick-N-Pay supermarket in Cleveland into a chain of fifteen stores with wild stunts such as giving away snowballs in July—he stored them in a refrigerator in the winter. Assigned to run a jingle contest for Piel's beer, Arnold hit on the offbeat idea of taking the finalists to a small island in the Caribbean and turning them loose on a treasure hunt. The first prize was $10,000 or the deed to the five-acre island, which had been bought from the Nassau-Bahamas Development Board.

Everyone assumed the winner would want the money. There was nothing on the island but a few ragged palm trees. Mrs. Fran Graffe, a housewife from Newburgh, New York, flabbergasted one and all by taking the island instead of the money. The same choice was made the following year by Warren Shoholm, an airline pilot from Bayville, Long Island.

"Both winners returned the island for the money after owning it a few months, because they couldn't afford to make it habitable," Arnold says. "It was revealing, though, that the thought of escaping from a humdrum routine excited them more than the money. Boy, what a sensation a trip to the moon would be as the prize in a contest! One of these days I'll work out some sort of an angle."

When that day arrives, Arnold will encounter a complication that has plagued men since the dawn of time. In 1958 a prize of $1000, or a trip to the moon whenever feasible, was offered in a local contest at El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Joe A. Rosson won with a quatrain that went:

"I'm real fed up with toil and tax,
TV and telephone,
With swoony songs and stylish slacks.
I want to be alone.

Presented with the prospect of achieving her heart's desire, Mrs. Rosson knitted her pretty brows and declared she would take the $1000. "I don't know what to wear on the moon," she said.

THE END

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No glasses to wash; no more broken ones with a Dixie Cup Dispenser.

Now your sink doesn't fill up with glasses. And the children can help themselves with colorful Dixie® Cups that can't spread colds. Refills anywhere. Don't spend all summer at the sink. Get a Dixie Dispenser.

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My Old Army Carries On

A World War II dogface makes a tour of inspection at his old basic-

By Bernard Asbell

Nineteen years ago I was drafted into the wartime Army of the United States, along with 10,000,000 other bewildered young men. I can't imagine how we ever did it, but we accustomed ourselves to the ways of training-camp life: eating from tin pans, crawling across a mud flat under the fire of machine guns, ripping open every cigarette butt and rolling its paper into a tiny ball before throwing it away. Time puffed up like cotton candy; a day seemed like a week, a week like an eternity.

"Now that I've put in my six months," we'd write home at last, "all I've got to go is the duration."

Nineteen years ago I was nineteen. Babies born the year I was drafted are today enlisting in anticipation of their draft, to be armed, marched and muddied up as defenders of the free world.

Thinking of these babes in arms, I wondered how things are going with them in my old barracks, my old camps, my old Army. How has life in the Army changed, and how is it unchangeable? I put in a call to the Pentagon and arranged to "join" the Army again—that is, to revisit an induction center and my basic-training camp at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

The difference between then and now at the reception center of Fort Holabird, Maryland, is in a subtle way the difference between war and peace. To the naked eye it looks the same: glum youths arriving in early morning, bearing small suitcases, forming silent lines in drab rooms, standing in their underwear, waiting, submitting their blood for testing, waiting. In my day it was widely said that to be rejected you had to prove that your Seeing-Eye dog had rheumatism. But in peacetime the Army has become an exclusive club for the able-bodied. Of 21,500 men examined at Fort Holabird in a recent nine-month period, almost 4000 were found physically unsuitable, illiterate or too nervous for the service. In wartime many of these rejects would be shipped out to a training camp.

The Unforgettable Ride

I will never forget the ride from the reception center to Fort Jackson—the one during World War II, I mean. In the dark of early morning they fed us powdered eggs and shunted us to a troop train. Nobody told us where we were going. It was a wartime military secret. The engine hauled us away, the sun came up, the train grew hot, we jounced all day breathing coal dust. The sun went down, the train grew cold, nobody said a word. Finally, in the middle of the night, we got to Fort Jackson.

Now it is all different. The recruits were driven in buses from the reception center to Baltimore's Friendship Airport, escorted to reserved tables in a real civilian restaurant, fed and put on a chartered airplane. They knew where they were going, and they got there in only two hours. In place of a mum conductor, an ingratiating stewardess asked the men if they preferred coffee, tea or milk; and she offered comic books—*The Sheik*, *The Rawhide Kid*, *Secret Hearts*.

My arrival at Fort Jackson this time was not at all like last time. When I had called the Pentagon to announce that "I, Private Asbell, shall return," I expressed a desire to be treated like a recruit. But these brave plans fell to pieces as soon as I got there. I was told the commanding general himself wanted to greet me. Maj. Gen. H. Dudley Ives, a model of a modern post commander, was waiting for me, standing beside his office flag, wearing combat boots, starched fatigues, a blue kerchief and gorgeous white hair. "Anything you want to know," he commanded, "just ask."

Training by Committee

There was, as a matter of fact, something I wanted to know. In my day, every soldier was taught the regulation method of dismantling a cigarette butt. It helped keep the grass neat, thus easing another military maneuver known as "policing the area." ("If it ain't green and don't grow, pick it up!") But that was before the era of the filter-tip cigarette. Anyone who has ever tried to rip open and scatter the insides of a filter tip knows that it can't be done. I saw that Fort Jackson was as neat as ever, not a vast rubble of used filters. How is today's fighting man trained to get rid of them? But rather than ask now, I decided to find out later.

When the general dismissed me, I rejoined the inductees at the quartermaster depot. They had stripped their bodies of every civilian thread and were directed to a weighing scale.

"Half of these guys," a sergeant explained to me, "will be back in a few weeks saying their uniforms don't fit. We'll alter them, but we want the evidence that they lost weight or gained, so they can't say we fitted them wrong."

After three days of getting clothed, tested, inoculated and indoctrinated, the men were herded into infantry training regiments. Over the years the teaching process has changed. In my Army the sergeants who educated us by day were the same ones who punished us at night, inspected us on Saturday and denied us passes on Sunday. It is different today, at least in basic training. Company sergeants are still the disciplinary stepmothers, but the combat skills are taught by other groups of sergeants, called "committees." Each committee teaches a single subject—rifle technique or grenade throwing or crawling through the infiltration course—to one company after another. They teach with a zeal that I seldom saw in World War II. Most of our old company sergeants were draftees like us. The modern committee sergeants are mostly decorated combat veterans of World War II and Korea.

From one training field to another the men march, sometimes for miles. The men's gripes get fiercer as the days pass, but undeniably their bodies get tougher. A few even get gung-ho, finding virtue in the hardships.

A basic trainee walks about 250 miles in eight weeks. Some boys find walking the worst hardship of basic. An easier course is bayonet drill. Yet Capt. Alexander Grant Donald, a psychiatrist, told me that the emotions of an anxiety-ridden boy may snap about the time the bayonet becomes an important item in his life, during the sixth week of basic.

"He's been taught for twenty years not to hurt anybody," Doctor Donald said. "Suddenly he's told to charge at a bag with a bayonet and yell 'Kill!' The difference between a civilian and a soldier becomes very real."

I talked about this with some boys in their seventh week. Pvt. Richard Schaum, from Philadelphia, said, "A week before the drill, they hold up a bayonet and ask, 'What's this for?' and you have to shout back, 'To kill!' They call that getting the spirit of the weapon.

"Then the chaplain gives you a talk. He said that we answer to our country, and our country gets its authority from God. I don't see what else he could have said, but I didn't find it very satisfying. Then we went out there, screaming and jabbing the bayonet into that bag. The funny thing is, you do get the spirit of the weapon."

A Cushy Way to Eat

I talked about the toughness of training with a company commander, a combat veteran who was really gung-ho, the kind who never says "yes" or "no" to a simple question but answers "affirmative" or "negative." His men were at mess in a training field. Instead of sitting down in the sand to enjoy it in the company of ants—as we had learned to do—the men carried their mess tins to sheltered tables. True, they had to eat standing up, but they did have tables. As a hardened old soldier, I couldn't help resenting their cushy standard of living. I asked the captain whether he thought such "improvements" were a good thing.

"A man can learn to take discomfort in a hell of a hurry when he has to," the captain said. "I don't see why we have to shove it on him unnecessarily."

No matter how the Army tries to balance the necessary against the comfortable, it is in trouble. The draftees write unhappy letters home, and alarmed mothers write to their Congressmen. Such letters, known as "congressionals," are routinely bucked down from Washington to the company commander for comment. They must be answered within twenty-four hours and may be followed by an investigation.

The Army is trying to head off the barrage of letters from mom to Congress with an earlier and bigger barrage of letters from Army to mom. The Army form letter is signed by the trainee's regimental commander, and reads:

"It is with great pleasure that I send you this photograph of your son, his first in the uniform of the U.S. Army. . . . It is important to bear in mind

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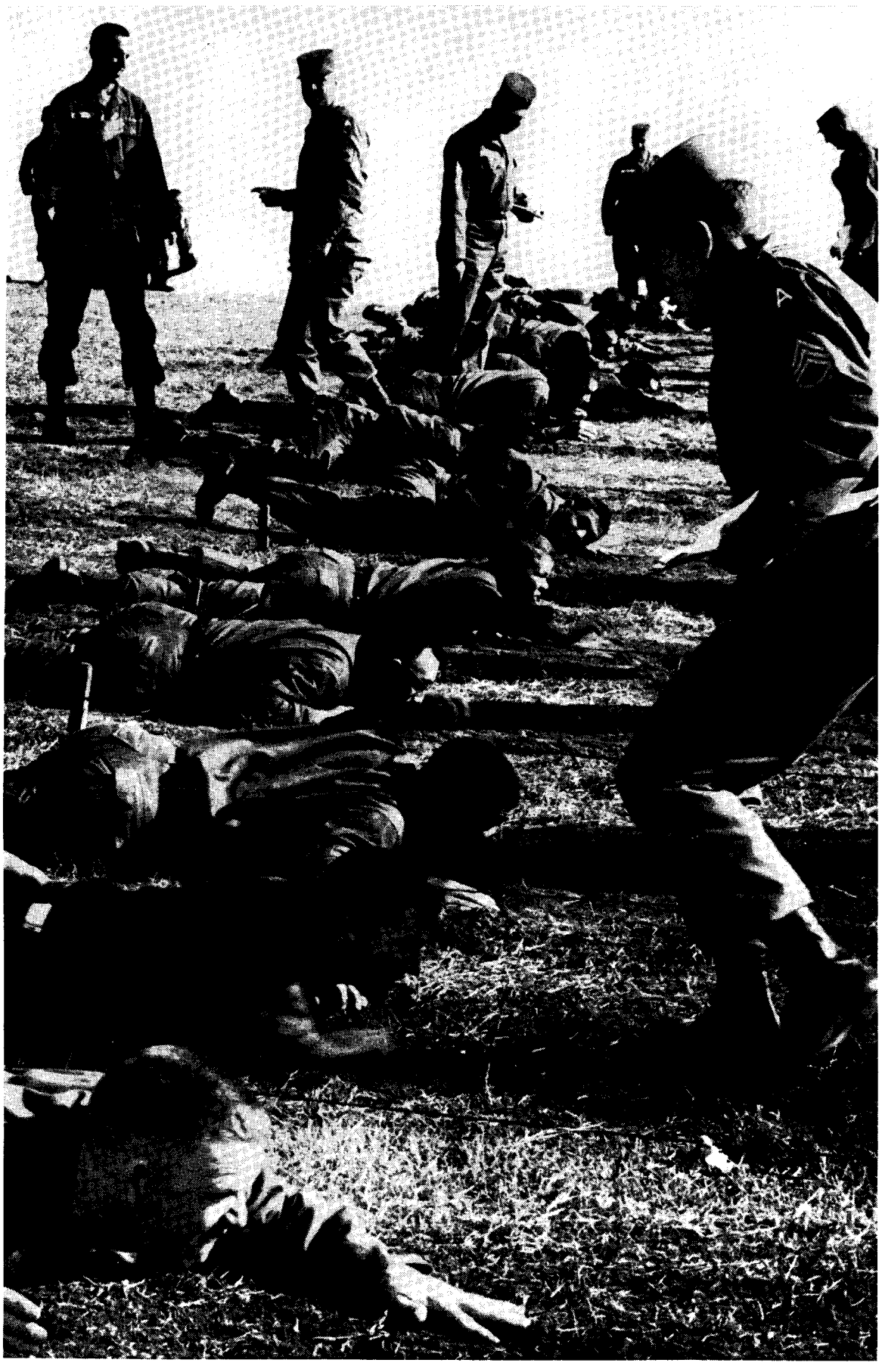
training camp and finds there've been some changes made.



Veteran sergeants holler, and recruits crawl. Many of them were born the year the author was drafted. The new Army runs tougher physical training, but writes soothing form letters to mom.

that a young soldier is likely to be unhappy initially. This is understandable. . . . Should you care to visit your son some weekend during his training at Fort Jackson, you will be most welcome. We have picnic facilities, a cafeteria and guesthouses. . . ."

Comparatively few parents come, so the boy is left to his own devices for passing weekends. Without leaving Fort Jackson, a soldier can rent a bike for twenty-five cents an hour or a horse for a dollar. He can bowl, drive golf balls, play miniature golf—or even real golf.

New Use for Filter Tips

The service club has color TV, billiards, table tennis, shuffleboard. In one music room boys check out guitars and organize country-music bands. In another they improvise jazz combos.

In nearby Columbia I expected to see the familiar hordes of men in uniform aimlessly milling, saluting officers, waiting for something to happen. They are not there. The streets are full of soldiers, but they are wearing civilian clothes. It's easy, however, to distinguish the soldiers from the townsfolk. They walk erect. When a red light turns green, they all step off on their left feet and cross with the group precision of the Rockettes.

One night I saw a soldier field-stripping a cigarette in a street in Columbia. He dropped the filter tip into his pocket. I asked if he'd mind telling me what he does with his pocketful of filters. He said, "We shove them into the rifle barrel. Come inspection, we push them out with a ramrod, and the barrel's clean as a whistle. Trouble is, if we get caught doing that, we get gigged."

He wouldn't have told me that if I had asked him within sight of his barracks. In camp, civilians seldom get straight answers to questions about delicate matters. "When we see a stranger walking around in a good civilian suit," one officer told me, "we assume he's a Congressman on some inspection. So we play everything safe."

Army men, today as in my day, are so highly trained in putting up a shiny, false front for inspections that it is a wonder they don't delude their own generals as much as they may delude visiting Congressmen. In fact, I suspect they do. How do the men at the top ever find out what's really going on at the bottom? I wondered about it aloud one evening at the officers' club.

My companion said, "They don't. The top just sends commands to the bottom, and all the top wants to hear is that the job has been done. When something goes wrong, someone at the top expects someone at the bottom to say, 'No excuse, sir.' Then the guy who says it gets burned. If you go long enough without getting burned, you eventually rise to the top and you do the same thing. If a war comes, we'll do what we always do—raise a ten-million-citizen Army and go out and win it." THE END

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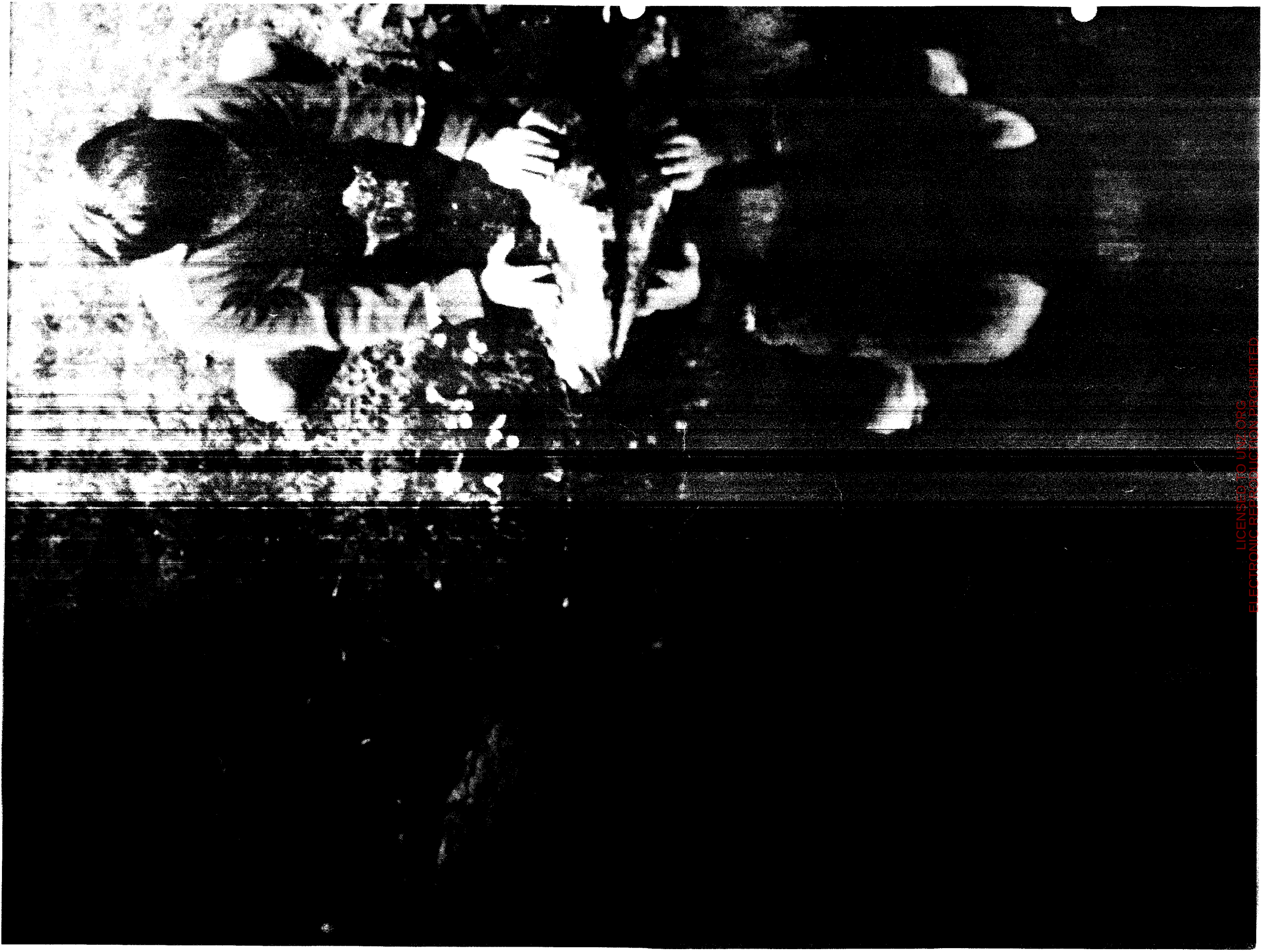

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Why can I see myself in the water?

● Why? It's not like a mirror. Sometimes it wiggles and I seem to wiggle too. Even when I'm really standing still. Why?

On an ever-flowing stream of questions a child is carried toward answers. Little answers first, bigger answers later. And there are people who, remembering this, keep their childhood curiosity alive. These people keep on searching, probing, asking why until even a way to reach the moon is not beyond their finding.

At Shell, the encouragement of men and women with restless, questioning minds is of first importance. Many of these men and women pursue their goals at Shell Research. Out of their questioning come solutions to a wide range of problems: how to make insecticides do their work more effectively; how to lubricate guided missile bearings for longer life; how to put the full power of your car to work through better gasoline.

If the many and varied problems that face our world are to be solved, assistance must be given to those who will approach these problems with a searching mind, who will keep on asking why. To help such people grow, Shell supports programs for their education. It provides scholarships for deserving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques. For courage to ask the most important whys of all comes only with knowledge.

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

Next time you see the sign of the Shell, let it remind you of the search that never ends. It is the search for excellence — for new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better.

The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.

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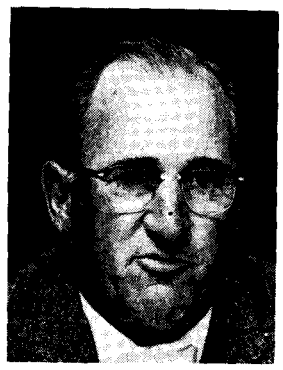
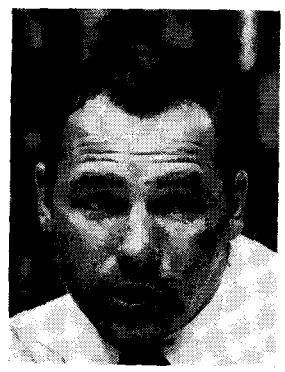


AL LOPEZ:

"When you throw close... it looks as though you're knocking hitters down."

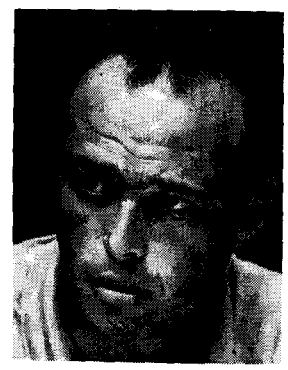


BOB PURKEY:

"I use the brushback as one of my pitches . . . I think the hitters expect it."

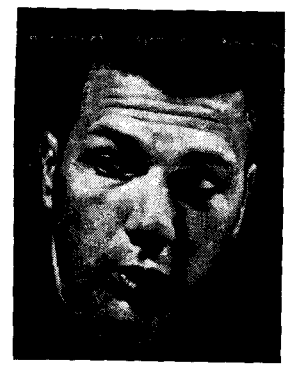
JIM BUNNING:

"They'll knock hitters down, but I don't think they throw at the head."



ED MATHEWS:

"I think that the beanball is something the sports-writers have made up."

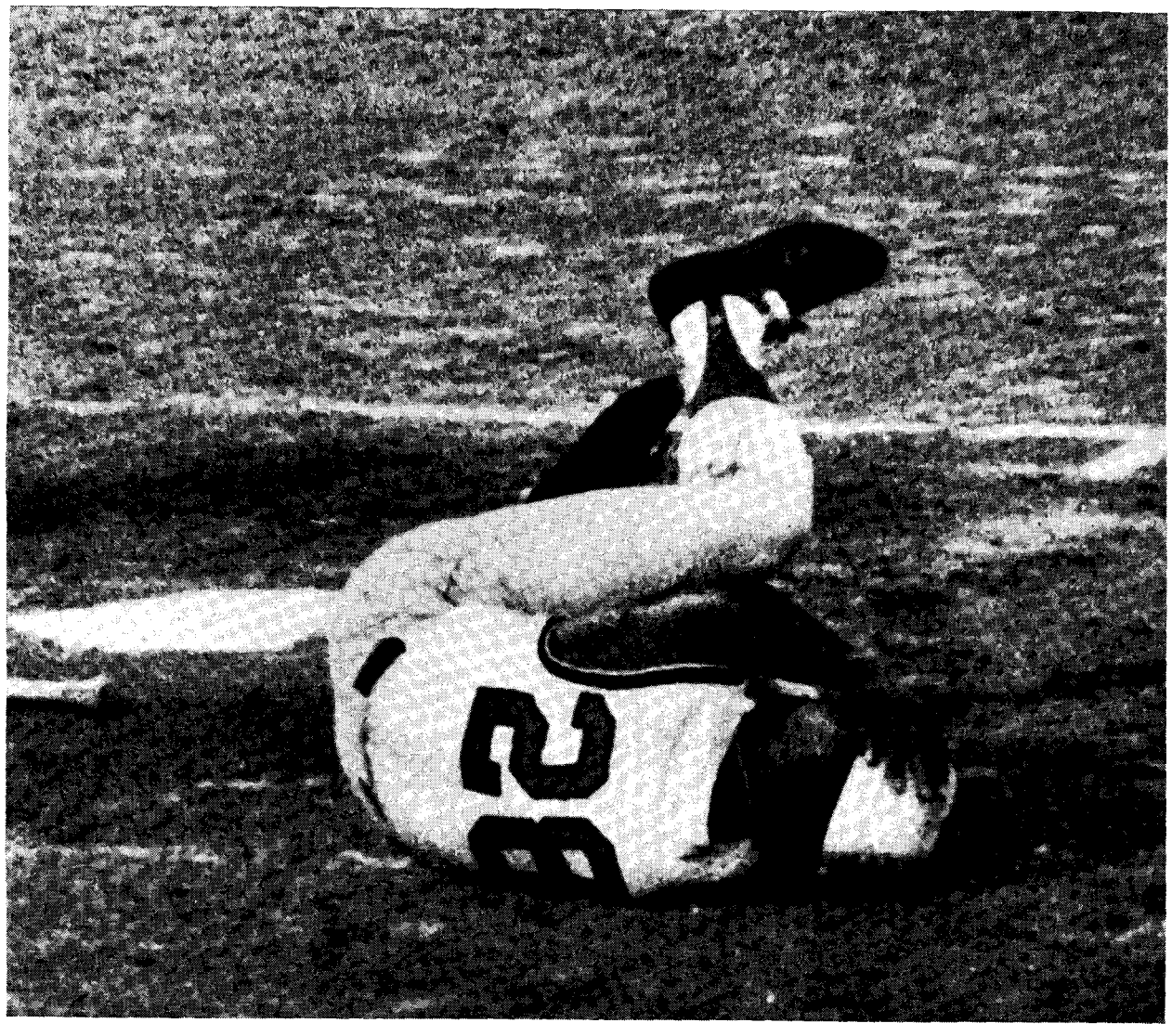


KEN BOYER:

"One of the real problems is that you have to overcome your fear of the ball."

The Beanball: Myth or Menace?

Post sports editor Harry Paxton gathers five big-leaguers to argue their views on baseball's biggest troublemaker.



Felled by Los Angeles pitcher Stan Williams, star outfielder Vada Pinson of the Cincinnati Reds writhes in pain during a crucial game late last season. Pinson was sent to the hospital for X rays, but soon was back in the batting order.

The biggest single cause of arguments and fights in baseball is the pitch that a hitter has to duck. Occasionally he doesn't get out of the way. Only one major-leaguer has ever died as a result—Ray Chapman of the Cleveland Indians, who was fatally beaned by Carl Mays of the New York Yankees in 1920—but others have been put in the hospital. Whenever this happens, there are heated outbursts in the press and among fans.

The ballplayers themselves seldom talk publicly about this perennial issue. How do they really feel about it? To find out, *The Post* recently brought five prominent big-leaguers together around a tape recorder for an extemporaneous bull session on the subject.

It was a panel representing all viewpoints. Two of the men were pitchers noted for keeping hitters "loose" at the plate—Jim Bunning of the Detroit Tigers and Bob Purkey of the Cincinnati Reds, each of whom has been averaging better than fifteen wins a season. Two were sluggers of the type pitchers hate to see dig in and take a toehold—Ed Mathews of the Milwaukee Braves, who for nearly a decade has been producing close to forty home runs and 100 runs batted in per year, and Ken Boyer of the St. Louis Cardinals, who has a .299 lifetime batting average and has hit 170 homers in the past seven seasons.

The fifth man, Al Lopez of the Chicago White Sox, could testify both as a manager and as a former catcher (it's often the catcher or manager who orders a pitcher to brush a hitter back). As a player Lopez caught more major-league games—1918—than any other man in history. As an American League manager since 1951, he has won two pennants and never finished out of the first division.

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Beanball The panelists were selected not only because of their baseball credentials but also because they are articulate and intelligent. For example, Bunning, Purkey and Boyer are player representatives for their respective clubs—meaning that each man's teammates consider him the fellow best qualified to speak for them in negotiations with the baseball brass on such matters as the pension plan.

Moderating this beanball discussion was Harry Paxton, *Post* sports editor, who extracted the tape-recorded highlights that follow. As you will see, the discussion started out calmly enough. Then some fur began to fly.

Pitcher Bob Purkey: I think that the word "beanball" has been used for a lot of pitches, and that a lot of times it hasn't been deserved. I know myself—I don't think I've ever thrown to hit anybody or to hurt anybody. But I have brushed back hitters, and I use this as one of my pitches, just the same as a fast ball or a curve or anything else. And I think the hitters expect it.

Moderator Harry Paxton: What are the reasons of pitching technique for using the brushback? To set the hitter up for a curve?

Purkey: No, I think the only thing you can do is change his mental attitude at the plate. The hitters that you have up here in the major leagues, you don't scare them. But if you can change a fellow's mental attitude, so that he's not quite so sure he can hit you, or he's not quite so sure that you're going to throw a strike, then that gives you a little better percentage of getting him out.

A brushback pitch isn't thrown at the hitter. And if you did throw at a hitter, you wouldn't hit him. I think almost any pitcher that has pitched any length of time knows exactly where to throw at a hitter to hit him.

Moderator: Where is that?

Purkey: Well, that's right directly behind the shoulder blade. And he backs into the ball in trying to duck out of the way, is what happens.

The brushback and the knockdown, or the beanball, are different things. And I don't agree with the knockdown, or the beanball either.

Moderator (turning to Boyer): How do you feel about the subject, Ken?

Slugger Ken Boyer: This is a subject that most baseball players actually try to stay away from. When you're coming up in the minor leagues, I think that one of the real problems—certainly in my case, and I've talked to several others—is that you have to overcome fear of the ball. And the more hitters discuss this among themselves, the more they're liable to get thinking about it and be afraid of the ball.

Hitter Respects Brushback

I've played for different managers and, without exception, they've always said that we're not going to bother the other hitters unless their pitchers start in on us. I know that pitchers oftentimes brush back on their own. I think that every hitter appreciates and admires this, because it's the pitchers' bread and butter.

There is only one thing that I personally would hate. And that is if you are hitting a pitcher, and hitting him because he's hanging curve balls or sliders, or not getting a pitch where he should be getting it, and he then resorts to the knockdown pitch—the beanball, or whatever you want to call it.

But if he is throwing pitches where he thinks he should be getting you out, and throwing good strikes, a good curve ball, and you're still hitting him—then I admire a pitcher who tries to get you off the plate. I think it's necessary for him.

There are pitchers who probably overdo this. But some pitchers have the reputation of throwing at fellows that I don't think really deserve it. There's a lot of sidearm pitchers like that in our league. When a sidearm pitcher turns the ball loose a little bit too soon, it's going to be inside on the hitter. However, they're not going to say anything to deny their reputation, because it's a great psychological weapon for them.

Manager Al Lopez: Well, let me say that I'm not in favor of a beanball by any means, or hitting a fellow with the ball. I *am* in favor of the brushback. I think a pitcher should resort to that.

They used to do it a lot more when I was playing than they do now. When I was in the National League as a catcher, the Cubs for one had pitchers like Pat Malone, Charley Root and Guy Bush. We knew that they were going to brush us back—if you call it a brushback—throw it underneath the chin. And we never complained. In the eighteen years that I played in the major leagues, I can only recall one time when I think I was thrown at and meant to be hit. And I challenged the pitcher, and I would do it again today.

But I think in those days we had less trouble, or less arguments, about bean-

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balls or brushbacks. We expected it from some guys—Burleigh Grimes, Van Mungo. And Dizzy Dean used to brush you back. I don't think that Dizzy meant to hit anybody. But he would throw pretty close to you, and it was up to you to get out of the way of the ball.

I have a pitcher now, Early Wynn, who has the reputation of throwing at hitters. Yet in the ten or more years that I've had him at Cleveland and Chicago, I don't think I've seen Wynn actually hit more than four or five hitters. But he will brush you back—especially if you take a hard swing at him, he'll brush you back away from that plate.

On the other hand, we've had guys like Dazzy Vance—I caught him at Brooklyn. He was afraid to throw close to anybody. Billy Pierce is the same type of boy. Walter Johnson was another man they say would never come close to a hitter because he was afraid of hurting him. Carl Hubbell—I don't think I ever saw Carl Hubbell throw close to anybody. And they were great pitchers, those fellows, without throwing close to anybody. But they did throw a ball inside once in a while if they thought you were leaning in.

I think pitchers used to set up hitters a lot better than they do today. They would take up a hitter, and they'd say, "Well, we're going to try to get him out with a high inside pitch." So they would start him off with a breaking ball—start leading him away from the plate. But when they got two strikes, they would really brush him. Then they'd come back with that high inside pitch they wanted to get him out with.

When you just throw close to some fellows, it looks as though you're knocking them down. Larry Doby and Luke Easter were like that—I had them at Cleveland—and so was Hack Wilson when he was with the Cubs. Anytime you threw a ball close inside to them, they would go down.

Stoneface Johnny Mize

On the other hand, a fellow like Johnny Mize—you could throw a ball a half inch from Johnny Mize's chin, and he would just turn his head like nothing had happened.

Moderator: When you were catching, did you sometimes call the brushback on your own, or was it generally the manager who called it?

Lopez: I would have to say that we would generally call it ourselves, because we could see that the hitter was actually leaning in on the plate. But whether I am managing or whether I was catching, I would never like to see any ballplayer get hit with the ball in the head or in the back or anything like that. I don't think that kind of stuff belongs in baseball.

Moderator: Let's hear from Jim Bunning.

Pitcher Jim Bunning: Well, I myself have never thrown a deliberate beanball. I have many times used a pitch to set up a hitter or brush him back. There are certain hitters who do not like to have the ball thrown close to them, and you use it more against those fellows than against other hitters.

There are fellows that stand very close to the plate, and the only way you can get them out is to pitch them tight. Minoso [who fractured his skull in May running into an outfield wall] and Piersall stand right on top of the plate. I pitched against Frankie Robinson of the National League a couple of times in exhibition games, and it's the same with him.

So you set a fellow up a little better if you pitch him inside, go away with another pitch and then come back inside. And sometimes that looks like a knockdown pitch. There are other hitters you can throw tight to that it doesn't even look like a knockdown or a brushback pitch. Vic Power is one.

But there has just been too much attention given to this brushback pitch—or the pitch that we use to set up a hitter. I don't know if it is the press or the radio or the television, or if it is the umpire's discretion to go out and fine pitchers, that has given it this publicity.

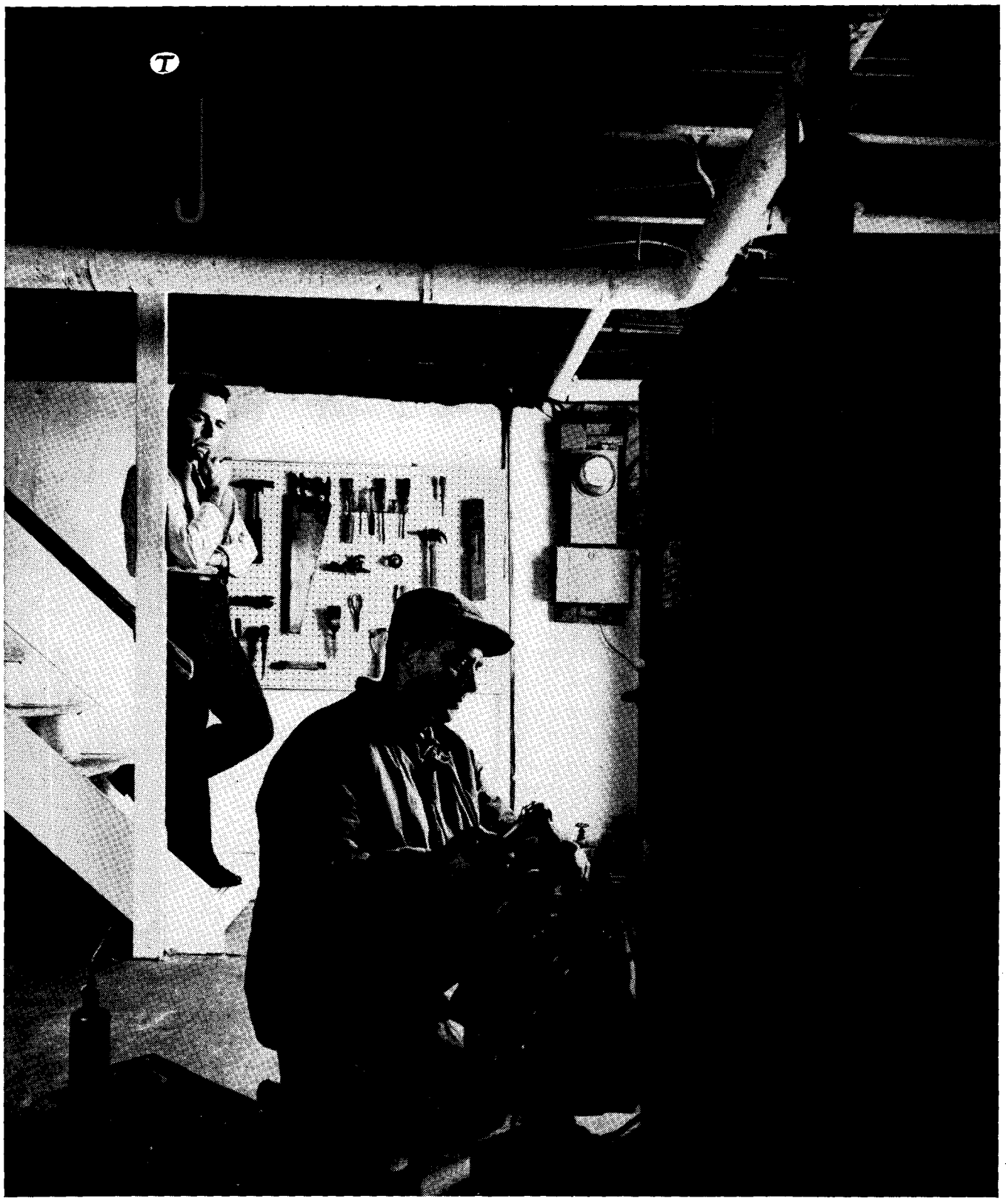
Moderator: What do you think of the automatic fine rule—the umpire having the authority to decide that a pitcher deliberately threw at a hitter?

Bunning: I think that the umpires have a very tough job. One time in Cleveland, Piersall came up to the plate with a Little League helmet on—you know, the one with the ear covers. He was just looking, it seemed, to be knocked down. And the pitcher [Pete Burnside] came close to him, and the umpire went out and automatically fined the pitcher.

In Los Angeles last year a kid pitcher, Phil Regan, came close to a hitter—not even in a tight ball game or anything like that—and he was fined. There are many times that we'll disagree with the umpire on this fine for intentionally knocking the hitter down.

Moderator: Has it ever happened to you?

Bunning: No, it hasn't, and I'm supposed to have a reputation—I don't



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"When somebody says they don't throw at our heads, that's not true . . . I've seen them throw at our heads."

Beanball know how I got it—of throwing close to a lot of hitters.

Moderator: Now it's Ed Mathews's turn to speak.

Slugger Ed Mathews: Well, personally I think that the beanball is something that the sportswriters have made up. It's used much too loosely. There are two pitches. There's the brushback, and there's the knockdown pitch.

When a fellow gets beaned or hit in the head, it's usually because he froze on the pitch or he moved the wrong way. I think it's entirely within a pitcher's prerogative to brush you back and, if he wants to, knock you down. So far as the beanball—I've never heard baseball players discuss a beanball pitch. It's knockdowns, and it's brushbacks.

Don't Let It Bother You

The thing you want to strive to do, especially when you are young and coming up in the major leagues, is to show the pitcher that it doesn't bother you. After you get knocked down, if you swing at the next pitch no matter where it is, or make a mean face or try to show how tough you are—that's a mistake. The thing to do is just to ignore it. Get up there and play baseball.

Moderator: Did you say you don't object to being either brushed back or knocked down?

Mathews: I don't object to either one, because I'm confident in my own ability. A brushback doesn't bother me the least little bit. A knockdown—when I say a knockdown, I mean one thrown at my head or in that area—I can avoid it very easily. In fact, I very seldom go off my feet.

Moderator: Have you ever been hit in the head?

Mathews: No, I have not.

Moderator: Ken, have you ever been hit in the head?

Boyer: I have been hit on the head three times. But I think it's like Eddie says. You either freeze at the plate or you get careless.

Moderator: Were you ever seriously hurt?

Boyer: Yes, as a matter of fact. I was playing winter ball in Cuba eight years ago, and that was the last time I got hit in the head. We had a ball game won, 10–1. And I was hitting in the top of the ninth, and a young kid was pitching. He could throw low fire, as we say, only he was throwing high fire. And I was very careless and never even saw the pitch. I didn't freeze or anything, but I got caught right smack in the ear. I was in the hospital for a couple of weeks and was unable to play for about a month.

But I don't feel that the kid was throwing at me. He was a young Cuban kid, and he was out there before a lot of his own people. I think he was probably scared to death to even be out there pitching, and the last thing he would have been thinking about would have been hitting anybody.

Bunning: Well, I believe that a pitcher, if he really wants to hit a batter, he has got three strikes and four balls to do it in and, if he took aim in those seven pitches, he could hit him if he really was trying to.

There are many times in ball games that the opposition will start this, and your hitters will scream at you, "Help us out. Protect us a little bit. Why don't you take care of their hitters?"

Well, that happens quite a bit, I think. They'll knock your hitters down—your better hitters down—and you'll reciprocate and take care of a few of their good hitters and loosen them up. But I don't think the ball is ever thrown at the head.

Purkey: I agree with Jim. And I'll give you another little incident that happened to me last summer. I brushed a hitter back, and the next time I got to the plate I was hit. And I knew what it was for, and I had no complaints about it. But I couldn't just let it sit where it was sitting. I had to reciprocate and come a little tight again and let them know I wasn't going to be intimidated. I did it, and that was that.

Boyer: I have one point that hasn't been mentioned, and I'd like to bring it up. There are many pitchers in baseball that know in their minds that they don't want to hit anybody, and it's very bad for them even to try it. Instead of coming close, they pitch the guy high, all right, but the ball is right out over the plate. And this is the No. 1 home-run pitch. With pitchers like that, I think their best bet is to go ahead and get the guy out the way that they know.

Pitchers Have a Union

Mathews: Can I say just one thing? It seems like everybody here is kind of feeling sorry for the poor pitcher. Well, as far as I'm concerned, I've only seen very isolated cases where pitchers knocked down other pitchers. They seem to have some kind of union.

Which is OK in my book. But still, we know what's going on out there. When somebody says they don't throw at our heads, that's not true, because I've seen them throw at our heads. And they also brush us back. We accept that as part of our way of living. But don't let them try and kid us. So let's get that on the record, that nobody's kidding anybody around here.

Purkey: You know, the incident I was talking about where I got hit myself happened in a game with Milwaukee.

Mathews: We've had so many I can't keep up with them. We've had the Dodgers and Cincinnati and ——

Purkey: And I don't know if Eddie remembers or not, a few years ago when I first joined the National League I probably made one of the best knockdown or brushback pitches that I ever made in my career, the way I was taught in the minor leagues, and it was against Eddie. He got up and never said a word.

He said earlier here that it doesn't bother him, and it must not. Because later in that same ball game, Eddie hit a ground ball to our second baseman's left, deep in the grass. And I was stretched at my full length at first base trying to take the throw, standing on the bag. If Eddie held any malice at all, he could have ended my career right there by knocking me literally up into the right-field seats, which he didn't. He was out by a step, and he grabbed me and spun off to the side.

Moderator: Jocko Conlan, the umpire, thinks that there are more brushback pitches since the protective helmets came in, because pitchers are less worried about hurting somebody if they hit him in the head.

Bunning: Well, the protective helmet is good only if you hit the helmet. Two years ago I was pitching against Don Buddin in Boston, and he turned into the ball, and it hit him in the forehead. In other words, a hitter will normally go back from a pitch. But he turned into the pitch, and it struck him in the forehead, and there is no protection right there. He was in the hospital for about a month. And that's enough to change your idea about throwing at anybody's head, if you ever had one to begin with.

Moderator: Which you didn't, I'm sure.

Bunning: Not in that case, of course. Not in any case would I ever throw at their heads.

Mathews: (Grins and whispers something to Bunning.)

Bunning: No, I wouldn't. I don't care what you say, Eddie, I wouldn't throw at a guy's head. I've hit a few hitters. I only hit six last year, but I've hit a few in past years—more than normal. But I think it's because I throw from the side more than anything.

Moderator (addressing Purkey): Bob, have you ever drawn the fifty-dollar fine?

Purkey: No, I've never had the fifty-dollar fine, and I've never had the warning. And as for taking more shots at hitters because they have that hard helmet on, I've got too many things to think about out there to waste any time thinking about something as silly as that.

Moderator: Anyone else care to say anything?

Anticipating the Knockdown

Mathews: To me, the anticipation of a knockdown pitch—the waiting for it—would be much more effective than the actual knockdown. Once the knockdown or brushback is over, then you could possibly breathe a sigh of relief and say, "Now he has ball one on me"—or whatever the count is—"and I'm going to rip him."

I played with Sid Gordon when I first came up to the Braves. They knocked Sid down every time he walked up to the plate. And once he was knocked down, he was a much better hitter.

Purkey: You know, Ed, I agree with you on that. From a pitcher's standpoint, the brushback pitch doesn't always work the way you want it to. Sometimes you brush a hitter back and wake him up. Maybe he didn't hit you too well, and he was unconsciously giving in to you a little bit. Then you come in tight, and he says, "Well, I'm going to bear down a little bit more against this guy." And all of a sudden you can't get him out.

Moderator: Anyone else?

Boyer: Well, there are hitters that in their stance are really driving into the ball. We had a fellow in St. Louis—Al Lopez has got him on his ball club now—Joe Cunningham. He actually steps right straight toward home plate. If you want to hit him in the leg, it's almost impossible for him to get out of the way.

The Brushback Defined

Bunning: Well, you got another like that in trade for him—Minoso. You can throw the ball inside and, if Minoso's hand is in the way, he just holds it there. And in a close ball game you don't want to hit anybody, because you don't want to put a man on.

Lopez: I don't think there's any pitcher that really goes out and tries to hit a guy. I think they push hitters back, and I don't blame them.

Purkey: Actually, when you start thinking about it, you have three different pitches here. You have a brushback, you have a knockdown and you have a pitch thrown to hit a man.

Lopez: Bob, I believe that the most effective pitch of the three is actually the one thrown inside high.

Purkey: That's right. Right around the chin.

Lopez: The hitter doesn't know if you're throwing at him or trying to pitch inside. It's effective two ways.

Moderator: That is what you'd call a brushback?

(*Several Voices*): Yes, that's a brushback.

Bunning: A lot of hitters will chase a ball that's in on them—a ball that would hit some of the other fellows. Skowron on the Yankees is one fellow that you'll drive the ball in on, because he'll chase the bad ball four inches inside. Against him it doesn't even look like a knockdown. If you threw the same pitch to some men, you'd hit them.

Purkey: That reminds me, I had a strange thing happen last year. It was in a game where there was a little confusion going on about knockdowns and everything. So I went to the umpire when a certain hitter was coming up—this was before the inning started—and I said, "Look. I'm going to pitch this guy a foot inside. And don't jump all over me when the ball comes in there, because he is going to swing at it."

And I started with the first pitch six inches inside—he swung at it. The next one was a foot inside—he swung at it. And the next one was about a foot and a half inside, and he swung at it, and I struck him out.

Now I know that's hard to believe. Anyway, the umpire just shook his head. And how could you blame me for pitching the man like that? THE END

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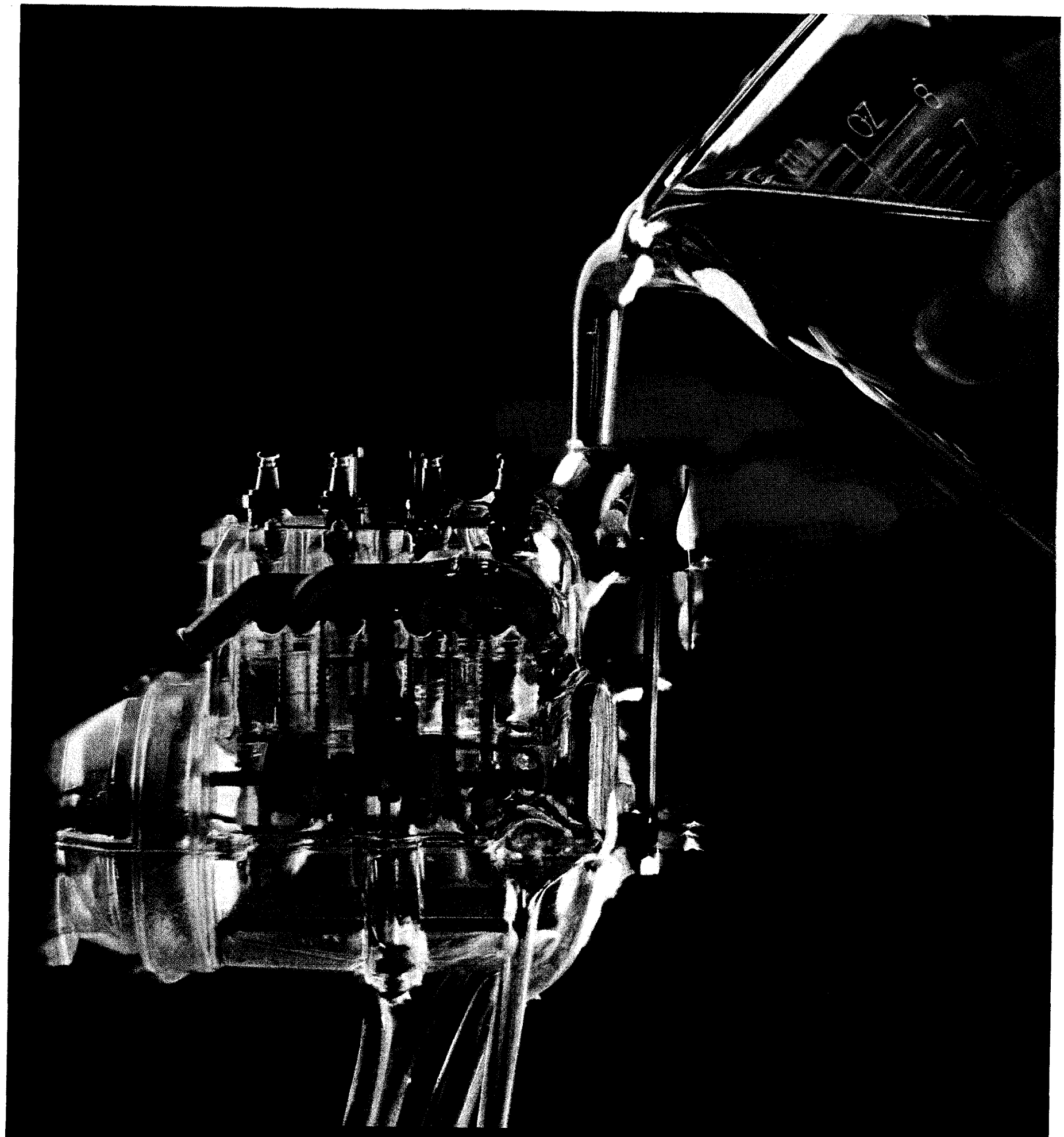

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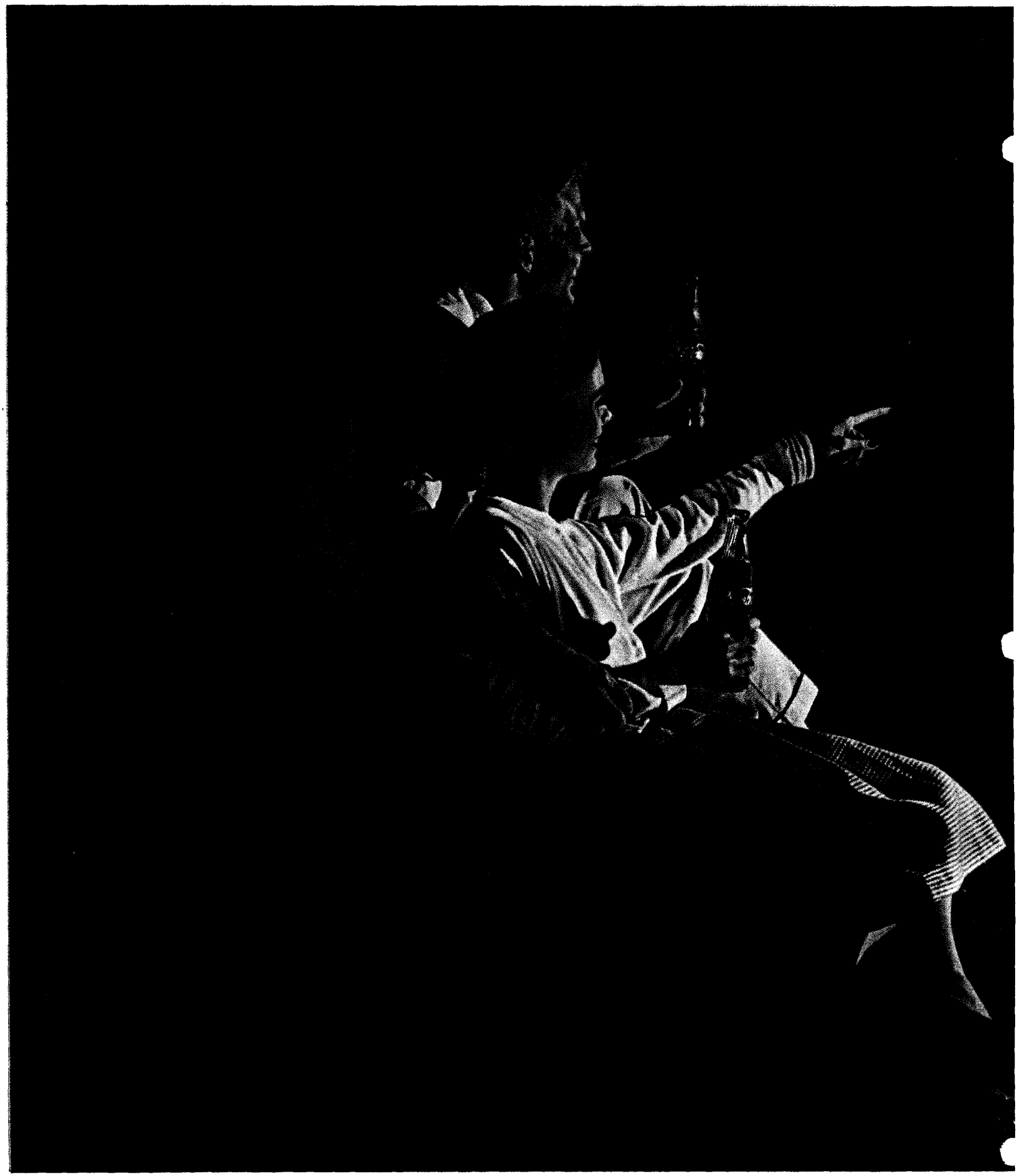

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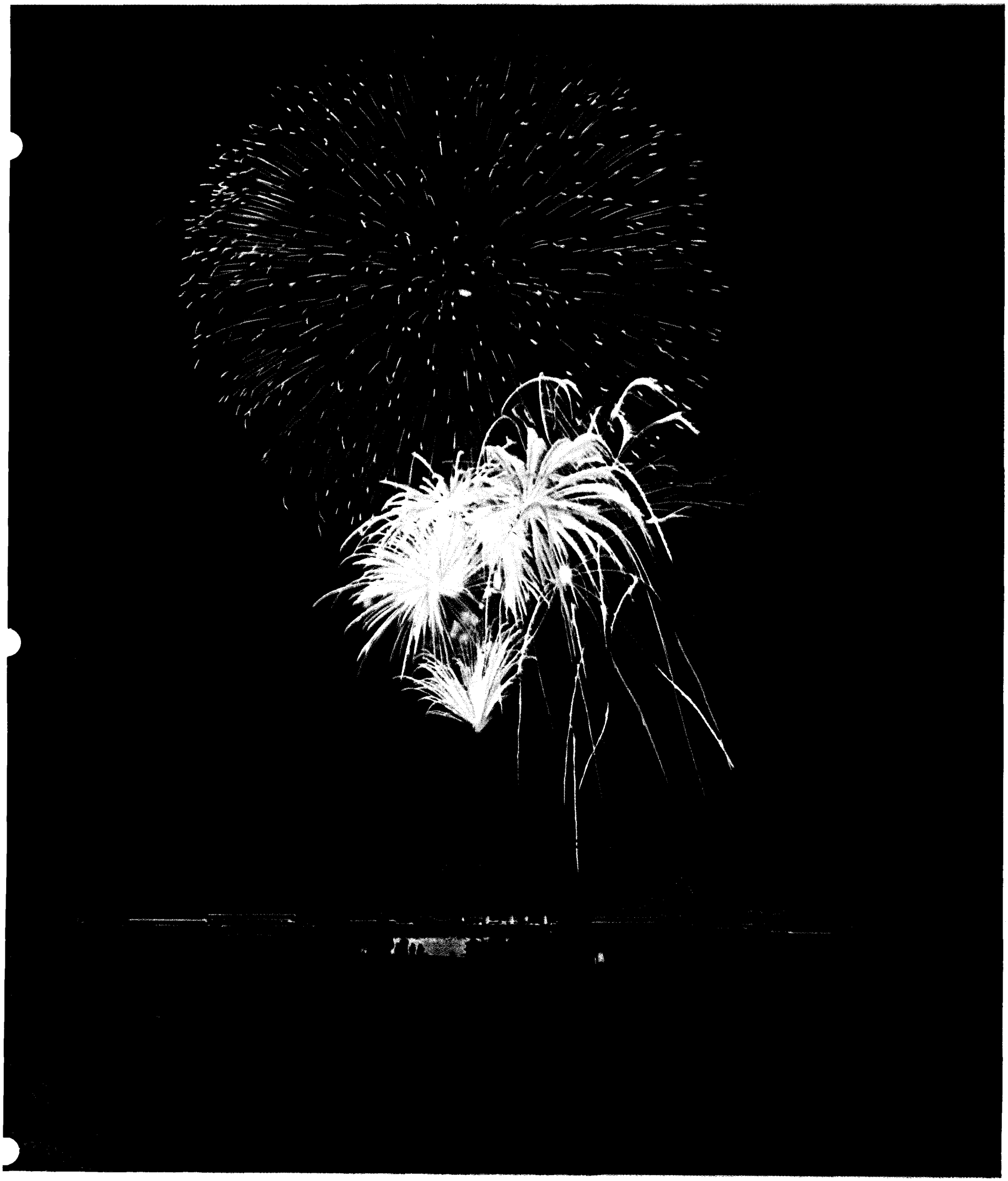

America Pauses to Celebrate the 4th of July

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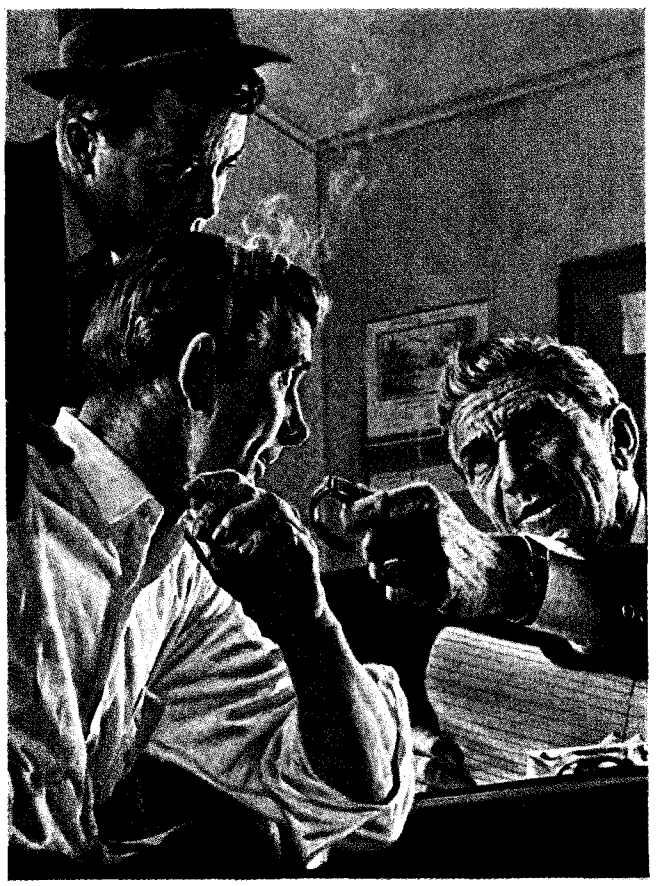
Instead of taking time off, Hannegan goes fishing for a killer.

The Ironclad Alibi

By STEVE McNEIL



Producing the watch, Hannegan smelled the beginning of fear.

For Detective Sergeant Elmer Hannegan, twenty-five-year veteran of the Columbia City force, it was a worse-than-usual Monday. His case against Al Nelson, a chronic offender, fell apart in court and Hannegan got a chewing-out from the judge. When he left court, Hannegan read about himself on the front page of the local paper; Detective Hannegan, the editorial said, was too old for his job. It was the sort of day when Hannegan wondered why he was a cop.

As Hannegan waited at home for the hours to go by until he and his partner Johnny Quinn should begin the evening shift, a call came through from headquarters. A detective telephoned news of Al Nelson's sidekick Eddie Smith: "Harbor patrol just fished him out of the river."

CONCLUSION

When Johnny Quinn arrived at the police station, Elmer Hannegan was already at his desk, staring moodily at a number of items which he had just taken out of a Manila envelope. There were a wristwatch, a cigarette lighter, a few coins, a ring of keys. Elmer glanced up as Johnny walked to the desk.

"What's this?" Johnny said.

"Harbor patrol fished Eddie Smith out of the river this afternoon." He indicated the stuff on the desk. "This is what he had on him." Elmer picked up the wristwatch and peered at it. "It was full of water. Stopped at five minutes to twelve."

Johnny lifted his eyebrows. "Coroner's report?"

"Puts the time of death sometime between Friday night and Saturday morning. This watch says it was right around midnight on Friday. Eddie Smith's wife says that she last saw him Friday afternoon."

Johnny nodded. "You knew him, didn't you, Elmer?"

Elmer nodded. "Yes, I knew him. I once told him that he'd end up in the river. He was sixteen at the time, and he wanted to bet me twenty dollars that I'd get there before he did."

Johnny looked at the stuff on the desk and frowned.

"No billfold?"

Elmer shook his head. "Eddie's wife said that he had around three or four hundred dollars on him."

"Someone slugged him, robbed him and dumped him in the river."

"Maybe," Elmer said. "He was last seen with Al Nelson."

"But Nelson was booked in Friday night around seven o'clock, and he was in jail until Monday morning."

"I know," Elmer said. "It gives him an ironclad alibi."

"So what's the problem?"

"I got an itch, Johnny. Somehow I can't quite believe it."

"We could pick him up and sweat him."

"Yeah. Only we'd be doing the sweating." Elmer walked to a map on the wall. He pointed with a long forefinger. "I talked to the rivers-and-harbor people. Guy by the name of Haskins. He did a little figuring—river flow and tides. They picked Eddie up right here." He indicated a spot on the map, which was penciled lightly. "If Eddie was killed Friday night, Haskins figured he'd have been dumped in the river right around here." Elmer's finger moved, stopping on another lightly penciled mark.

"That's stretching it a little."

"Maybe. But it's all we have at the moment. See what you can dig up in those bat roosts on Riverview Avenue."

"Maxie Peterson hangs out around there. Doesn't he owe us a thing or two?"

Elmer nodded. "You might have to lean on him a little."

"Will do."

The phone rang. Elmer picked it up and said, "Hannegan." He listened, his face tightened, and finally he said, "Yes, sir. He's right here. I'll tell him." He hung up the phone and looked at Johnny, his face bleak. "Captain Thompson." Quickly he gathered up Eddie Smith's belongings, put them back in the Manila envelope and handed it to Johnny. "Here. This is your baby now."

Johnny took the envelope and peered at Elmer, his brow furrowed. "I don't get it."

"You got the Smith case. Captain Thompson just gave it to you. You're a detective," he said harshly. "What do you want—reasons?"

Johnny shrugged. "No, I don't want reasons. But I still don't get it."

"Thompson told me to take a few days off; that's reason enough. Now get going."

"Sure," Johnny said doubtfully. He turned and walked slowly away.

Elmer watched him go, sat quite still for a few minutes and stared at his desk, the lines in his face more deeply etched. Jerry Hunt, another detective, came into the room and said something to Elmer, who didn't look up, didn't answer. Phones rang, men came and went. Elmer seemed to be sitting in a vacuum, being there in the room but not being a part of it. Presently he reached for a pad of paper and a pencil. He looked at the ceiling, composing phrases in his mind, and then he bent forward and began to write.

When he had finished, he picked up the paper, read it over, made a few changes, read it again, folded the paper and put it in an inside pocket. He left his desk and went upstairs to the press room. Bill Gallagher was at his typewriter. He turned and grinned at Elmer. "Just a second, Elmer." He turned back to his typewriter. Elmer sat down and

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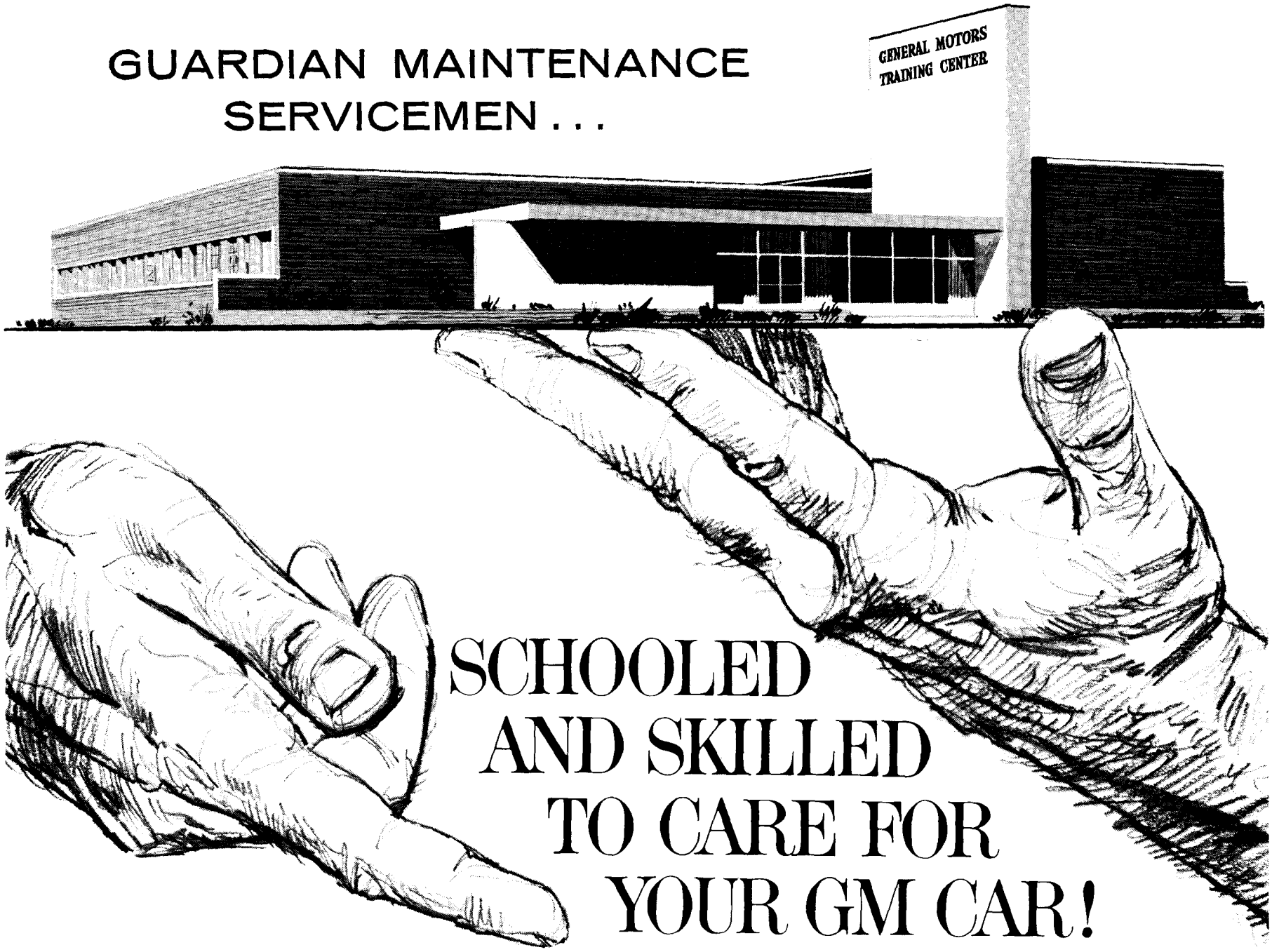

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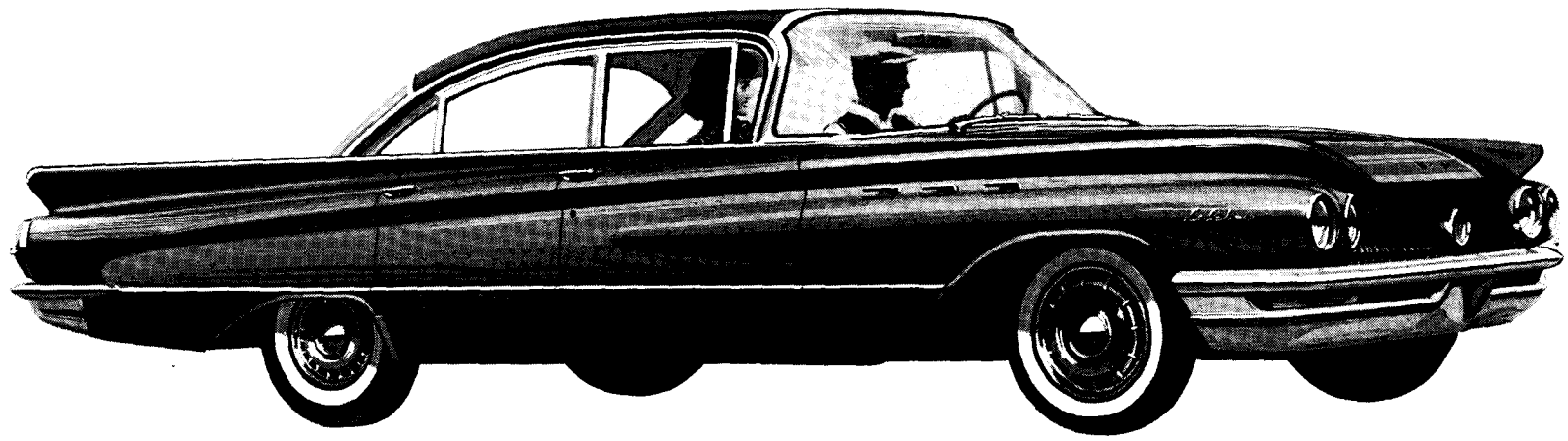

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picked up a magazine from the coffee table. Presently Bill ripped copy paper out of his typewriter and turned around.

"Hear Eddie Smith got it."

Elmer nodded without looking up.

"You got anything?"

Elmer put the magazine aside. "I'm not on it. Captain Thompson took me off the case," he said.

Bill frowned. "How come?"

"The reason he gave was that I'd been working too hard." He got out of the chair and went to the window. He stared out at the street below. "Sounds all right," Bill said. "Look, I have a little time coming. The salmon are starting to run. Why don't we do a little fishing?"

"Might, at that."

"I know where we can borrow a boat."

"Well, it's an idea." Elmer turned away from the window and restlessly walked around the room, peering at the photos he had seen a hundred times. "Why don't you put up some new pictures?"

Bill frowned. "I don't know. Look, Elmer, what's wrong?"

Elmer turned. "Remember Mike Callas?"

"Sure. Something happen to him?"

"In a way. Seven years ago he was told to take a few days off—because he had been working too hard."

"So what?"

"So when he got back he was shuffled here and there—never got a real assignment. He finally asked for retirement."

"Quit it, Elmer! Callas was an old man."

"According to your newspaper I'm an old man." Elmer reached for the paper in his pocket. He handed it to Bill. "Mind doing me a favor?"

"If it's over twenty bucks, I'll have to go to the bank."

"It isn't that. Type that up for me, will you, Bill? In five copies?"

Bill opened the paper and glanced at it, then looked at Elmer. "Request for retirement!" he yelped. "You're kidding!"

"Not me," Elmer said. "I can go to work for Willamette Electronics. More money, regular hours. After five o'clock I can take off my overalls—and I'd have one boss instead of a dozen, including your newspaper and the taxpayers."

"Elmer, you're just tired."

"You're damned right! I'm tired of the whole cotton-pickin' business."

"I see." Bill shook the piece of paper. "Any hurry about this?"

Elmer shook his head. "No. It'll be a few days before I get things lined up."

"All right. Whatever you say." Bill folded the paper and tucked it away in an inside pocket. He looked at his watch. "You want to go to dinner, or are you going home?"

The thought of going home had not occurred to Elmer. Habit, long ingrained, rebelled at going home now when normally he wouldn't even start for home until 1:30 in the morning. There would be questions, explanations he did not feel equipped at the moment to cope with, and he did not want Ellen just now to know the extent of his misery.

"Might as well go to dinner," he said. "That typing job should be worth a steak."

"That typing job isn't worth a nineteen-cent hamburger."

"Maybe not to you," Elmer said, "but to a guy who can't type, it's worth a steak."

They drove up to The Hilltop and ordered steaks; then Elmer, in a moment of insanity, ordered wine with the steaks.

Bill looked at Elmer and shook his head. "Man, when you get a few days off, you go ape. Glad they don't have a floor show or you'd be trying to pick up one of the chorus girls." They ate, drank the wine and drove back to the station.

"Now are you going home?" Bill said.

"After a while," Elmer said. "I think I'll see how Johnny's making out."

"Why don't you take off your overalls once in a while?"

Elmer grinned. "I'm a taxpayer. I want to give myself my money's worth."

Bill shook his head, waved a good-bye and drove off. Elmer watched him disappear around a corner and then went inside. Johnny was at his desk, talking on the telephone as Elmer walked in. He hung up and leaned back in his chair. "You still around?"

Elmer nodded. "What's the latest?"

"I gave the word to Maxie, and I talked to Haskins again. He went over those tide tables and river-flow charts once more. There's a chance that Eddie might have been dumped in the middle of the river off a boat."

"Yeah, I thought of that. You know whether Al Nelson owns a boat?"

"Elmer, Nelson was in jail when Eddie was knocked off."

"I know. That's what I keep hearing. If he didn't own one, you might take photos of Eddie and Al around to the boat-rental people to see if either one of them rented one on Friday."

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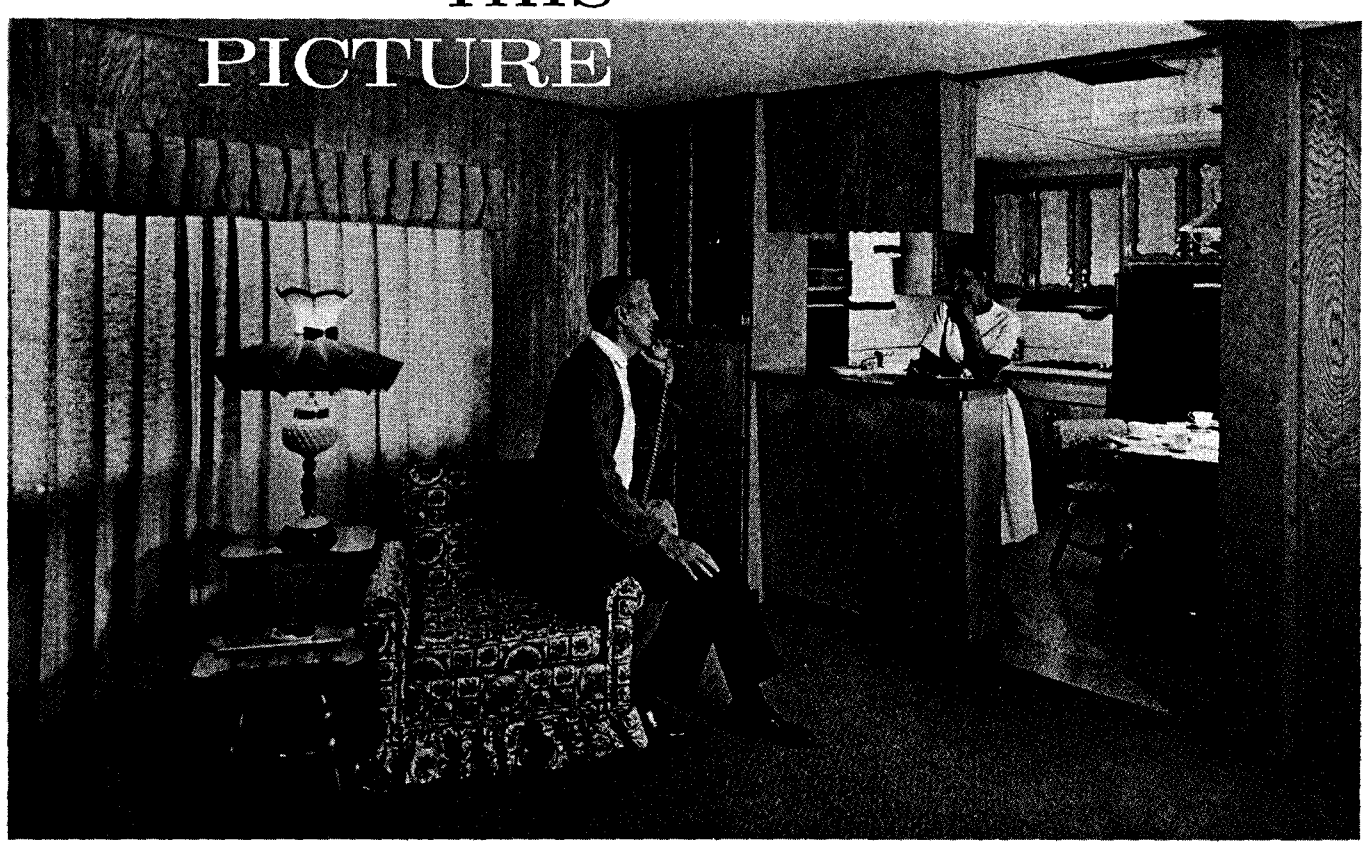

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"All right," Johnny said.

"Did you talk to Eddie's wife?"

"Yeah, and for my money she's a suspect. The guy had twenty thousand in life insurance—every dollar a motive."

"Got any way of proving it?"

"No. It's just a thought." Johnny squinted at Elmer. "You still think Al Nelson did it, don't you? How could he be in two places at once?"

"That is exactly what bothers me."

"It's impossible."

"I know it is."

The door opened, and Dave Nichols entered. Nichols was a tall man in his forties with deeply set blue eyes and salt-and-pepper hair. He was the outgoing head of security at Willamette Electronics, the man Elmer would be replacing.

"The things you see when you don't lock the door," Elmer said.

Dave grinned at the insult. "Hi, Elmer." He looked at Johnny and raised his eyebrows. "Well, Johnny, plain clothes? The last time I saw you I got a speeding ticket."

"I remember, Dave. How are you?" The two men shook hands.

Elmer waved Dave to a chair. Johnny said, "I'll check on that boat business, Elmer," he said. . . . "Nice seeing you again, Dave." Johnny left the office.

"Saw that editorial in the paper," Dave said. "For my money the guy who wrote it needs his brain overhauled."

"Well, you know how it goes. They have to write about something."

"I know. And half the time it's the police department. You made up your mind about my job yet?"

"Just about."

"That editorial help a little?"

Elmer frowned. "I don't know, Dave. I don't have rabbit ears, but it's just a lot of things adding up. What's your excuse for leaving?"

"I was a cop, and I like to think that I was a good one. But now I'm not a cop. I'm just a glorified errand boy."

Dave stood up, paced the room restlessly. "Some VIPs are arriving for a tour of the plant. Who meets them at the airport, who makes their hotel reservations, arranges fishing trips, pats them on the head, tucks them into bed? You guessed it—me. Football tickets? Call Nichols. A kid has to be chauffeured to summer camp? Nichols is your man. So help me, Elmer, I even baby-sat until three in the morning last Saturday—for a poodle that didn't like being alone."

Elmer let a slow grin wash across his face. "You don't like dogs, Dave?"

"I love dogs. It's the people who own them I don't like."

"Sounds to me as if you're being a patsy. Don't you have a contract?"

"Sure I have a contract. But after a while you don't care. You'd baby-sit for a cobra just to keep from being bored to death." He sat down and stretched out his legs. "You can have the job, Elmer. Me, I'm going to find a town that can use a journeyman cop."

"You might try this town."

"I intend to. Maybe I'll get your job."

"They might at that. But you'd better check with the paper first to see whether you aren't too old."

"For my money, a good cop is never too old. What do they think we're gonna do—run 'em to death?"

"Well, it's kind of funny. Here you are, wanting to be a cop again. And me ——"

"I know. The grass is always greener and all that jazz."

"Maybe that's it. It could be the money, though."

"Like the big wheels say, it's only tax money." Dave got out of his chair. "Well, I'm through the first of the month. That's twelve days from now." He put out his hand. "The best of luck, Elmer. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Elmer shook the man's hand. "I won't, Dave. And thanks."

After Dave Nichols left, Elmer sat down and gave himself over to a certain measure of despair. His request for retirement was being, or had already been, typed by Bill Gallagher. He was taking a job Dave was walking out on—for good and sufficient reasons apparently. Put out to pasture at forty-seven. He looked at his watch. It was 9:30. He did not examine too closely his reluctance to go home.

He left the office, walked out and got into his car. The key Sam Edwards had given him was still in his pocket, as large and as heavy as a tire iron. Briefly Elmer considered going to the bus depot, opening the locker and seeing for himself. But even though he knew what he should do, he drove home. It was after ten o'clock.

The light left for him was burning in the kitchen. He looked for and found the note Ellen always left on the kitchen table.

Mr. Austin of Willamette Electronics called. Call him in the morning. Bob almost finished the painting, you'll notice. Mary was elected senior-class queen, and I suppose that means a new dress—yikes! Love —— Me.

There was a postscript.

If you haven't eaten, there's some leg of lamb in the refrig.

Elmer smiled at the note, looked critically at Bob's paint job, turned out the light and ascended the stairs. Ellen was fast asleep in her twin bed. Elmer undressed in the bathroom, got into his pajamas, slipped into his bed and was asleep almost as soon as he hit the pillow.

He awakened at 8:30, heard Bob say he had a nine-o'clock class. The screen door slammed, and then there was silence, for Mary would already have gone to school. Ellen would be sitting with a cup of coffee, reading the morning paper. Elmer got into his robe, put on his slippers and went downstairs.

"Elmer, are you up already?" Ellen said. She poured a cup of coffee, put it across from her at the breakfast nook. Elmer smiled his thanks, slid into a seat and gratefully sipped the coffee.

"Thanks," he said. "If I have neglected to tell you, ma'am, I love you."

"Thank you, sir," Ellen said. "I do make good coffee."

"There are other reasons."

"What are you doing up so early? Court again?"

He shook his head. "Captain Thompson gave me a few days off." He saw the look in her eye and held up his hand. "Oh, no, you don't."

"Elmer, you've been putting off those screens for days, and the flies are taking over. You just have to ——"

"Tomorrow," he said. "I promise." He mutely held up his cup.

She sighed, poured him another cup of coffee. "You know what? In my reincarnation, I'm going to marry a carpenter."

He grinned. "Good idea."

"Did you see my note?"

"M'mmm."

"Are you going to call Mr. Austin?"

"Sure, I'll call him."

"You don't really want to, do you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know. Just a feeling, I guess."

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For some obscure reason Elmer did not tell Ellen that he had already written out his request for retirement.

"Women," he said succinctly.

"All right, smarty. Go get dressed and breakfast will be ready. Are you going downtown?"

"Uh-huh. Couple of loose ends."

An hour later, when he walked into the press room, Bill Gallagher had a fishing rod in his hand, flexing it.

"Two to one you lose him," Elmer said.

Bill turned and grinned sheepishly. "Well, you know. I was just ——" He put the rod aside. "I talked to the guy with the boat. Anytime, he said."

"All right."

"Somehow I detect a lack of enthusiasm. You afraid they'll steal city hall if you go fishing?"

"That isn't it. You seen Johnny?"

"At this time of the morning? He has sense enough to stay away from this place until he goes to work."

"Which is more than you can say for me?" Elmer said, grinning.

"You said it. I didn't."

"See you later," Elmer said.

"Where you going?"

"To see a woman."

Bill shook his head. "Tsk, tsk."

Elmer grinned. "You know how it is—the foolish forties." He turned and left the press room, walked downstairs, and as he reached the bottom of the stairs a man walked up to him.

"Sergeant Elmer Hannegan?"

Elmer nodded.

"Fine. Here." He handed Elmer a folded piece of paper, then turned and walked away. Elmer watched the man go, then looked at the paper, let out his breath and tucked it in an inside pocket. *That, Hannegan, is all you need.* A subpoena. A civil suit for false arrest, brought by Albert H. Nelson. *A lot of people,* Elmer thought savagely, *seem to be leaning awfully heavy.*

He got into his car and climbed the hills, stopping finally before a seventeen-story structure of steel and glass—The Willamette Arms. The lobby was as functional and as shining as an operating room. He went to the desk, where a man with a carnation in his lapel lifted his eyebrows and said, "Yes?"

Elmer showed the man his ID. "Smith," he said. "Mrs. Edward Smith."

"Oh, yes." The clerk sounded as if Elmer had asked for the janitor. "Fifteen-twenty."

"Is she in?" Elmer said.

"I wouldn't know," the man said.

Elmer looked at him for five seconds, waited until the man started to wilt, then turned and walked to the elevator.

He pushed the button of apartment 1520. Presently the door opened. A very pretty girl in her twenties, with hair the color of soot, and smoky eyes, opened the door. She was wearing a housecoat and holding the morning paper.

"Police?"

Elmer nodded. "I'm Detective Sergeant Hannegan."

She opened the door wide. "Come in, sergeant." Elmer walked in, and she closed the door. "Coffee?" she said.

"All right," Elmer said.

She went into the kitchen and returned with coffee. Elmer sat down and sipped it. He grinned. "I won't tell my wife, but this is just as good as she makes."

She smiled thinly. "You want to know where I was Friday night, don't you, sergeant?"

"Not particularly," Elmer said.

"I was bowling," she said. "Rosewood Lanes. Fifty people saw me." She looked down at her hands lying in her lap, then back at Elmer. "All right. I'm not in widow's weeds, and you know that I'm going to collect twenty thousand dollars in insurance. So that makes me a Number One suspect."

"I don't think so," Elmer said.

"I've loved Eddie ever since we were kids—sixteen years old and Eddie already had a police record. But I didn't care. He was always good to me. He was always kind. All a woman ever wants out of this world is to be cherished, did you know that, sergeant?" She sniffled, walked to the window, looked out, dug a handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped her eyes. Finally she turned. "Sorry. I don't usually hang my heart out like this." She sat down and blinked and swallowed.

Elmer finished his coffee and put the cup aside.

"But I'll miss him!" she said. "Oh, Lord, how I'll miss him! The poor little fool! If he had only ——" She put her head down in her hands and sobbed. Elmer waited. After a few minutes she lifted her head, worked on her eyes with the handkerchief. She tried a smile. "Sorry I turned on the irrigation system."

"Don't be. It's all right."

"Tears are supposed to help, but all they ever did for me was make my mascara run."

"Mrs. Smith," Elmer said, "how well do you know Al Nelson?"

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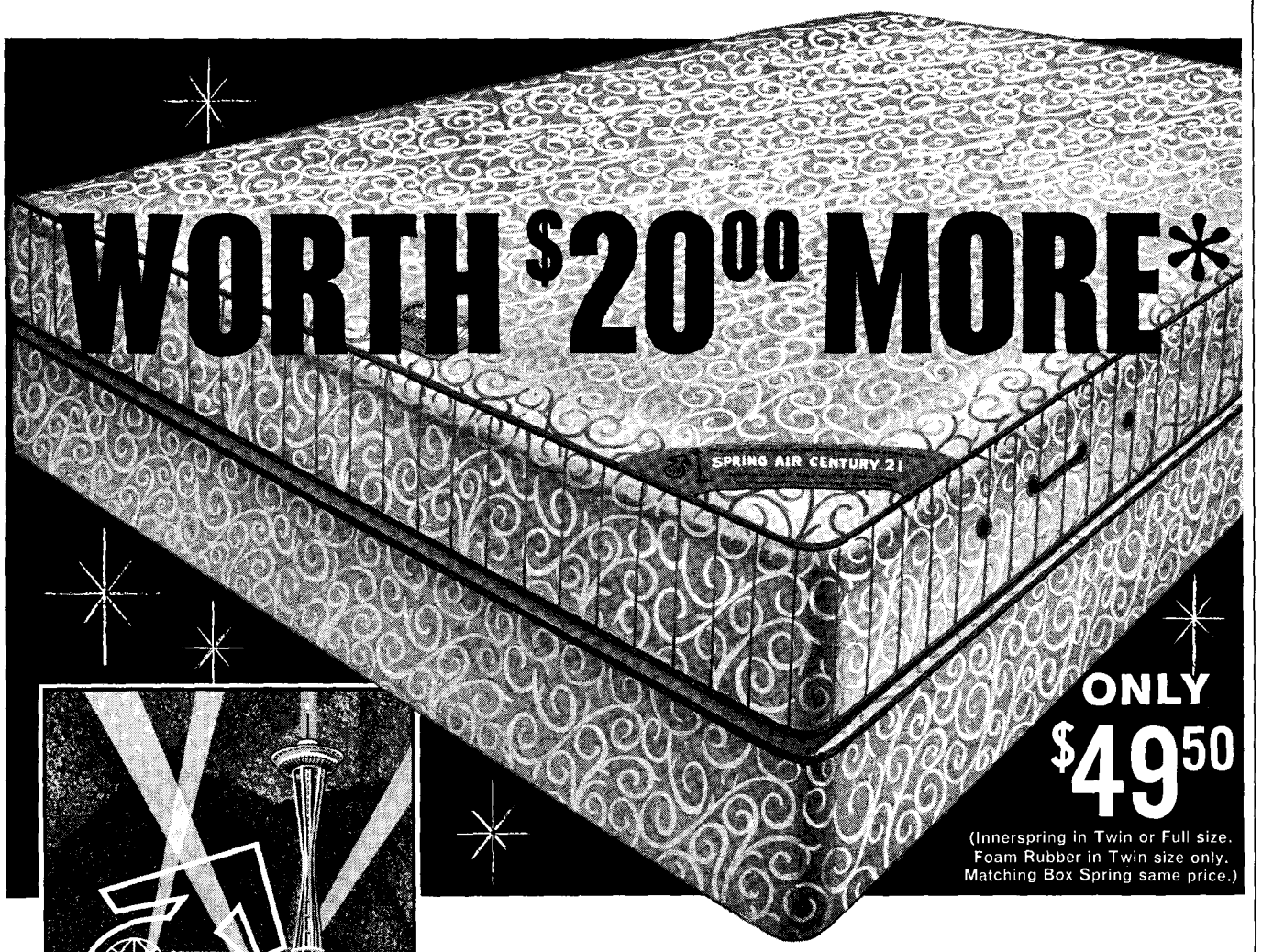

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"Al?" she said. "We all went to school together." She lifted her head and frowned. "I know what you're thinking, but Al was in jail when Eddie ——"

"I know," Elmer said. "Did they get along all right?"

"Sure. Oh, that Al was a real doll. He could con Eddie into doing backflips. He showed up one day with a watch—solid gold, self-winding, antimagnetic, certified waterproof, with more dials than a telephone. Big deal. He gave it to Eddie. The next week he was around putting the bite on Eddie for a grand. Eddie couldn't get his billfold out fast enough."

"Did you say waterproof?"

"Sure. Eddie forgot he had it on once when we went swimming. Didn't hurt it a bit. Ran like a sewing machine."

Elmer got out of his chair and reached for his hat. "Thanks for the coffee, Mrs. Smith. You've been very helpful."

"Me?" she said. "Helpful? About all I did was bawl."

"You did a lot more than that, and thanks again."

There was a sense of urgency and triumph running around inside Elmer as he drove back to the police station. He went to the property section, checked out and signed for the watch Eddie Smith had had on him when he was fished out of the river. He went back to his office, pried off the back of the watch and peered closely at the markings etched there. He went to a file cabinet, pulled out several sheets of paper and ran his finger down the lines. Presently he stopped, copied an address on a piece of notepaper and returned the sheets to the files.

Half an hour later he was standing in Owen's Jewelry Store. The owner of the store worked off the back of the watch which Elmer had handed him, put a jeweler's loupe in his eye, peered and then looked up at Elmer as he swung the loupe out of the way. He nodded.

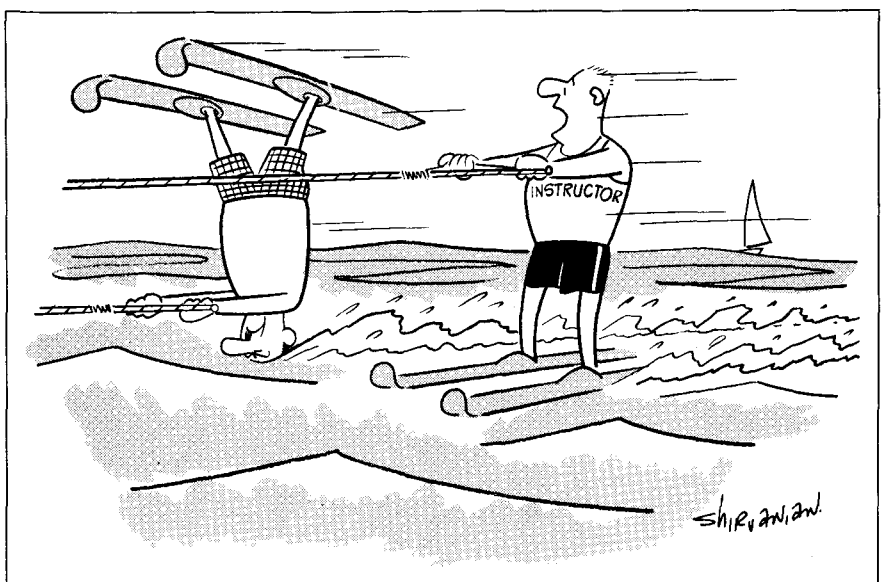
"Yes, sergeant, this is our mark. This watch was brought in for repair in August. We etch our mark, and the date, and a number, indicating the customer. You want to know his name?"

Elmer nodded. "I think I already know. But just for the record, you tell me."

"If you'll wait just a moment?" The jeweler disappeared into a back room. After a while he came back. "The name is Albert Nelson. We put in a new mainspring. No charge, because we sold it to him originally, and the guaranty was still in effect. You want his address?"

Elmer shook his head. "No, thanks. I know where to find him." He picked up the watch and walked out of the store. For a few moments he stood on the sidewalk, irresolute, wondering about calling Johnny Quinn. He nodded to himself. Not that he needed him, but Johnny was on the case, and he wasn't; and anyway, he didn't want to short-circuit anyone. He went back into the jewelry store and asked to use the telephone. The jeweler reached under the counter and handed him an extension phone. Elmer took it and dialed.

"Johnny? Elmer," he said when Quinn answered.



"You've got the general idea, Mr. Gaffney. However . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought you were going fishing."

"Maybe—one of these days. You know where Al Nelson lives?"

He heard a heavy sigh on the other end of the telephone. "Yes," Johnny said wearily, "I know where Al Nelson lives."

"Meet me in front of the apartment building in twenty minutes," Elmer said. "And don't tell me again that Al was in jail when Eddie was killed. He wasn't."

There was a short intermission at the other end. Then Johnny's voice said, "Right, Elmer. Twenty minutes."

It was another creation of steel and glass. Elmer and Johnny didn't go to the desk. They consulted the directory and took the elevator to the ninth floor, found the apartment, thumbed the button and waited. The door opened. Al Nelson, in slacks, loafers and shirt sleeves, looked at them and grinned.

"Well, well," he said. "Come to settle out of court, Hannegan?"

"Get your hat," Elmer said. "You're under arrest."

"Oh, no! You mean you haven't had enough?"

"Come on, Nelson." Elmer's voice was flat in tone, his eyes were cold.

Nelson looked at him, then opened the door wide. "What's the charge?"

"The big one," Elmer said. "Murder. Let's go."

"I want to call my lawyer."

"You can call him," Elmer said, "from downtown."

They were silent on the way downtown. They ushered him into Elmer's office and closed the door. Elmer pulled a ruled pad out of a drawer, took a pen, then took Al Nelson's watch out of his pocket and quietly laid it on the desk in front of the

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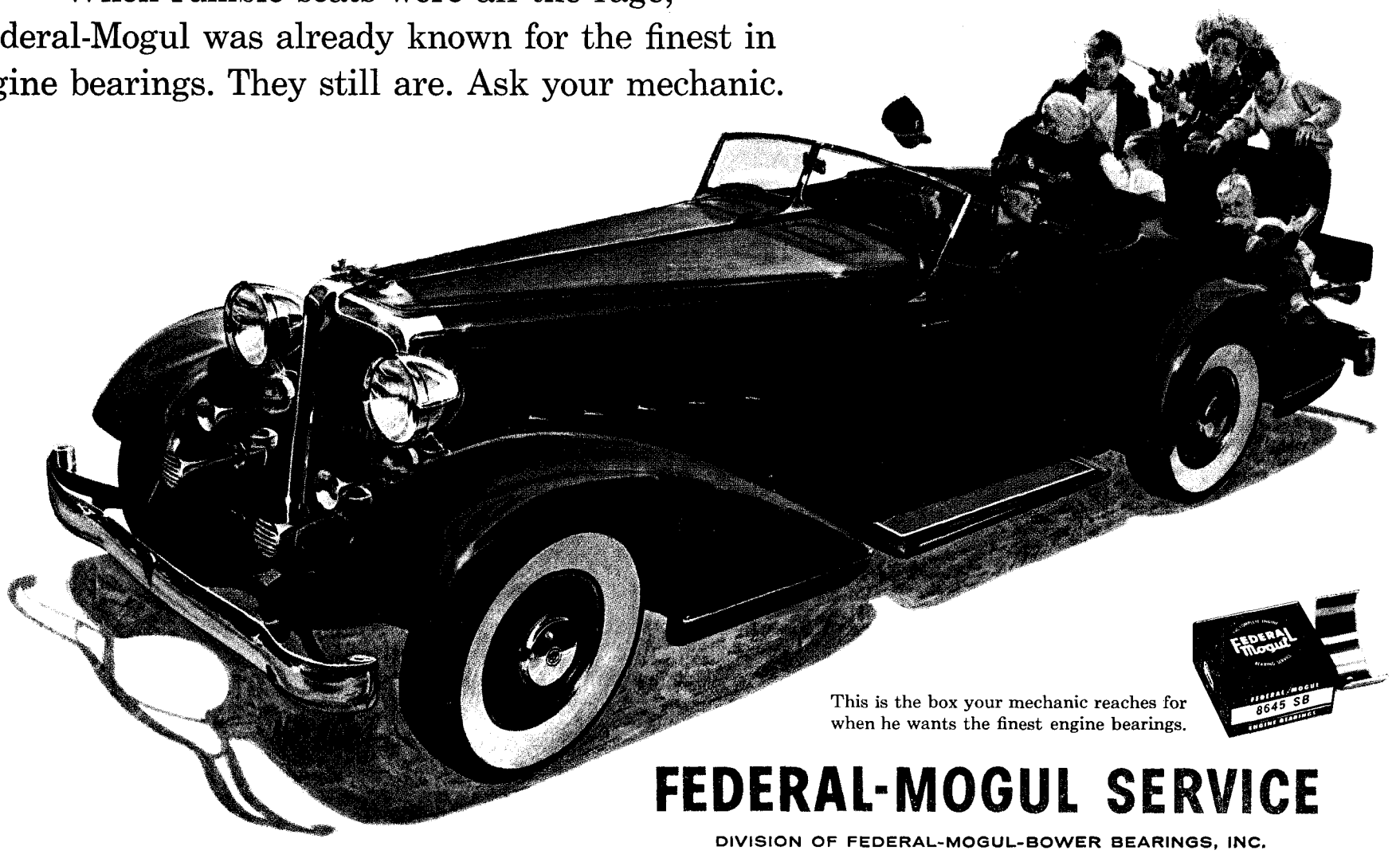

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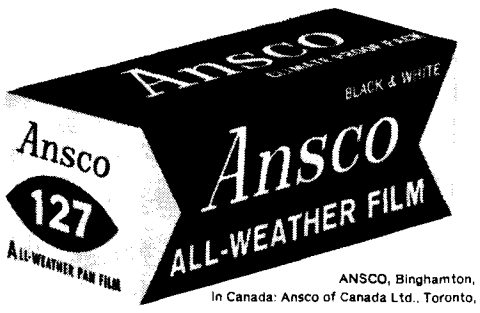

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Ironclad Alibi

man. He could smell the beginning of fear. He began asking questions—things all three of them knew. Age, address, marital status, criminal record, until Al finally yelped. "Look, you old goat, you know all this stuff."

"Sure," Elmer said. "I just want it all down for the district attorney." Then methodically, step by step, he went over the whole thing—coroner's report, tide and flow charts, two witnesses who did not exist. And then at the last he picked up the watch and gave it to Al Nelson between the eyes. The smell of fear was strong in the room. Al Nelson licked his lips and looked around the room.

Elmer went over it again patiently, step by step. And after a while Al Nelson, the sneering, truculent punk, the man who had set Elmer Hannegan up as a patsy, who had instituted a suit for false arrest, came apart at the seams.

". . . So I set my watch at five minutes to twelve. Then I dunked it in my washbowl until it stopped. We went for a boat ride. I belted him a couple, put my watch on his wrist, took his watch and got myself arrested. The punk kept leaning on me for the grand he loaned me. I told him I'd dig it up, but he never stopped yapping. I just got tired of it, that's all. Yakety-yakety—like some old lady. So ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Why didn't you retire a year ago, you old goat?"

Elmer grinned. "That's what I like to hear, Al—flattery." He stood up and stretched, the anger and tension suddenly gone. In its place was bone weariness. He looked at Johnny Quinn. "Have him sign a statement and book him." He looked down at Al Nelson, reached into his pocket and took out the subpoena. He dropped it on the man's lap. "I won't be needing this." Then he turned and walked out of the office.

Captain Thompson's door was open. Elmer walked in, fishing in his pocket for the key to a bus-depot locker. He walked up to the desk and laid the key down. "Sam Edwards told me where to find this key. It fits locker 127 in the bus depot. He says there's nine grand from the supermarket in that locker."

Captain Thompson picked up the key and turned it slowly in his fingers. "When did you find out about this?"

"Yesterday."

"Took you long enough to get here."

"I've been busy," Elmer said. "I didn't like being a chump for Al Nelson. We got him nailed down on the Eddie Smith murder. Johnny's getting a statement now."

"I see. Thought I told you to take some time off."

"Loose ends, Marshall. You know?"

"I know." Captain Thompson opened his drawer and took out a sheet of paper. He held it in his hand and looked at Elmer. "What about Willamette Electronics? You going to take the job?"

Elmer grinned. "Me? Baby-sit for a poodle? No thanks."

"I didn't think so," Thompson said. He handed Elmer the paper. "Reason I wanted you to take some time off—I had to shuffle some assignments. Here."

Elmer looked at the printed sheet of paper, and the weariness was washed away like soapsuds in a shower. "From sergeant to lieutenant, detective division—" it said "—Elmer J. Hannegan."

He frowned at Captain Thompson. "This must have been in the works before I was editorialized, before I blew the Nelson case, even before ——"

Captain Thompson held up his hand. "The last time I looked, the Willamette *Record* wasn't running the department."

"Well—thanks, Marshall."

"Forget it, Elmer. You earned it."

Elmer smiled and started for the door.

"Oh, Elmer," Thompson said. Elmer turned. The captain picked up the key. "About this key. Sam Edwards was trying to get off the hook. He said you had leaned on him to pull that supermarket job, or you'd fix it with his parole officer to put him back behind the walls. He said you were going to keep half the money and send the other half to his daughter. I thought he was a friend of yours."

Elmer nodded. "Yeah, me too."

He turned away, left the office and climbed the stairs to the press room. Bill Gallagher was unjointing a fishing rod.

"Giving up fishing?" Elmer said.

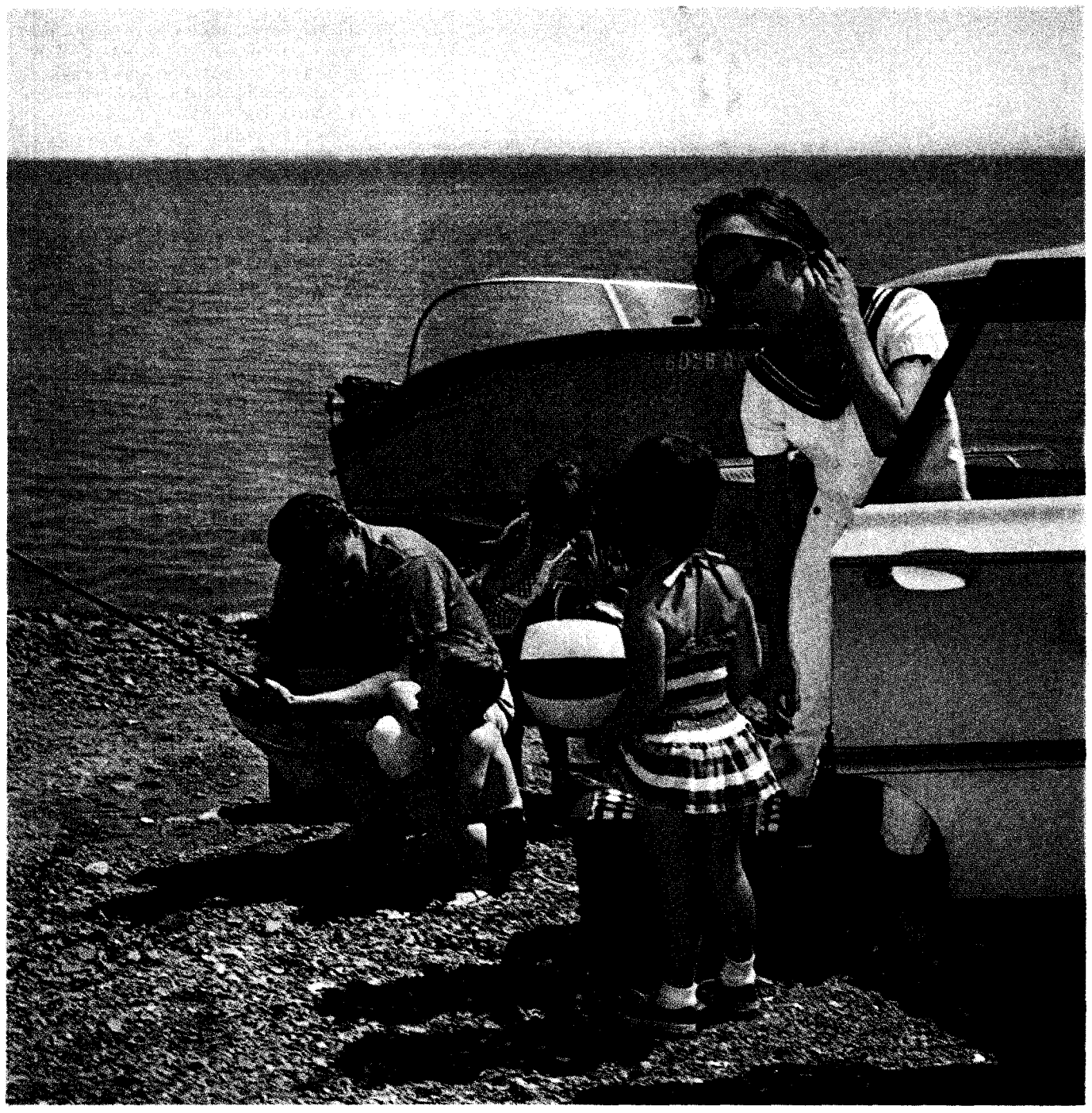
"Might as well. I don't like to go alone, and you drag your feet every time I mention it."

"Well, one of these days ——" Elmer said. "Look, Bill, you copy that request for retirement?"

Bill shook his head. "Nope. Figured a man who wasn't interested in a day's fishing wouldn't be looking forward to a lifetime of retirement."

Elmer grinned. He held out his hand. "I'll take it, Bill, and tear it up," he said.

Bill grinned back at the detective. "You don't have to. I tore it up the same day you gave it to me." THE END



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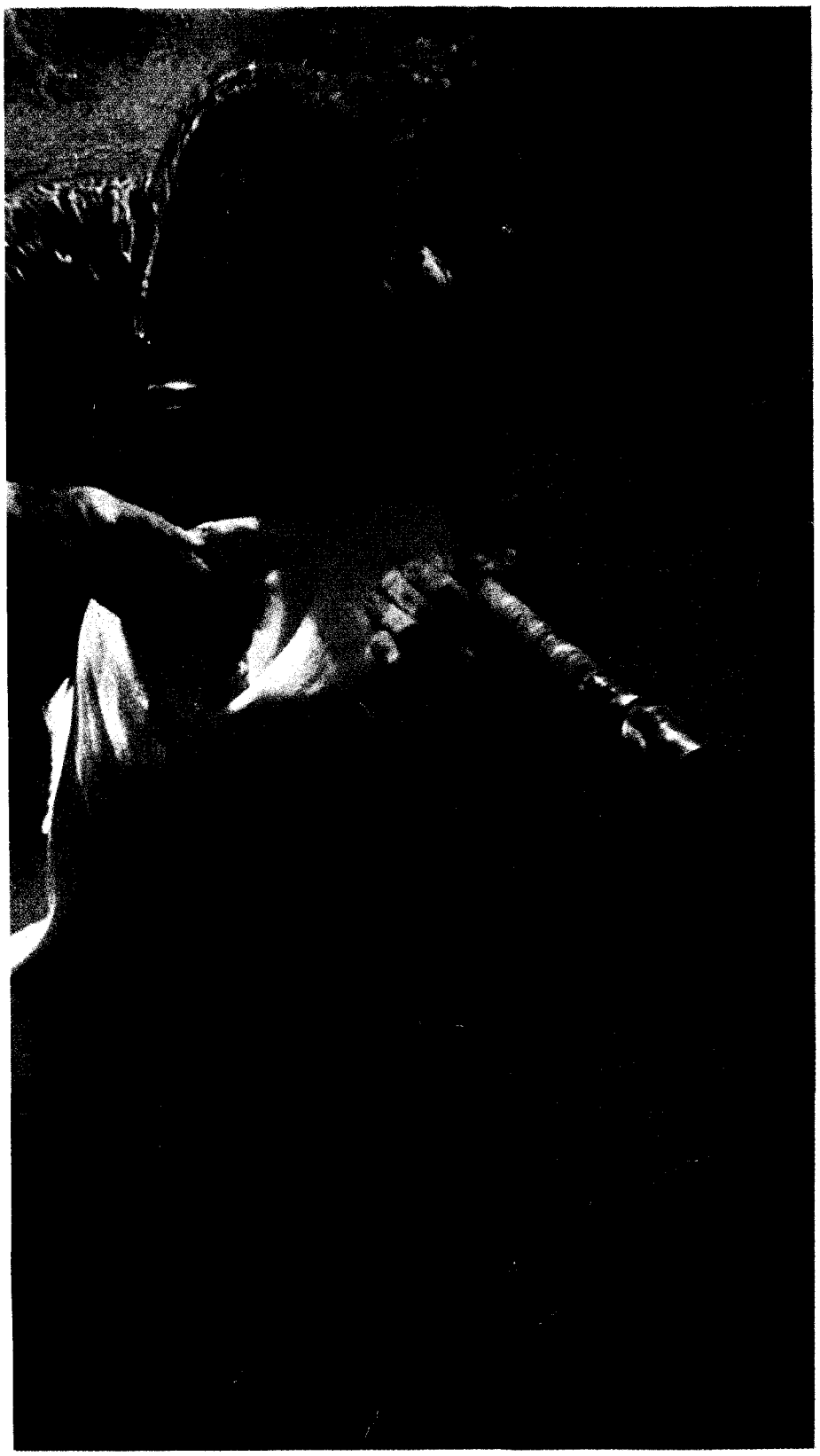
"Suddenly I hated that shark more than I had ever hated anything. With the powerhead in my hand, I dived to meet him."



Straddling a freshly killed shark, Slaughter examines extensive damage caused by shot and high-pressure gases forced into wound by explosion. The charge blasted through head and came out lower jaw.

Sharks *(Continued from page 20)*

I looked out and saw the blacktip circling the boat, its dark fin slicing into the air. Suddenly I hated that shark more than I had ever hated anything. Loading the powerhead, I grabbed a forty-pound grouper we had speared earlier and stuck it on the bent spear. With the speared grouper in my left hand and the powerhead in my right, I dived to meet the shark. He came right up to the bait, opened his mouth, and I hit him between the eyes with the powerhead.

There was a muffled boom, and the shark stopped, stiffened all over, then nosed downward, going into a slight spiral as he neared the bottom. He landed on his side and remained motionless, except for a final quivering of his tail.

I was astonished. It had been so easy.

Art of Infuriating Sharks

After that I went out every week looking for sharks. I continued to spear fish commercially, but by diving one or two days a week I could keep my markets in Key West well supplied with grouper and jewfish. During my free time I hunted sharks, and I soon worked out an efficient system. I would spear several groupers or stingrays and tie them to a rope trailing under the boat. After gutting the fish, I'd hang to the rope with my left hand, holding the powerhead with my right, and wait for a shark to approach the bait. The shark usually would circle for a while, working up his nerve, and then move in, coming almost to a stop before opening his mouth. At that instant I would sock him on top of the head with the powerhead, just over the brain.

Of the dozen or so kinds of sharks I have encountered, I've observed that all but three do a lot of circling. Hammerheads never seem to circle; they zigzag slightly as they "home" in on their target. As for the great white shark, or man-eater, I don't claim to be an authority. I've met two at close quarters, and neither of them came after bait. They came after me, straight and fast. I'll explain later how I got away.

There's one more exception to this habit of circling. When I use a moray eel for bait, the sharks usually come in with a minimum of sashaying about. Fastened to the end of a spear, an eel twists and waves in the current like a flag in the breeze, and the sharks really go for it. But eels sometimes are hard to find, so I figured out a surer way to get the sharks worked up. I take a meat grinder into the water and run chunks of fish through it. This spreads the scent of fish through the water. Also the grinder makes a crunching noise, as if a big animal were chewing, and this may help attract sharks.

The meat grinder is most effective when there's a current, then bits of flesh spread into what I call a "flavor stream," which brings in thousands of small reef fish that dash about eagerly, feeding on the tiny particles. Most sharks, I've found, come from downstream—right up the flavor line. By the time they get near the source of the scent, they're pretty well wrought up. I guess they can't stand to smell all that stuff in the water when there's nothing solid to chew on. Then they see the butchered fish hanging under the boat. They see me too, of course, but they're a lot more interested in the fish.

In the fall of 1957, after I had killed seven or eight sharks and had developed a lot of confidence in my equipment and my ability, I ran into a monstrous shark that in one gulp nearly ended my career.

My best diving buddy, Rudy Enders, and I were diving at Cosgrove Shoal, about twenty-five miles from Key West. The water was thirty feet deep and clear as gin. We were hunting sharks, so we strung several big groupers under the boat and ran fillets through the meat grinder. After we had been grinding for forty-five minutes without seeing a shark, I decided to dive farther down and shoot a big fish. A wounded grouper makes a lot of noise, thumping his tail, scraping his fins against the rocks and grunting down in his throat. I speared a big one, let him struggle for a while, then headed back to the boat with him. On the way I noticed a dead grouper on the bottom that had worked loose from the line we had hung under the boat.

After putting my speared fish and gun in the boat, I started down to get the dead grouper. I was halfway to the bottom when, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of a massive object moving in from upcurrent. It was so big that I actually thought for a second it was a submarine. But it was an enormous white shark, the first I'd ever seen.

I kicked back to the surface and shouted to Enders, in the boat, to hand me the powerhead. Then I watched the shark move up to the three-foot grouper and pick it up sideways without either end of the fish sticking out of its mouth. Filling my lungs with air, I dived toward the shark, approaching from above and behind. I passed the big dorsal fin and, as I thrust the powerhead toward the center of the great head, he veered off, and I missed my mark, hitting him a glancing blow that blew his right eye out.

The shark quivered, spat out the mangled grouper and began thrashing on the bottom, turning over coral heads that must have weighed tons. I finned back to the boat and reloaded my powerhead. This took me about a minute, and Enders in the meantime was leaning over the side, reporting on the shark's wild antics.

A Shark That Almost Won

I went overboard again to try to finish off the shark before he regained his senses. He came off the bottom, recovered his balance and started moving in a wide circle. A moment later he saw me and lunged in my direction. I dived for the bottom, trying to get on his blind side, but he swerved and kept coming at me, opening a mouth big enough to swallow me in one bite. I kicked myself upward, over his left eye, and drove the powerhead against the top of his head. As the shell exploded, he shook spasmodically, then sank, landing on his back.

After waiting five minutes for signs of life, Enders and I dived down to the shark. We jabbed a spear in its wound without getting a reaction; then we looked inside the jaws and found a hole the size of a grapefruit in the roof of the mouth. The brain apparently had been destroyed by the concussion.

We made dive after dive, examining the shark and marveling at its mammoth proportions. Its body was as thick as three rain barrels lashed together. We decided to try raising it, to make a comparison with the boat's length.

At first it seemed that lifting a shark that big was impossible, but the task turned out to be easier than we had figured. A shark weighs only slightly more than an equal volume of water, so when fully submerged it is almost buoyant and

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seems to weigh practically nothing. Overcoming the body's inertia was the only hard part. Once we got the shark moving, it practically floated to the surface.

The boat was seventeen feet long and, when the shark's snout was tied at the bow, its tail extended past the stern. Later we consulted reference books and decided that the shark must have weighed between 2000 and 3000 pounds.

Before cutting the man-eater loose, I gutted it and found its stomach empty. I have examined the stomachs of about seventy-five sharks and have found them empty in every case. To me this suggests that a shark bold enough to approach a man is a hungry shark.

The white-shark episode left me shaky. But not half as shaky as I was a few days later when I bopped a little sand shark on the head and the cartridge failed to explode. The sand shark didn't bother me—it was only too happy to swim away—but I kept thinking about the great white and what would have happened if the cartridge had failed to explode *that* time.

For some time I had considered building a more effective weapon, and that misfire convinced me. Besides, the .45 just didn't have enough punch. It required almost pin-point accuracy. If a shark turned at the last second, and I got him on the side, back or neck, he usually would swim away indifferently. I wondered what I would do if a wounded one were to whip around and come back before I had a chance to reload.

So I designed a powerhead for a 12-gauge shotgun shell. Like the .45 powerhead, this new weapon made only a small visible wound, but inside the shark the expanding gases opened up an enormous hole. And the shock wave was fantastic. When I fired, it felt as though someone were stomping on my chest.

Keeping Powder Dry

With the new powerhead I had only one problem—keeping my powder dry. Shotgun shells aren't waterproofed at the factory, and I had to figure a way to keep them dry to depths of sixty feet or more, where the pressure is three times as great as atmospheric pressure.

I tried coating my ammunition with varnish, tar, grease and wax, but many of the shells failed to explode. Finally I found that petroleum jelly works perfectly. Now I coat all my shells with petroleum jelly, and the chamber of the powerhead. And I never have misfires.

Shortly after solving the waterproofing problem, I had one of the busiest afternoons of my life. Enders, Emkey and I were cruising near Coalbin Rock, twenty miles from Key West, when Enders spotted the dark forms of big fish among some gigantic coral heads. Dropping the anchor, we went over the side.

Below us were seven jewfish, ranging from 200 to 500 pounds, and one big nurse shark. The jewfish were standing on their tails and watching us, while the nurse shark snoozed peacefully in the sand. We were in an area where divers seldom go, so the fish weren't afraid. Even after we had killed three of the jewfish and chased the harmless nurse shark by prodding him in the belly with a spear, the other jewfish followed us around.

We speared two sting rays and strung them under the boat with the three dead jewfish. Enders speared a five-foot moray eel, and we staked it out on the bottom. I got out the meat grinder, ran some pieces of sting ray through it, and before long a tiger shark came into view, moving along the bottom. Handing the meat grinder to Emkey, I grabbed my powerhead and began stalking the tiger. When he moved in to get the eel, I dived on him from above and nailed him between the eyes.

We pulled the dead tiger shark up to the boat, tied him to the anchor line and gutted him. Within a few minutes we could see a dozen or more sharks circling. As I reloaded in the boat, I saw other shark fins homing on the scent.

Jumping into the water again, I landed almost on top of a small hammerhead that was nosing up to a dead sting ray. He darted away, but after a while he came for the bait again, and I lunged at him. I got a bad shot, hitting him just behind his right pectoral fin. He seemed to be partly paralyzed then, and he rolled over and swam away upside down.

A big, torpedolike shark moved in and started gnawing at the wounded hammerhead. By that time several other sharks were making passes at the dead tiger we had tied to the anchor line.

I got into the boat to reload. When I went overboard again, sharks were everywhere, and they were getting bolder by the minute. I picked the nearest one and hit him just behind the nose, killing him. The shock wave scared the rest of them away briefly. Enders speared the sinking shark and tied him alongside the dead tiger on the anchor line.

I had two boxes of shotgun shells in the boat and plenty of petroleum jelly, so we were having a ball. Enders and Emkey weren't killing any sharks but were staying with me most of the time, hooting when they saw an approaching shark, and only occasionally jumping into the boat when the action got too violent. We later figured I killed about twenty sharks before the real feeding frenzy began. Then the sharks started swimming in quick, jerky movements and nipping at one another. One slender blue shark came in for a mutilated jewfish and, just as he tugged at it, a tiger came up under him and ripped open his stomach. On the bottom was a wild jumble of sharks, pushing one another out of the way and tearing into the dead and wounded.

The three of us scrambled aboard just in time. As I climbed into the boat, I looked back to see a tiger shark chewing on the lower unit of our outboard motor.

Now the sea was alive with thrashing sharks. They were flailing the surface with their tails, bumping into the boat and even sinking their teeth into the hull itself. Before we could raise the anchor, a shark bit the line in two, and we drifted away. I doubt if a man could have lasted twenty seconds in that water—powerhead or no powerhead.

This is a good time to say that, in my opinion, the average skin diver shouldn't deliberately provoke a shark. You don't have to be a superman to kill one—I'm six feet and weigh 165 pounds—but you've got to be fast, alert and in tiptop shape. I can swim all day without tiring. Not long ago I swam nine miles to shore, towing a boat with one passenger, when my outboard motor conked out. This was after a long day of diving, and I was pretty whipped by the time I beached the boat at 2:30 in the morning.

I learned to swim in the ocean when I was four and, since the age of twelve, when my family moved to Clearwater, Florida, I have practically lived in the water. While stationed in Hawaii with the Navy I learned to hold my breath in dives to 100 feet. On a working dive to that depth, I can stay under for about two minutes.

Navy doctors tell me I have an extraordinary lung capacity and can hold eight liters—almost two gallons—of air in my lungs. I can blow up a Mae West life jacket without pausing to take a breath. When I'm looking for sharks, I never use underwater breathing apparatus. The metal tank slows me down, much as an overcoat would.

And I never tangle with sharks in murky water. Unless visibility is twenty feet or better, I don't even go in the water. On the reefs where I dive there's usually fifty or sixty feet of visibility—and sometimes well over 100.

Saved by Nervous Feeling

None of the shark encounters I've described could be called "unprovoked." Either I went out of my way to attract the sharks, or I took the initiative when they came after a wounded fish. In my opinion, most attacks on divers are accidental. The shark is really after a wounded fish, and the diver gets in the way.

One time, though, a shark attacked me without provocation. I wouldn't be here now if I hadn't had my powerhead.

Rudy Enders and I were spearing groupers in a coral patch off Coalbin Rock. It was late in the day—almost sunset—and I was trying to get a speared grouper out of a cave when I started developing a nervous feeling, an awareness of danger. During my next couple of dives, while I continued to tug at the fish in the hole, the nervousness kept building up. I decided to cut my spear loose and come back for the grouper later.

I went to the boat for my knife and, because of my strange apprehension, I got my powerhead too. Plunging back to the bottom, I yanked a few more times at the line to my spear. The grouper wouldn't budge, so I cut the line and came out of the cave. I needed air and went up fast, spiraling as I always do in order to see all around me.

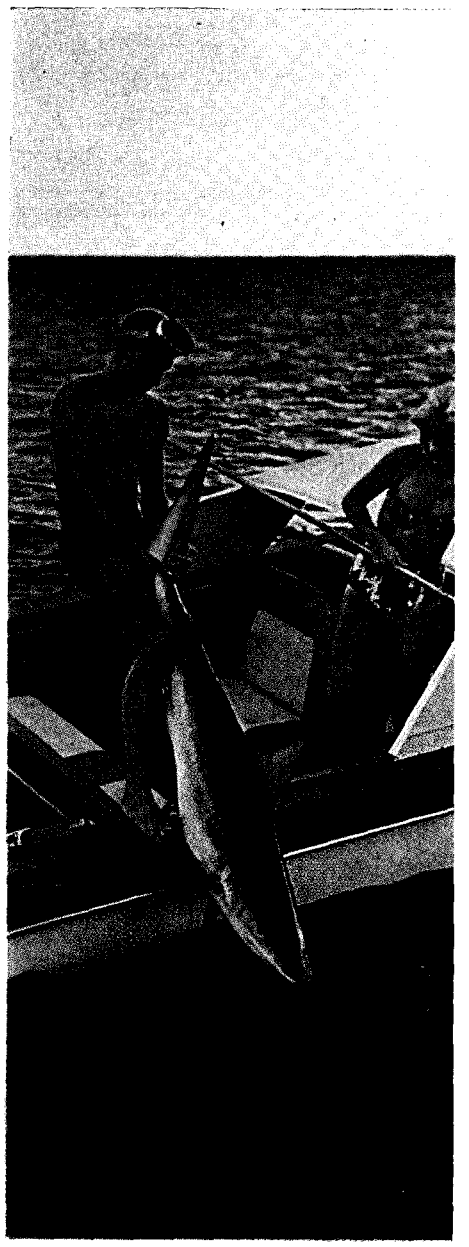
Looming out of the haze and coming at me head on was a tremendous white shark. I saw that I couldn't make the surface—and I wasn't sure I wanted to be up there anyway, floundering around with this thing after me—so I turned to face the monster. Just as he opened his mouth he seemed to hesitate, as if startled to find me challenging him, and this gave me enough time to flip myself over his snout and drive the powerhead home.

He sank to the bottom, twisting and spinning. I filled my aching lungs with air, then rolled exhausted into the boat. Enders, swimming on the surface, had got a good broadside view and thought that this shark was even heavier than the other man-eater I'd killed.

A lot of my diving buddies say I'll never reach the age of thirty. I think they're wrong. I'm in better shape at twenty-five than ever, and I haven't reached my peak. With the "frogman" training on top of my other experience, I feel competent to handle nearly anything that swims, short of a killer whale.

I'm working now on a 10-gauge powerhead that should be potent enough to knock down any shark. (As a matter of fact, the shock wave may knock me down.) I'm also playing around with the idea of making slugs of solid magnesium to insert into the shells in place of the shot. When ignited, magnesium burns fiercely in water and creates enormous amounts of expanding gas. This might prove to be the ultimate underwater weapon. With it a man might even stand a chance with a killer whale. THE END

"My buddies say I won't live long, but they're wrong. I can handle anything short of a killer whale."



Slaughter boats a six-foot shark. Pretty assistant Marilynn Vik often helps by spearing baitfish.

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THE DEVIL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

(Continued from Page 29)

"It's nothing, *oom*, nothing."

The house of the van der Merwes was no more than a shack, Pieter saw at a glance. The veld came up to the doorstep. It crouched under some tall gum trees. The low roof of corrugated iron was crying out for paint. As they came up, Sannie almost filled the doorway.

"So, Jan, you've given up the plowing early," she called. "Oh, you've got a stranger with you." She beamed like a full moon. She was as round and comfortable as a teapot, and her blue eyes were almost hidden in the folds of her cheeks.

"This is Pieter Jordaan, Sannie."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Pieter," she said, and they shook hands.

Over coffee in the sitting room, which was also the kitchen with its polished floor—it had been made of cow dung, and through the years it had been polished into a mirror brightness—Jan told Sannie the astonishing news of Pieter's announcing his decision to work for them—and without wages.

And Sannie smiled across at Pieter. "It's a poor enough home," she said. She glanced round at the sticks of furniture to emphasize their poverty. "But you are more than welcome, Pieter, because Jan and I have no children."

"So I'm staying," said Pieter.

"You're staying," said Jan. "Sannie has taken to you as I have."

They showed him their two scrub cows and a few goats. Then they were joined by the wagging Wagter, a flea-bitten old warrior of a dog which had come home from foraging somewhere in the hills. The dog bristled when it saw Pieter and retreated, snarling.

There was an argument about Pieter's sleeping quarters. They wanted to give him their own feather bed, but he insisted he would do well enough with the bed in the dark, tiny loft.

"I worship the ground he walks on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

They accepted his decision that the sloping lands should be plowed.

"The Therons, the de Klerks, the Snymans and all the neighbors will laugh at us," said Sannie.

"We'll have the last laugh," said Pieter.

He pleaded weariness when after supper Jan took the great Bible and unclasped the brass clips.

"This Bible came with my people up from the Cape in the great trek," said Jan. "The first van der Merwe here called the place Rusoord, and it's been their resting place ever since. We read something out of the Book of Life every night."

"But you look tired, Pieter," said Sannie.

"I'm tired, *tante*. Good night." He could have heard the reading by Jan from his bed, but he blocked his ears.

They plowed the sloping land on the next day—and for many days. Pieter found many excuses to send *oom* off so that he could do the plowing. And on his return Jan would be astonished at the ground that Pieter and the donkeys had covered.

The people of the valley laughed. Jan van der Merwe could afford to hire a youth who was plowing the slopes. Jan was a poor white, they said, because he was a bad farmer. But they had to admit that Pieter was a gallant worker. They didn't know that seed from their maize and kafir bins had gone to swell the meager supplies of the van der Merwes. Neither did Jan and Sannie. Frans Theron didn't know that his prize Aberdeen Angus bull had serviced both Jan's cows. There was no sign that Jock o' Lammermoor had been out of his stall.

And the rains came. They came in smashing storms with rattling thunder, and the black clouds were like the bursting udders of cows. Jan's neighbors saw their crops drown while on his contoured slopes his maize, kafir and summer wheat flourished. The farmers flocked to the old church at Karreesburg and prayed to God to halt the devastation. Jan and Sannie parked their donkey cart among the limousines at the church and prayed with them. But the rains pelted down.

Pieter, listening from his bed, could hear every word that Jan and Sannie spoke from their own, even though they talked in whispers.

"Sannie?"

"*Ja*, Jan."

"But for Pieter, the rains would have ruined our crops."

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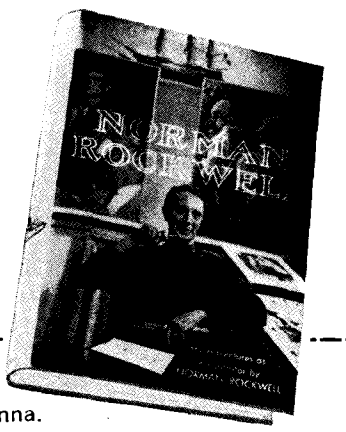

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"*Ja*, but I knew he would bring us luck."

"But Sannie, how could he have foretold what the weather would be? In the cycle the drought was due. And the weather prophets said so."

"Pieter is the knowing one, Jan. He's odd too."

"I love him, Sannie. But always he avoids the Bible reading, and he won't go to church. He was sarcastic about the people pleading to God to stop the rain. He said to me, 'If it had been a drought they'd have prayed for rain.'"

"He's right, Jan. But I can't get over the way Wagter hates the sight of Pieter, and the old dog has never been vicious to anybody. He still bolts with his tail between his legs whenever he meets the boy."

"Old Wagter is getting crotchety," said Jan.

The summer seeped on, and Jan's crops were the wonder of the countryside. The harvest was bountiful. A span of twelve oxen and a new wagon came to Rusoord. Jan and Sannie gave all the credit to Pieter, but they pleaded in vain with him to join them at the church harvest festival.

There was a new wonder when the two cows each dropped bouncing twin calves. There was an argument with Frans Theron about the obvious strain of Aberdeen Angus in them, but Jan said he had no idea how it had happened.

That winter Jan and Pieter built new barns. The donkeys were retired and wandered about like pets. Jan acquired a horse, and they called it Bles because of the white star on its forehead. On Sundays Jan and Sannie rode to church in a spanking trap. And so they rode to Karreesburg on market days. New stock was added to the herd of cows. For a supply of seed, Frans Theron, hard hit by the drought, allowed Jock o' Lammermoor to service all the cows.

Spring came again, and the weeping willows in the vlei were braided with their first green. Pieter was plowing the vlei land with the twelve oxen, Chaka and Dingaan at the head of the span. But no birds followed his many-disked plow. Jan didn't notice because he was looking after the stock while Pieter did all the tilling.

And the Devil came to Pieter and said, "It's a year since you were hired out. What progress have you made?"

"Jan and Sannie are rich, but they remain humble."

"Make them richer."

"I shall. It'll be a year of drought and that is why I'm plowing the marshland."

"And their neighbors?"

"They are arrogant. They say that Jan van der Merwe was plumb lucky last year. They are plowing the sloping lands."

"Any touch of vanity in Jan and Sannie?"

"Jan has bought a new suit and Sannie a new hat."

"They are little signs. I'll be back a year from today."

And the rains were late. The sky was brassy. The clouds mustered only to roll away. The valley was as hot as the inside of an ant heap. The young plants wilted in the lands of Jan's neighbors. Jan's crops in the vlei lived and got the spurt they needed when the rains came. The neighbors came and asked for fodder for their stock.

Remember how they used to laugh at you," said Pieter. "If you and *Tante* Sannie had gone to them for bread they would have offered you a stone."

"Pieter, you are not just to the people," said Sannie.

"Did they ever give you anything, *Tante* Sannie?" asked Pieter. "And did they offer their tractors for the plowing when they saw *Oom* Jan struggling with his poor pair of donkeys? Remember the greed in Frans Theron when he thought his prize bull had sired the new calves? And you, *Oom* Jan, you would have shared the calves with him had I not talked you out of it."

"Pieter," said Jan, "we shall give bread to our neighbors and fodder for their stock."

"Even if I left you, *oom*?"

"Even if you left us," said Jan haltingly.

From his bed Pieter listened to their whispering.

"You know, Sannie, Pieter is not as hard as he pretends to be."

"I know, Jan."

"They are saying in the valley that all our luck has come through him. They say he's a miracle boy, and some of them have tried to bribe him away from us."

"I know them, Jan."

The neighbors came to look at the heavy-eared corn of Jan van der Merwe, the swelling cobs of maize, the golden field of ripening wheat. They marveled, and some of them went away to weep in anger. But to Jan's face they said that Rusoord would return to the glory it had known in the days when his *Voortrekker* grandfather had owned all the valley. Pieter wanted him to buy the valley, but Jan, abetted by Sannie, insisted that they were content with what they had.

The harvest swelled, and Rusoord had to employ a large number of Africans. A kraal was built for them, and the laughter of piccanins filled the days.

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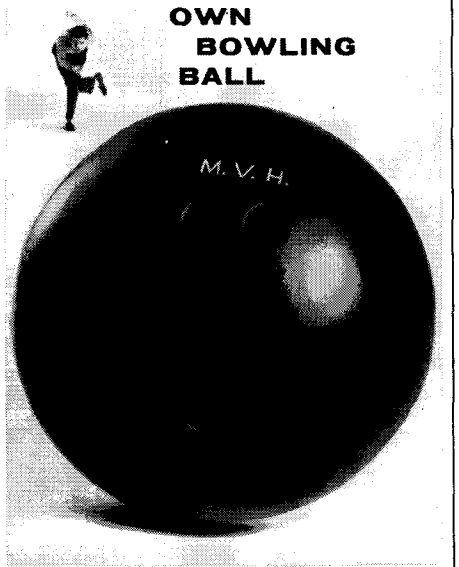

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RIGHT-HAND MAN

And Jan said, "Rusoord is an Eden."

Frans Theron was so indebted to him that Jock o' Lammermoor joined the Rusoord herd. But Jan told Theron that he could still use the bull for his cows. And Pieter was angered by his charity, which he called foolishness.

Jan and Sannie were also stubborn at first when he suggested that they should build a bigger house. They agreed to compromise later, and finally a bigger homestead was built a short distance up from the shack in the heart of a grove of Syringa trees.

"It's about time, Pieter, that you had a decent bedroom," said *Tante* Sannie.

"Is that the only reason for building?" he asked.

"One of them," she said, "but I would also like a bigger kitchen. So many of the neighbors call these days."

The house was built under the syringas when the misty-blue blossoms of the trees were full of the bother of bees. Jan and Sannie liked sitting on the wide stoep. They tried to coax out of Pieter the story of his life, but all he would tell them was that he was an orphan and had worked on several Cape farms.

Yes, said Jan, if Pieter thought they needed another tractor he would get one, even though they now had two. Pieter told them that next year the rains would be normal and he would plough both vlei and slopes. He promised them the greatest of all harvests.

They didn't doubt his farming genius or his weather lore. He had produced more bags of corn to the acre than any other farm in the Transvaal—and on soil which was previously believed to be rusty. Farming experts had tested the soil and then shook their heads. The crops defied all the accepted laws of soil culture. *The Farmer's Weekly* ran a story called "The Miracle of Rusoord."

When *Tante* Sannie announced that she and Jan had been to a lawyer in Karreesburg and that in their will they had made him their sole heir, he told them that three years to the day he had come to them he would be going. They pleaded. And Sannie wept.

"I must go," he said. "I would stay if I could, for I have fallen in love more than ever with Rusoord. And I have learned that there is nothing in life like the gift of labor." He couldn't explain why he had to go. "But I'll be with you for quite a time," he said.

For many days they stooped under the burden of the loss they feared, but they told him that when the time came he wouldn't be able to wrench his roots out of their lives.

Pieter knew when Gina Theron came to spend so much time with *Tante* Sannie that she was being used as a ruse. Gina had been away in school and she was nudging eighteen when she came home for good. He knew that on the promise of the strictest secrecy, Jan and Sannie had confided their worry to the Therons that in less than a year he would leave them.

But no sooner had Gina seen Pieter than she had melted. She was lissome, as dark as Pieter was fair. Her teeth were as white as a puppy's, her face had the golden burnish of a wheat ear, and her candid brown eyes were pools of mischief. Sannie watched the impact on Pieter when he first met Gina, and she told Jan, "He made a desperate effort to mask his feelings, but he was bitten."

"We'll be patient," said Jan.

Gina often stayed for supper, and Pieter had to take her home across the fields. But she told *Tante* Sannie that he didn't so much as hold her hand.

Gina would be at the cheese making, at the buttermaking. She rode Bles into the hills and surprised Pieter at his work, and she sat beside him as he munched his lunch and drank his coffee. The valley talked openly about the machinations of Frans and Anna Theron to capture Pieter to their own advantage. Gina Theron, the people said, was hunting Pieter in full cry.

But Pieter went on living in a world of his own, within his own deep shell. He was aloof although Jan and Sannie assured their friends that he was not so with them.

But when Sannie saw that even Gina could not hold him back from his decision, she suddenly took to her bed. Dr. Hendrik Kotze of Karreesburg was called in, and Pieter waited outside the house while the doctor was with Sannie. When Dr. Kotze came out, Pieter asked him if *Tante* Sannie was very ill.

"For all I can see, she is suffering from heartache," the doctor said.

Gina moved in to take charge while Sannie was ill. She and Pieter were sitting in the moonlight on the stoep while Jan was in the bedroom reading the Bible to Sannie. Wagter was coming up the steps, but seeing Pieter, he turned tail. Then they heard him howling at the moon.

"Why does the old dog fear you, Pieter?" she asked. "Every time he sees you he gets into a dither."

"I wouldn't know what ails the old dog, Gina. I've never had any time for dogs."

"But Wagter is the most docile of dogs. He wags his tail to greet everybody—everybody except you."

"Perhaps you have a theory."

"It puzzles me as it does *Oom* Jan and *Tante* Sannie. But would you like to know what I think?"

"What?" He hid his face behind a cloud of smoke. At last he had grown a milder tobacco than *Oom* Jan's, and he had taken to the pipe.

"I've come to think, Pieter, that the old dog knows more about you than we do. After all, nobody knows anything about you except that you seem to perform miracles."

Pieter laughed. "Is that all? I know people think I'm uncanny. But all I've done is help *oom* and *tante* to get the fruits of the earth they deserve."

"Why did you do it? For love?"

"Is there such a thing?"

"It glows between *oom* and *tante*. In their poverty they were the finest people in the valley. Now that they are rich they refuse to be proud, vain or greedy. They are as constant as the *koppies*." The moonlight stole through the lattice of the trees and played on her face half in shadow. He was silent, smoking. She flung a new challenge at him. "Why don't you ever go to church?"

"Why should I? The most Christian man in the valley, *Oom* Jan, is not even an elder."

"But they have begged him to go into the big pew."

"Because he's rich. And in his humility he has turned down the offer."

"And you were angry when *Oom* Jan told you what he was going to do with his money. You were beside yourself with rage."

"Did the predikant come when *Oom* Jan was poor?" he countered.

"No, but why should you try to harden the hearts of *Oom* Jan and *Tante* Sannie?

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You wanted them to build a mansion. You railed against them for helping their neighbors. You wanted them to buy a Cadillac, but they were content with a Chev. They have told me that everything will turn to ashes when you go away, and *Tante* Sannie will die of a broken heart."

"That must not happen," he said savagely.

She had pierced his armor. "Then go to her and say you won't desert them."

"I can't. I can't. I'd give my life to be able to stay."

She went close to him, took his face in her hands and put her mouth to his. "O Pieter, Pieter. I love you."

"I love you too," he said. He stroked her hair. "But, but ——" She closed his mouth with her own.

"Pieter, I've a confession to make. You know my father used to be the richest man in the valley. Now he's among the poor and heavily in debt to *Oom* Jan. He and my mother planned that I should marry you."

"I know," he said, "and *Oom* Jan and *Tante* Sannie were in the plot."

"There's nothing you don't know. But it's all changed. We love each other."

"But I must go," he insisted.

"Fight to stay, Pieter. Why should an orphan turn down a rich inheritance?"

"Money has never meant anything to me."

"And this valley?"

"I could live here forever, Gina."

With the passing weeks they all saw that he was more burdened than ever. He would be with them and yet not of them. Often in the night he wandered the hills alone, and Gina waited in vain for him. All the land in the vlei and on the slopes could be plowed, he told them, for the rains would be normal. "But I'll doctor our lands against the pests that are coming," he said. "The mealy bug will come, and the red-billed finches."

"And the crops of our neighbors?" asked Jan.

"I'm not concerned with them," said Pieter.

"In the name of the Lord, Pieter, I conjure you not to go on bewitching our neighbors." Pieter walked away quickly. "Pieter, I'm sorry if I hurt you," *Oom* Jan called after him. Pieter went beyond hearing.

It was the last day, and the Devil was waiting for him. They stood together looking down on the valley, which was full of the churr of tractors.

"So you made Jan van der Merwe the richest man in the valley," said the Devil.

"That is so."

"Have you netted them—him and his wife?"

"I'll show you," said Pieter. They went within sight of the house.

"Still unostentatious," said the Devil.

Before Pieter could reply, Gina came out on the stoep. Pieter started, because for a moment he forgot that he and the Devil were invisible.

"She's pretty," said the Devil. "Pity she is a mortal." Pieter was silent. "She's like a peach ready for the plucking, but rather a poor substitute for anyone who has seen Salome, Cleopatra or Helen of Troy."

"We'd better go to the dorp," Pieter interrupted. "There's something I want to show you. What happens if I've failed?"

"I'll damn you to be a mortal again," the Devil said.

The dusty dorp of Karreesburg was dozing in the morning sun. In the square dominating the houses and the shops rose the resplendent new church, its spire a lance pointing to the sky. Pieter pointed to a tablet in gilt letters on the wall, and the Devil read, "Erected to the glory of God in humble thanksgiving for His gifts —— Jan and Sannie van der Merwe of Rusoord." The Devil choked. "So you failed."

"I failed."

The Devil vanished in a whirl of smoke. Dirk Pienaar, the grocer, was standing in the doorway of his shop, and he was surprised to see the dust devil rising higher than the tip of the spire.

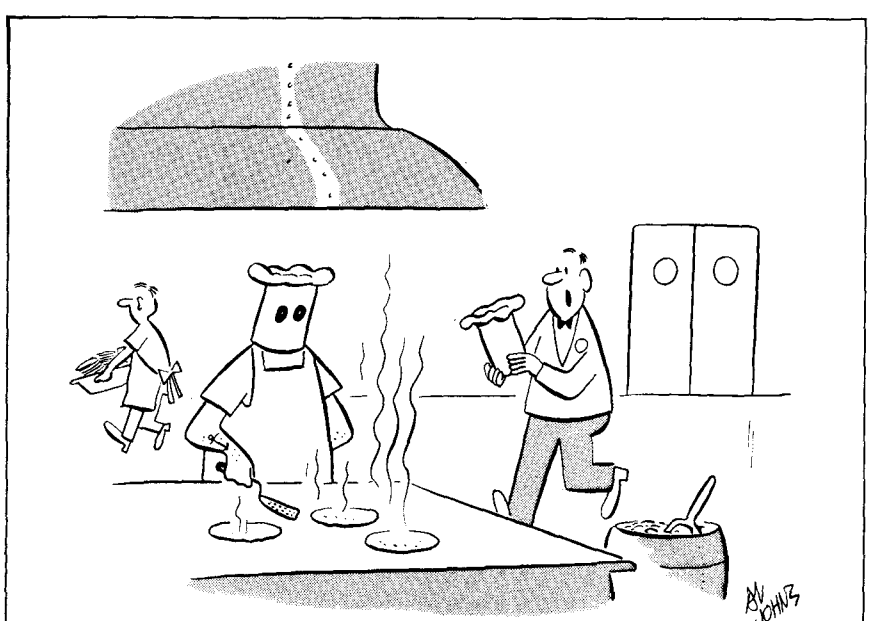
They came from the yard with their arms locked. "I knew you'd come," *Tante* Sannie called.

With them came Wagter, his tail wagging, a new shine in his old eyes. He ran up to Pieter, and tremors of joy rippled over his grizzled skin. Pieter bent down and lifted him in his arms, stroking his muzzle, and the old dog licked Pieter's face.

"Look, Sannie, look, Gina," said Jan. "Look at that miracle."

Pieter laughed. "The last miracle," he said. He put the dog down, and Wagter turned over on his back with his legs pawing the air and his tail thumping the ground.

THE END



"I finally found one your size!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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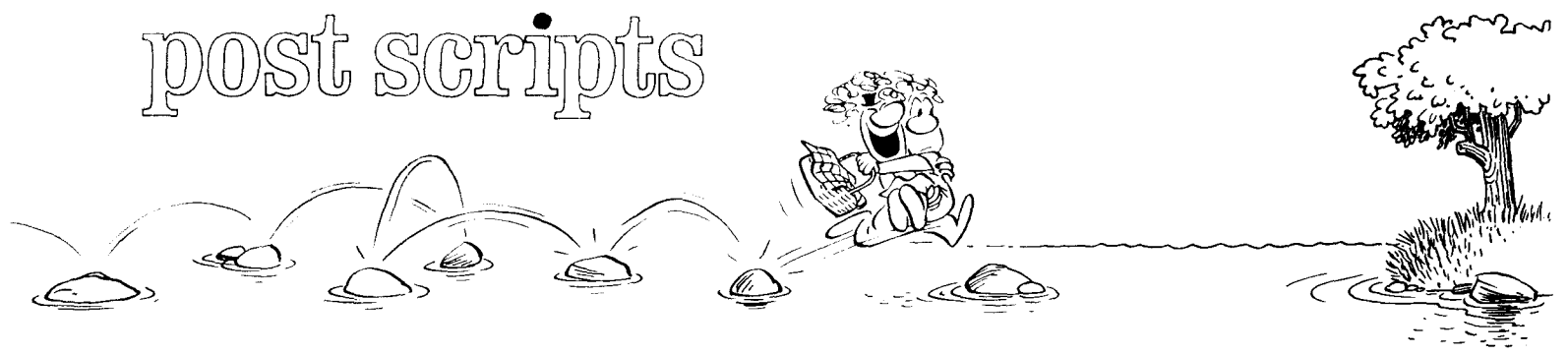

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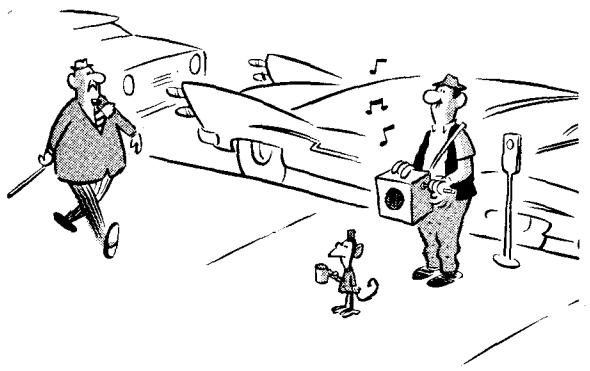

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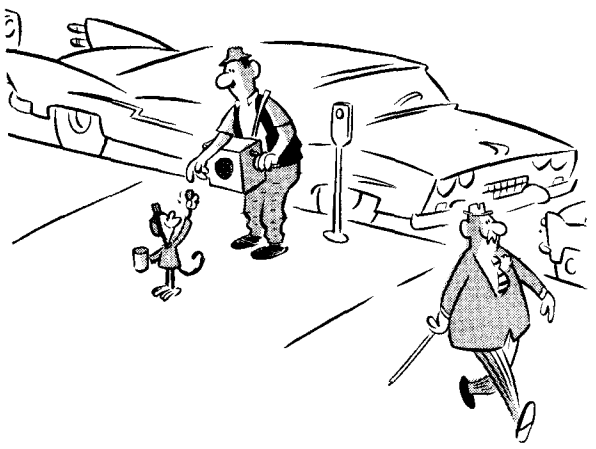

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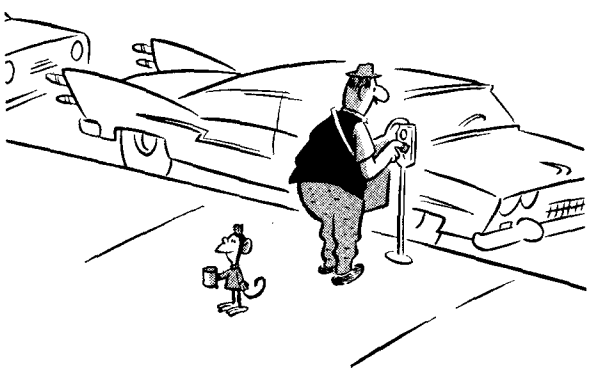

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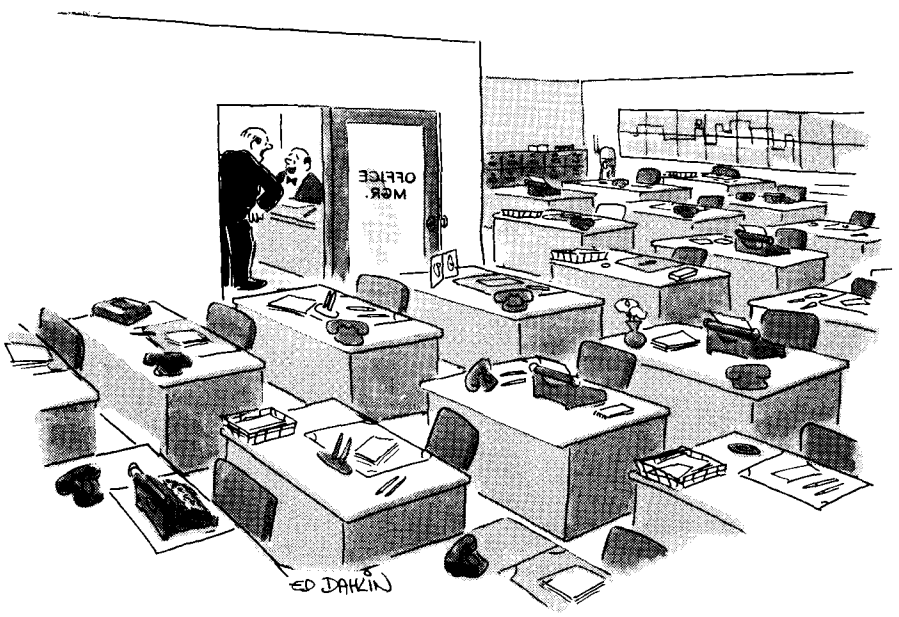
"It's the truth, sir. There wasn't an American flag anywhere to be found. I searched Betsy's house for nearly two hours, and ——"

"*Betsy*, eh? You aren't, by any chance, falling for that dame, are you?"

VERNON H. KURTZ



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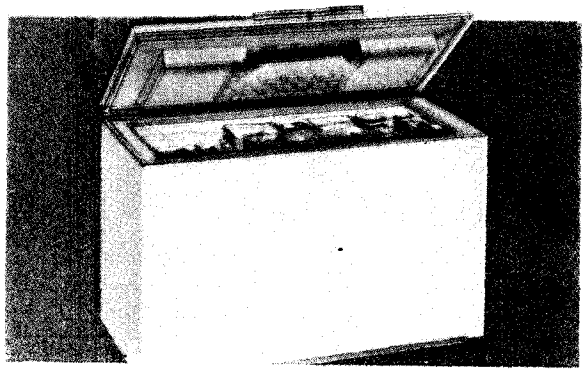

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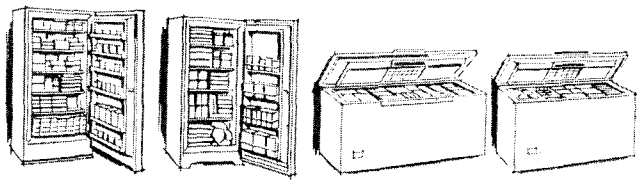

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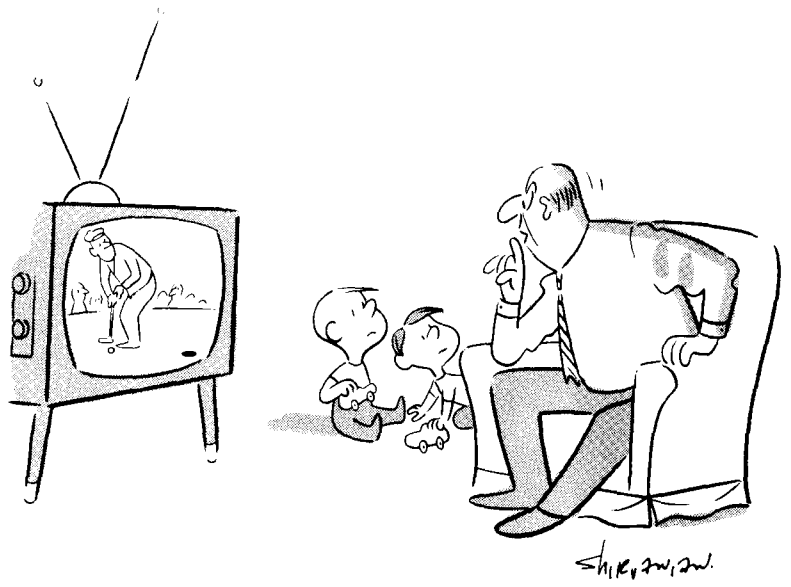


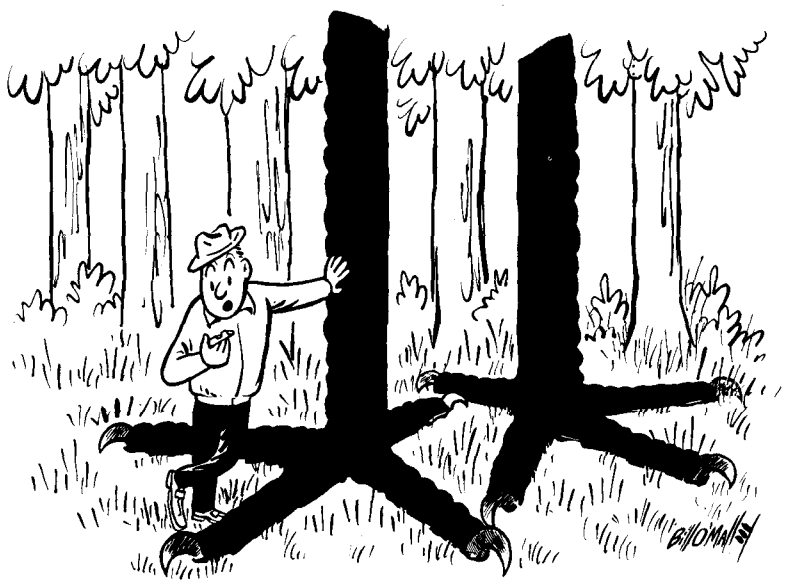
BACK TO BACK

What people say behind my back,
Whatever they may mention,
Is not, I vow, what lines my brow
And causes nervous tension.

What people say behind my back
Adds little to my cares.
My only fear is lest they hear
What *I* say behind theirs.

RICHARD ARMOUR

"Yum! Yum!"



"I can't understand it. This birdcall used to work real good."

"Hobby, my foot. They're all wedding presents."

"I wanted mine rare, Charlie."

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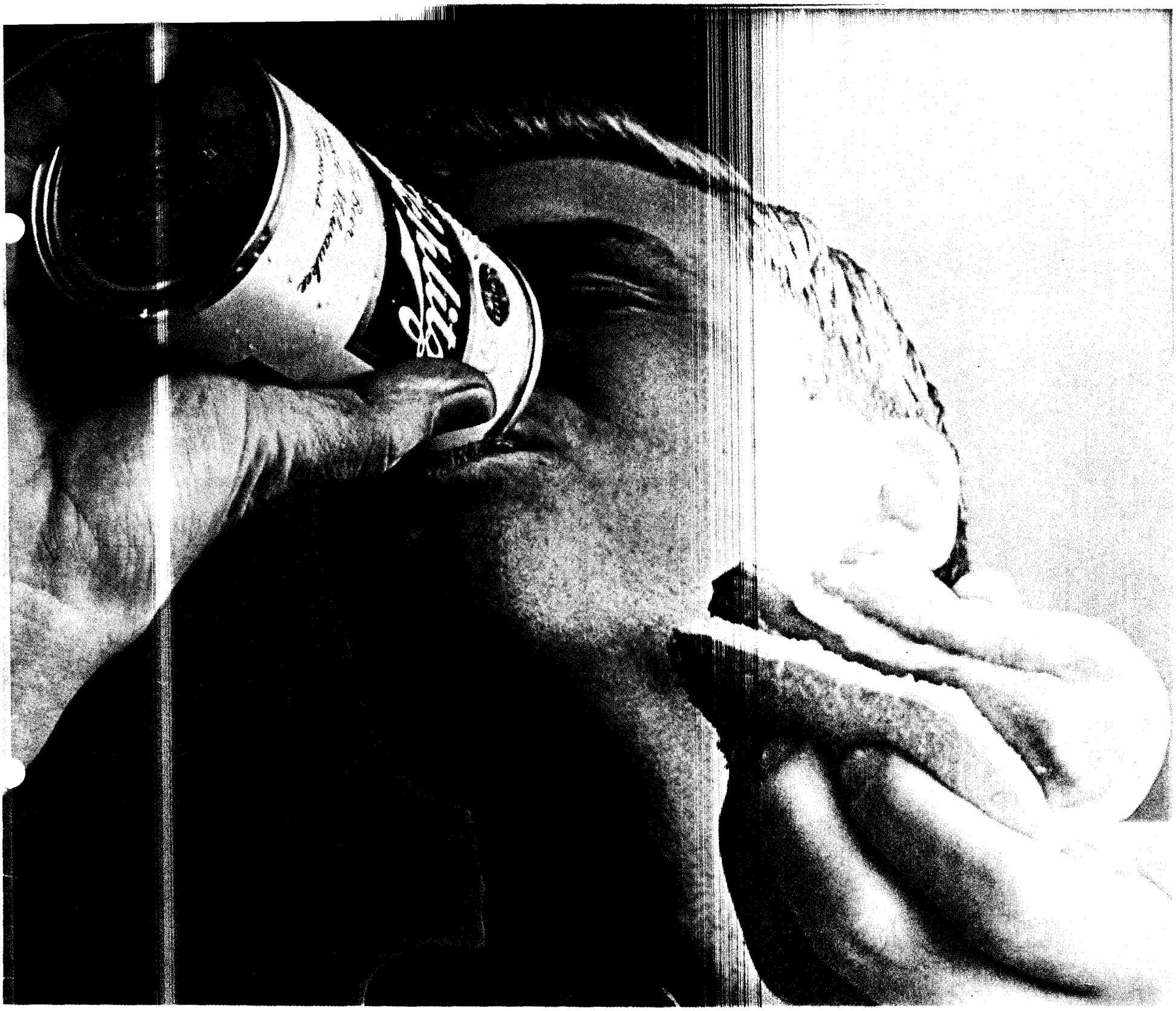

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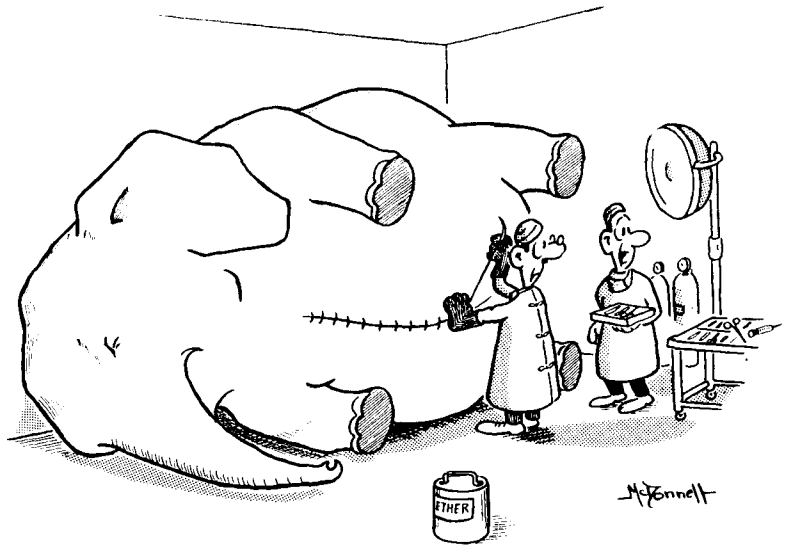


"I checked all the sponges and clamps but can't find the other assistant."

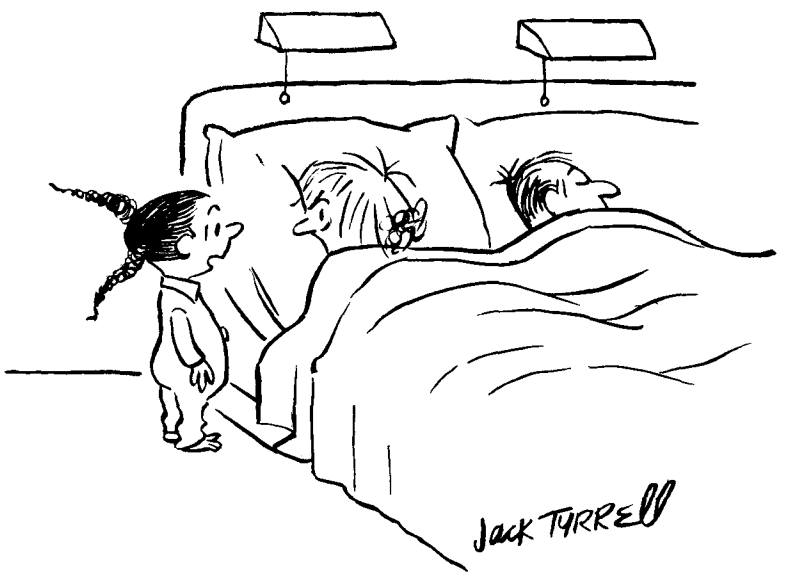
Historicker Versen Mein Grosfader Made

SAVEN DAS JOHANN SCHMIDT

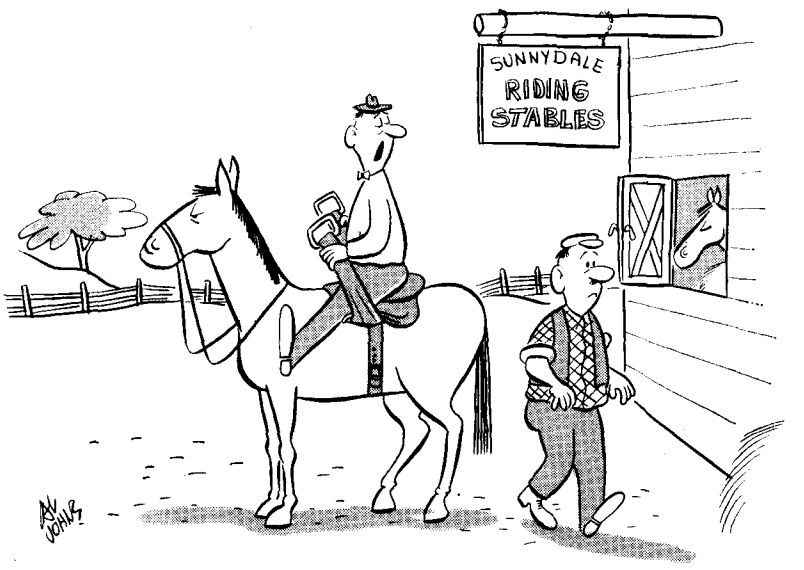
Ein Reddischer Skinner der chopper ben choosen,
Und Johann der noggen ben soonischer losen.
Ein uprushen fraulein das choppen ben stoppen
Mit flingen der selfer Herr Johann ontoppen.

Der Fraulein ben luckisch ein doubler beheaden
Ist nicht uppen-comen insteaden der wedden!

DAVE MORRAH

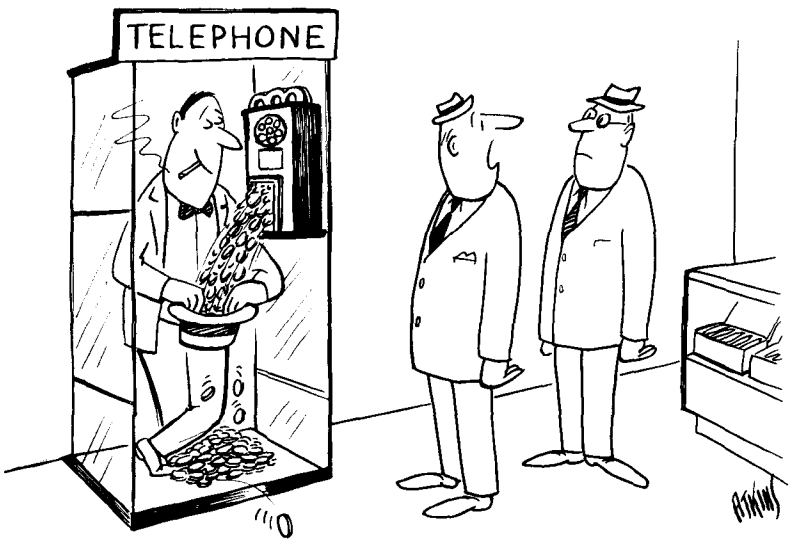


"I can't close my eyes—my pigtails are too tight."



"Hey, Mac! How do I fasten this safety belt?"

"He's gained weight since his last fight."



"He calls a secret number in Las Vegas."

the end

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The Winds of Freedom

Secretary of State Rusk writes on the ideas which inspired our Revolution and are still the world's most potent force.

By DEAN RUSK

The Fourth of July is an especially appropriate time to reflect on our political heritage and its meaning in our times. Seventeen months' experience as Secretary of State has strengthened my conviction that the ideas which inspired the American Revolution and have guided our national development are the most powerful forces at work in the world today.

These ideas were stated simply but eloquently in certain of the great lines of our Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We were born as a nation out of a commitment to government by "the consent of the governed" and the proposition that man has certain unalienable rights. We adopted and have preserved a Constitution, with its Bill of Rights, to give form to these ideas and to protect them. At home as well as on the world scene these general commitments have, in the end, governed our policy as a nation.

Over the generations we have struggled to improve the application of these principles. We have fought to defend them. And we have the means and the will to defend them today.

As President Kennedy said in his Inaugural Address: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

Ideas of Universal Appeal

We have become the strongest nation in the world and achieved the highest level of well-being for the average citizen that mankind has known. But that is not, I think, the primary reason why these ideas are the most powerful force at work in the world today. It is because the ideas themselves have proved universal in their appeal, because the truths which the Declaration of Independence called "self-evident" have seized, or are seizing, the minds of men everywhere.

These universal ideas gave rise to the democracies of Western Europe. They inspired the liberators of Latin America. They guided the development of the British Commonwealth. Since the Second World War they have led to the creation of more than forty independent nations in Asia and Africa. We welcome these new nations with open arms to "the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them."

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams and the others who helped to frame or subscribed to the Declaration would not have been surprised by this. Quite the contrary. They did not pretend to have invented anything new. The burden of complaint in the Declaration was that a tyrannical king was depriving the people of the American colonies of rights and liberties they had long enjoyed. Such opposition was in the British tradition. The British people had been building their liberties bit by bit, in no small part by contending that certain rights had previously existed. Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Declaration of Rights, among other great documents in the growth of the British Constitution, demanded what their claimants insisted was already the law of the land. The common-law judges who, sometimes at the risk of their own lives, put their arms around a prisoner at the bar and said to the king, "No, you cannot do that to this man," were strengthening traditional rights. Old rights were gradually expanded and improved. Thus slowly evolved both the Common Law and British institutions of democratic government.

Departure From British Pattern

The larger principles stated in our Declaration of Independence were a departure from the British pattern. They were not articulated as the special historic rights and liberties of the British people or of the inhabitants of the British colonies on the eastern edges of the North American continent. But neither were they set forth as novel doctrine. They were presented as universal truths, arising out of a discourse on the nature and purpose of man which had begun more than 2000 years earlier in Greece.

Likewise the French Declaration of the Rights of Man of 1789 was presented as a manifesto not just for the Frenchmen of that day, but for all men and all time.

From North America and Western Europe these ideas have spread over the world. Their strength and the willingness of men to fight for them have brought down one despotism after another. They are challenged today by the Communist tyrannies. But even the Communists seem to recognize the appeal of the notions of liberty and democracy. They call their governments "republics" or "people's republics" or "democratic republics," although not one of them is a republic, not one rests on the consent of the governed tested in free elections. They are fond of such words as "democracy" and "freedom," although they invariably use them to mean the precise opposite. Likewise they apply the label "wars of liberation" to their efforts to impose their system on others by force. Their so-called "war of liberation" in South Vietnam is in reality a gangster war of assassination and terror against the common people of that country.

New Nations Cherish Our Principles

Some people—too many—have fallen under the control of Communist regimes; but nowhere is Communism as a creed deeply rooted. Communists have signally failed in their efforts to capture control of the independence movements in Asia and Africa. With partial exceptions for North Korea and North Vietnam, the new nations have come into being under the impulse of Western ideas and, in the main, under the leadership of men educated in Western universities or in local universities or mission schools where the concepts and practices of democracy, law and liberty were taught.

As Secretary of State I have talked with many of the leaders of these new nations. It has been thrilling and reassuring to hear so many of them advocate the great principles we have so long cherished—and with an understanding of their meaning which is the same as ours. What the Great Seal of the United States calls the "new order of the ages" is the example which most of the people of the world seek to follow.

As Robert Frost put it in his special poem for President Kennedy's inauguration:

New order of the ages did they say?
The newest thing in which they led the way
Is in our very papers of the day.

But we of the West, and particularly we Americans, should not overstate our contribution. We have done our share in formulating and advocating these principles and in protecting their practice. We can glory in having been among the first to endeavor systematically to apply them. Had we failed, the cause of freedom would have been set back for a long time. In his first inaugural Washington said that "the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." (The underlining was Washington's.)

But I do not believe that these ideas and the institutions which seek to translate them into a way

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Photograph by Arnold Newman

of life would have spread over the world if they were not, as the authors of the Declaration of Independence believed, rooted in the aspirations of men everywhere. In plain fact, these concepts are not exclusively Western. They were articulated in ancient philosophies and various religions. They appeared in rudimentary form in the traditional autonomy of villages in many lands, and even in the taboos of primitive societies.

The idea that men should be free to speak their minds is certainly not peculiar to us or to the West. The idea that raw power must be curbed, that men are entitled to justice under law, is not peculiar to us or to the West. Nor does the West have an exclusive patent on the notion of consent of the governed or, as Lincoln put it more affirmatively, "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

As President Kennedy said on July fifth of last year at the ceremonies which marked the 150th anniversary of Venezuelan independence, the revolution whose principles were clarioned in our own Declaration of Independence is a "great world revolution . . . a revolution so flexible it answers the needs of all countries, of all races, of all cultures."

Freedom Not a Western Monopoly

I have heard it contended that the failure of some of the new nations to achieve or maintain fully democratic governments proves that democracy is unsuited to the peoples of Asia and Africa. I reject that contention. It is true that democracy cannot be created overnight. It is the most difficult form of government to operate. It requires an enlightened citizenry, a wide consensus on national purposes, forbearance and much skill. Only a few nations have thus far been successful in making democracy work continuously. And none, including ourselves, can claim to operate it perfectly.

But peoples keep turning and returning to democracy, because it is the system which harmonizes with human dignity and the abiding impulse of men to organize their societies in ways which protect that dignity. We have seen that happen in every continent. I have no doubt that we shall see it happen in still other countries where democracy has momentarily broken down or not yet been fully achieved. The exact forms of democratic institutions may vary from country to country. Perhaps some of the new nations erred in trying to copy exactly the parliamentary systems of the former colonial powers. There are many conceivable forms of democratic institutions.

Dean Rusk sits for his portrait in the State Department's John Quincy Adams Room.

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"Not even the modern police state, with all of its elaborate repressions, can permanently terrorize men into submission."

Ours have changed in some respects over the years. I am confident that the new nations which have not yet found the way to make democratic institutions work will succeed eventually. For I believe that the basic motivations and aspirations of men are essentially the same, regardless of the color of their skin or the continent or island on which they live. The human race is one.

The Mandarin and the Peasant

A traditional Vietnamese story bears on this proposition. In the words of Hoang Van Chi (in his article "Collectivization and Rice Production," in *The China Quarterly*, January–March, 1962, issue) it runs this way:

> There was once a peasant who grew such excellent fruit that his fame spread far and wide throughout the land. The governor of the district in which the man lived made a special journey to visit him and to inquire about the methods he employed to produce such magnificent fruit.
>
> The peasant was a little overawed by the presence of such a great mandarin, but he did his best to reply to the latter's questions. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I haven't any special method at all. Whenever I plant a fruit tree, I provide it with as much manure as I can, set it upright in the hole, tamp the earth back firmly around the trunk, and then I leave it to itself. I never prune it, or train its branches, or chop its roots like the other people do, and it provides me with plenty of fine fruit."
>
> The mandarin nodded his head in approval and then put another question to the peasant. "You seem to be able to manage your fruit trees admirably. Can you give me any advice about how to manage men, about how to govern a district?"
>
> The unexpected question surprised the peasant, so he was obliged to pause for a few moments and to think before he eventually replied. "Administration," he said, "has never been my profession, so I have never really devoted much thought to it, but it is my opinion that men are like fruit trees. If you provide them with the conditions in which they can live and work, and keep a fatherly eye upon them from time to time, they will be prosperous, happy and will cause you no trouble. If however, you summon them daily to your office and order them to do this or forbid them to do that, they will prove to be a constant source of trouble, disorder, and unhappiness."

As Mr. Hoang Van Chi pointed out, "The moral of this story is based upon centuries of experience, but the Vietnamese Communists are attempting to do just the reverse and are reaping the inevitable consequences. Man, having a mind and soul, is capable of being terrorized into submission, but only to a limited extent and for a limited time."

I share that conviction. I do not believe that even the modern police state, with all of its elaborate apparatus for repression, can permanently terrorize men into submission. I do not believe that any iron or bamboo curtain can permanently insulate large numbers of people against the great ideas of freedom and human dignity.

Today, even within the Soviet Union, there are signs that men and women want more freedom to state their views, greater scope to express the uniqueness and integrity born into them. Pasternak is dead, but his poems and great novel live. And some younger Soviet writers, reaching back into the rich and long Russian tradition, are choosing to focus their thoughts on the meaning of man and the worth of the individual. These stirrings may seem feeble to us, who have so long enjoyed liberty. But they are evidence that the Communists have not succeeded in turning men into robots. The themes of young writers and poets tell much of the direction societies will take; and in the Soviet Union these writers of the new generation are the beginning of what I believe will be a continuing trend—a slow trend perhaps, but one leading inexorably toward freedom.

I turn to another aspect of the struggle between freedom and coercion: the relative capacities of the two systems to improve the material well-being of men. The Soviets have made substantial progress in developing their physical resources. That is not especially surprising. They inherited a vast domain, with immense and varied natural riches, a very considerable industrial establishment and a talented and industrious people. The Communists claim to have invented a quick way of modernizing an economy. Although I cannot prove it, I believe that their economy could have been modernized faster under a political system which would have given full scope to individual initiatives and incentives. But any of us can muster ample evidence to repudiate the Communist claim that our economic development has been slow here at home.

All Americans of my generation know firsthand of the amazing economic and social advance of our own country in our own lifetimes. Many, like myself, were born in underdeveloped parts of the United States. Our society in rural Georgia when I was growing up was prescientific, pretechnical, premedical, prepublic health, preeducation—by present-day standards.

Free Systems Surpass Soviets

Forty years ago only two American farms out of 100 had any electric power; today ninety-eight out of 100 have power for dozens of chores. Consider what has been done to lighten the burdens of the mother and housewife, to improve health and living conditions, within the past thirty-five years, and even within the past ten. Since the Bolshevik revolution we have added to our national production more than the entire present production of the Soviet Union.

Look at the amazing economic progress of Western Europe and Japan under free systems. Compare East Germany with West Germany, or Eastern Europe with Western Europe. Compare Communist China with almost any country you would care to name. The "great leap forward" has come down bottom side up. The vaunted "shortcut to the future" has proved to be the shortcut to misery.

Those who are responsible for what is happening all the way from East Germany to North Vietnam have not found the answer to the central problem to which they claim to have addressed themselves—the problem of economic and social satisfaction. They have not solved even the elementary problems of food production.

So when we say to our friends in the developing countries that the Communists have not found a magic formula and that the proved way of rapid development is through free institutions, devised by each nation in the light of its own history, we speak on the basis of the solid lessons of long human experience.

The economic and social performance of the industrialized free nations has knocked the bottom out of Marxist dogma. Marx predicted that the poor would become more numerous and ever poorer and that the rich would become fewer and ever richer. The precise opposite has occurred. The advanced nations of the free world devised means of directing the flow of income and of using their resources to improve the life of the ordinary man. It is in them that one sees the highest levels of well-being most equitably distributed.

Power of the Human Spirit

Marx predicted also a chain of recurring and ever-deepening economic crises. But the advanced free nations have devised means of curbing economic cycles and stimulating economic growth. Marx failed to reckon with the mind and spirit of men, their compassion and political ingenuity their capacity to use free institutions to advance their lot.

It is not for us to fear the great winds of change that are blowing today. They are the winds we have long known and sailed with, the winds which have carried man on his unending journey, the winds of freedom.

We don't have to argue with people in other parts of the world about what we are really after and what they are really after. Have you ever been able to find anyone who would rather be ignorant than educated? Or hungry than fed? Or sick than healthy? Or gagged instead of free to speak his mind? Or shut up behind a wall or barbed wire instead of free to move about? Or who relished the knock on the door at midnight which means terror?

These simple ideas I have been writing about are the great power of the human spirit. Because they are central to our purposes, America at her best is admired and trusted; and America is at her best when she is true to the commitments we made to ourselves and to history in the Declaration of Independence. These are the ideas and ideals which give us allies, spoken or silent, among men and women in every corner of the earth. They are part of the unfinished business which is a part of our story. This is the basis of our confidence; this is the scope of our task.

The revolution of freedom, which we have so proudly nurtured and fought for in the past ar to which we pledge today, as in 1776, "ou. Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor," is the true, enduring revolution, because it springs from the deepest, most persistent aspirations of men. History says this revolution will not fail. THE END

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Nurse Eda Fain at Doughboy's Arkansas Plastics Plant knows Bobo the Clown is a safe toy, made by people who work safely.

Millions of chickens are raised at Doughboy's Wisconsin Research Farm where Company President E. J. Cashman welcomes visitors who come to see successful farm programs demonstrated.

"The reward for combining vision and imagination..."

Wausau Story

by ***EDWIN J. CASHMAN,***
President,
Doughboy Industries, Inc.
Offices in New Richmond, Wis.

"From my office windows I can see the century-old millpond that once powered the mill where a brand of bread flour known as 'Doughboy' was produced.

"The name stood for dependability. It still does. But now our Doughboy name distinguishes widely diversified products that include farm feeds, semolina, toys, swimming pools, packaging machinery and electronics. And instead of a single mill on the bank of our pond, Doughboy Industries now operate from 7 different locations in 5 different states.

"Diversification and growth require a combination of imagination, vision and a practical point of view. And these very same qualities explain the successful performance of our insurance carrier, Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"That explains how Employers Mutuals' people helped us convert sketchy safety measures into a consolidated safety program for the 865 employees in our plants, mills and offices. These experienced Wausau people knew what could be done, and they helped us do it. The results were immediate. And when we reduced accidents, we reduced insurance costs. Our insurance saving for a year equaled the profit we'd make selling one extra carload of formula farm feed every day of the year.

"That's the reward for combining imagination, vision and practicality in business insurance. Employers Mutuals of Wausau are 'good people to do business with'...everywhere we do business."

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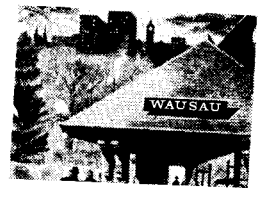

"Good people to do business with"

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THE WAR GAMES of

Dexter, Pennsylvania

Next time you happen to be in Dexter, Pennsylvania, it might be just as well if you simply didn't mention the Civil War. You can get your fill of that conflict a mere thirty miles to the west, at Gettysburg, where they've made a business of it. But as for Dexter —— Well, what it amounts to is that Dexter has had the Civil War—up to here.

Mind you, this is a fairly recent development. Until a few months ago you might have traveled the length and breadth of this great nation and found no third-class city more deeply involved in preparations for the observance of the centenary of the late War of the Rebellion. Not any more, though. No, sir!

Not since a few days after Congressman Sam Carruthers unburdened his soul to his prospective son-in-law, Barnaby G. Warren, over lunch in the murmurous confines of the Members' Bar of the National Press Club in Washington, D.C.

"It is," Sam Carruthers declared, "a terrible thing to discover that some of the solidest citizens in your district are as nutty as fruitcakes." He sighed heavily, his round, ruddy, normally cheerful face morose.

"You wanted to be a congressman, Sam," Barney Warren wryly reminded his former chieftain. "Being head of Inter-Allied Press Syndicate's Washington Bureau wasn't enough. You had to come all over noble and quit to go back home to run for the House."

Sam Carruthers gazed without enthusiasm at the lanky, pleasantly ugly young man he had initiated into the mysteries and dark arts of capitol press coverage only a few years before, and to whom he was entrusting his only daughter's future. "You're a great help," he said unhappily. "All heart."

"I try my best," Barney Warren replied. "But seriously, I know you didn't set up this lunch date just to tell me you've got some loonies among your constituents. What's the problem?"

"The Civil War."

"The Civil which?" The Warren jaw dropped.

"War, confound it! It's just possible, Barney, that I may be the last casualty of that mighty contest. And all because the good people of Dexter, P.A., have got a bee in their collective bonnet. Tell me truthfully, Barney: you ever heard of the Battle of Dexter?"

"Can't say as I have."

"Exactly." Sam said triumphantly. "And neither has anybody else. It wasn't really much more than a bush-league skirmish between Jeb Stuart's Confederate Cavalry and a scratch outfit of Dexter home guards. The point is, it happened just before the Battle of Gettysburg."

"So?"

"So a lot of historians figure that Lee lost at Gettysburg because his cavalry was goofing off around the countryside instead of keeping tabs on the Union Army. And when old Stuart finally did decide to head back and rejoin Marse Robert, he ran into this scrap at Dexter."

"Sam." Barney Warren's voice was patience itself. "You are trying to tell me something, but you're not getting through."

"I am trying to explain why Dexter has now got it firmly into its head that this pint-sized Donnybrook actually decided the outcome at Gettysburg. By the time Stuart shook loose, the big fight was on, and you know the rest."

"But what's all this got to do with you?"

"Plenty. What with all this foofaraw about the Civil War Centennial, Dexter has decided that it deserves a national military park to preserve the site of what the Chamber of Commerce calls, so help me, 'The Forgotten Turning Point.' And they're expecting me to get a bill creating this park through the House."

"Well, why not?" Barney Warren asked, bewildered. "After all, that's what they're paying you for, isn't it?"

"For Pete's sake, Barney, don't you see the spot I'm in? I campaigned on the issue of economy in government. The opposition has me over a barrel. How can I justify spending a million bucks on a park commemorating a fight that barely rates a footnote in the history books? On the other hand, how can I buck the wishes of the one and only city in my entire district, without the votes of which, my boy, I am a political dead duck? I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't. And don't think the opposition doesn't know it; they're the ones who are really plugging this park deal." Sam Carruthers laughed without mirth.

Across the table, Barney Warren filled his briar thoughtfully. His father-in-law-to-be, he reflected, was caught up in a very pretty bit of political maneuvering. The opposition was the majority party in Pennsylvania and desired to dispense with the thorn in its side named Sam Carruthers. If Sam introduced a bill creating Dexter's park, the opposition would cry "hypocrite," and if he didn't, the opposition would accuse him of failing to represent the wishes of his constituents. There were other angles as well, but what it boiled down to was the need for Sam to find some way to avoid the issue.

"But how?" the congressman asked resignedly when Barney concluded the recital of his analysis of the situation. "I've never known anything like the way Dexter is steamed up over this thing; citizens' committees, business groups, the veterans, the fraternal organizations, even the Boy Scouts bearing petitions, and they all want action. The Dexter *Gazette*'s started to call me 'Cautious Carruthers.'"

"That bad, huh?" Barney winced. "How long can you stall things? Something might turn up."

"Two weeks at the outside. And Barney—don't say 'might.' Something's *got* to turn up or my career in Congress will fold with the next election."

"What does Anne think?"

"She's up in Dexter now, feeling the public pulse for me. She phoned this morning to report that the natives are getting even more restless. Also, she sent you her love." Sam heaved another sigh. "Let's have some coffee, Barney, and I'll quit unloading my troubles. And while we're at it, let's have a couple of brandies too."

Back in his office after lunch, Barney tried unsuccessfully to devote his efforts to the greater glory of the Inter-Allied Press Syndicate, but the think piece he had begun in the morning refused to gel. Try as he would to consider the Laotian question, his mind kept returning to Sam Carruthers's dilemma and the dismal unfairness of it all. Why should a century-old war endanger an honorable career? Two decades of top-flight reporting from the Hill had given Sam Carruthers an insight into the legislative process which all too few of his colleagues possessed, and it would be the country, not merely Dexter, which would lose if an ancient, long-forgotten skirmish were to prove his downfall.

By the end of the day, neither the Laotian question nor the Carruthers crisis was any nearer to a solution, and it was in a mood fraught with depression that Barney secured his small, elderly British sport car from his parking lot and headed its clamshell fenders and slab-sided hood toward Georgetown and the minute bachelor apartment which Anne had said would do just fine until they found some place out in the country. He thought of Anne, slight and golden, braving the slings and arrows of Dexter's feverish citizenry, her blue eyes blazing defiance at the combined forces of the Women's Club and the Order of the Eastern Star, her lovely lips set firm against the taunts and sneers of the Dexter Junior League.

He found himself packed firmly into the customary evening traffic jam at Sheridan Circle; ahead of him the enormous rear of a bus, behind him the monstrous snorting of a moving van, beside him a crested and gleaming limousine in the air-conditioned privacy of which sat, staring imperturbably ahead, Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador to the United States. Puissant or poverty-stricken, all shared alike, Barney thought grimly, when the capital's eerily inefficient system of traffic control did its twice-daily foundering act on the rock of Pierre L'Enfant's city plan. No doubt when the major sat down at his drawing board, these great circles were just the thing; a couple of light artillery pieces could command any or all of the broad avenues leading into them and woe to the attacking army or unruly mob which attempted to storm them. The trouble was that the major could not foresee that the unruly mobs would arrive by automobile.

The bus ahead belched an awesome cloud of diesel fumes and moved fifteen inches forward. Barney followed, coughing. When his vision cleared, he found his gaze resting on the equestrian statue of Gen. Phil Sheridan in the center of the circle. Little Phil, they called him, Barney remembered . . . something, something, and Winchester—twenty miles away. On a day like this, Little Phil would be mighty lucky to make it to Rock Creek Park, four blacks away. Granted

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BARNABY WARREN

by JACOB HAY

becomes a battleground.

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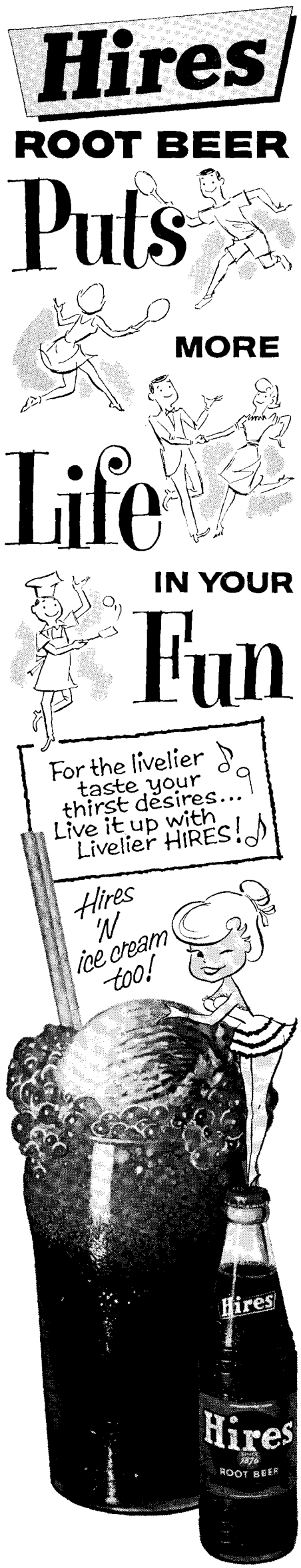

WAR GAMES

the man deserved a statue, but did it have to stand here? On this particular spot, bang in the way of the twentieth century?

And suddenly he had the answer to Sam Carruthers's problem. It was as simple as that.

"BWAHP," roared the moving van behind as its driver, maddened beyond human endurance, leaned his whole weight on his horn button.

"BWAHP," moosecalled the bus ahead in surly reply, and now around the circle others took up the cry and the air was hideous with cacophony. Barney heard it not. A dreamy smile creased his long, bony face as the full, flowering beauty of his idea unfolded itself in his mind's eye.

And roughly sixty-five miles to the north and slightly to the east, Dexter, too, was driving home from work to the preprandial cocktail and the relaxed dinner, blithely unaware of what lay in store. And after dinner there was to be a mass meeting, sponsored by the Greater Dexter Battlefield Memorial Organizing Committee, in the auditorium of the Phineas Dexter Senior High School, during which State Sen. Claude K. Fenstermacher would discuss the delays the committee had encountered in its efforts to achieve its objective. By no coincidence at all, Senator Fenstermacher was also the chairman of the opposition's State Central Committee.

"It sounds awful tricky," Sam Carruthers said that same evening, when Barney telephoned. "But I'll back you as far as I can and tell my staff to do the same, in case anybody checks. You really think you can get away with it, Barney?"

"Why not?" came the confident reply. "Nobody knows me in Dexter. You say Anne's staying at the Carruthers ancestral mansion? . . . Good! I'll phone her there and put her into the big picture, like we say around here. And Sam ——"

"Yes, Barney?"

"Quit worrying."

The most they could get him for, Barney pondered as he poured himself a highball following his call to Anne Carruthers, was impersonating an officer. Always assuming, of course, they didn't lynch him first, as Anne had pointed out. His old Korean War correspondent's uniform wouldn't do. He'd have to rent one of the new green jobs. And a lieutenant colonelcy, he decided, should give him enough rank to get the deed accomplished; not too much, not too little. Lieutenant colonel, Corps of Engineers; that was the ticket. On the strength of it, Barney poured himself another highball and braced himself for a third telephone call. It was time to advise Mike Lindsey, his bureau chief, that he would like to take a part of his vacation, and Mike could never understand why anyone who called himself a newspaperman should consider interrupting the most fascinating work in the world with something as boring as a vacation.

So it befell that two days later there registered at the Hotel Phineas Dexter a Lt. Col. Barnaby Warren, who listed his home address as Washington, D.C.

"Yes, indeed, sir. Congressman Carruthers's office phoned your reservation in, sir," babbled the desk clerk. "Miss Carruthers asked me to tell you she would be waiting for you in the Colonial Coffee Shoppe, just downstairs on the right, sir."

She was, too, and looking worried. "Everything's all set," she told Barney quietly as a waitress fetched them their cups. "You're to meet the mayor and city council later this morning, and this afternoon the executive board of the organizing committee. Oh, Barney, I'm scared. And I don't think I like you at all in that uniform."

"Peace, child. All will be well. And I wish I could kiss you," soothed the lieutenant colonel blandly. "I've been observing the military for years, my pet, and I anticipate no difficulties whatsoever. And as for credentials, your admirable father has provided me with the works. Just don't forget and call me 'Barney darling.' In public, that is."

Then, all too soon in Anne Carruthers's opinion, it was time to go. The hour was struck. All now depended upon the tall, impeccably uniformed man at her side, upon whose features there played an inscrutable smile. Barnaby Warren agoing to the wars.

". . . to present to you now Lieutenant Colonel Warren, of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, who is on detached service with the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior." Mayor Leon Gladfelter concluded his introduction and glanced swiftly down through his pince-nez to consult his notes. "Colonel—er, ah—Warren is the project-planning officer for the Middle Atlantic Region, and he has been assigned to make a project-suitability survey and feasibility report." His honor resumed his chair, and a polite burst of applause arose from the assembled members of the Dexter City Council as Barney arose, his golden Engineer Corps' castles flashing brilliantly, his expression stern.

"I will not keep you long," he rasped, opening the bulging briefcase he had brought with him and extracting a sheaf of papers. "Your congressman, Mr. Carruthers, has asked us to survey your city here as a possible location for a national military park, and that's why I'm here. We've come a long way in the planning game, gentlemen, and we've learned a lot from our past mistakes. I'll be frank when I say that we consider Gettysburg a failure, and we're not really happy about Bull Run. Before Interior throws its support behind a bill to create a national military park here, Interior wants to have a pretty fair idea whether the project is sound. And that fair idea, gentlemen of the council, will be based on my report. I hope, therefore, that I can count on your fullest support." Barney sat down and stuffed his sheaf of papers back into his briefcase with the air of a man who has just delivered an ultimatum.

"I think I speak for Dexter, colonel," said Mayor Gladfelter solemnly, "when I say that you can expect the cooperation of every blessed man, woman and child in this city."

"Fine," snapped the Middle Atlantic regional project-planning officer past the cigar jutting out from between his clenched teeth. It threatened momentarily to suffocate him, but it was in character and that was all that mattered. "Now here are a couple of figures I'll need to know for my preliminary studies." It was from this moment that the municipal administration of Dexter began its ordeal.

The Traffic Department set to work to determine the number of existing and potential parking spaces and areas within a three-mile radius of the city's center, allowing for current rates of growth, exclusive of the 500-acre site on the western edge of town over which the Battle of Dexter had been fought. The Health Department was asked to estimate the total

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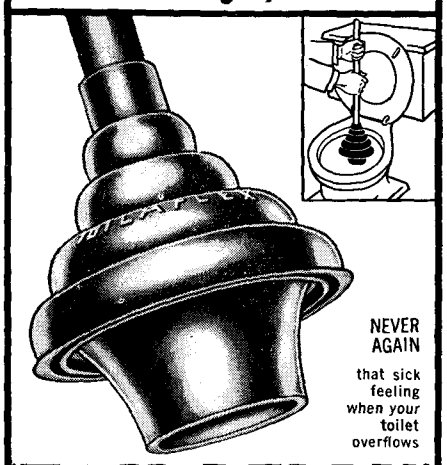

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number of *new* accommodation units which would be required over a five-year period for an annual increase of 10,000 tourists per month during the summer season. The Department of Public Works was requested to examine these reports and from them prepare its own estimate of what additional roads and sewers would be necessitated in consequence. All to be ready for the project planning officer's perusal in just ten working days.

There was, not unnaturally, some minor grumbling when City Manager Roscoe Goodling that afternoon announced a general postponement of all vacations for employees of the departments affected.

Barney was no less stern a taskmaster with the executive board of the Battlefield Memorial Organizing Committee, which gathered in the directors' room of the Dexter Chamber of Commerce that afternoon. Much, he told them gravely, would be required of them, now and in the days ahead. They must be prepared to make certain sacrifices and suffer certain inconveniences.

"What I propose to do here, ladies and gentlemen, is nothing more or less than a complete mock-up of the park," Barney declared, "based on the official records of the Battle of Dexter and encompassing all important historic sites. Thus you people here in Dexter, and we in the Park Service, will be able to see precisely how the proposed project shapes up. To give you some idea of what this will mean"—Barney paused dramatically—"how many of you here are aware that the position of Battery A of the 78th Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery at ten A.M. on the morning of the battle was on what is now the lawn in front of the Dexter County Court House?" The question brought a surprised muttering from the executive board. Barney drove relentlessly ahead. "Or that the reserve position of the 69th Virginia Cavalry occupied what is presently the fairway of the fourteenth hole of the Dexter Hills Country Club? All of these vitally important sites must be suitably marked if the visiting public is to comprehend the action of June 30, 1863, and grasp its tremendous significance. Otherwise, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the same unfortunate and confused situation which presently exists at Gettysburg, where an all-night diner occupies the very spot where the gallant McSweeney fell." And while neither Barney nor the executive board had the faintest idea who the gallant McSweeney might have been, Gettysburg's negligence fetched a gasp of indignation and even a cry of "Shame!"

"Colonel Warren," said the board's chairman, the Honorable Benjamin Rauhauser, judge of the Orphans Court and president of the Dexter County Historical Society, "we will spare nothing to insure that our park shall be a model for the whole country to emulate. The Battle of Dexter will come into its own as the true turning point of the Civil War, and Gettysburg will become merely the inevitable anticlimax."

Back in the office in the Lawyers Building on East Market Street, which Sam Carruthers maintained as his Dexter headquarters and which Barney had taken over as his base of operations, Anne waited nervously, a pot of coffee simmering on a hot plate in readiness to refresh and restore the returned soldier. Spread out upon the Congressman's broad desk lay a copy of the Official Plan of Dexter (and environs) as prepared by the city surveyor. And on the plan lay a copy of that little-known work of historical scholarship, *Prelude to Disaster, an Account of the Battle of Dexter, June 30, 1863*, by J. Fred Goodspeed, editor emeritus of the Dexter *Gazette*, and published under the auspices of the Dexter County Historical Society by the Gazette Press. Copyright 1909.

"They ate it up," reported the Middle Atlantic regional project planning officer triumphantly as he entered and tossed his gilt-encrusted cap gaily in the direction of the hat rack. "Annie, my girl, I think we're set to roll. Now let's get down to the paper work." He accepted a cup of coffee and sat down at the desk. "If you've never seen a town hoist on its own petard," he told Anne, beaming, "stick around." He reached for *Prelude to Disaster*. "Out of the mouths of editors emeritus," he muttered and set himself to the dreadful task.

"Shall we get on with the haggling?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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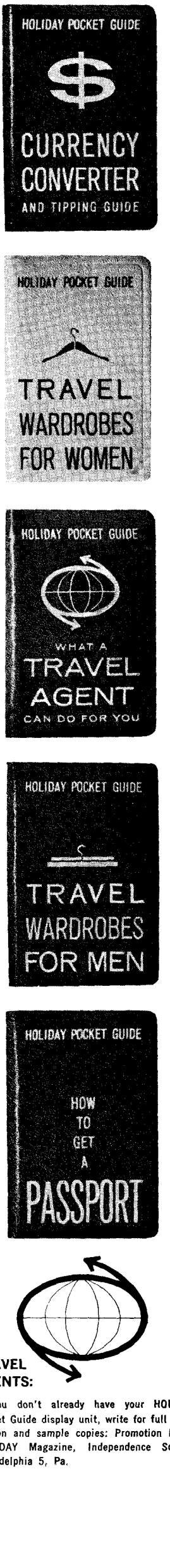
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WAR GAMES

The first white trestles appeared the next morning on the lawn in front of the Dexter County Court House, forming a square roughly seventy feet to a side. They were placed in position by a crew from the Department of Public Works, under the personal supervision of the project planning officer. A small, neatly lettered sign, which had taken the Police Department's sign painter most of the night to prepare, informed the public that the trestles enclosed the site occupied by Battery A, 78th Pennsylvania Vol. Arty. at ten A.M., June 30, 1863. It was unfortunate that the trestles blocked the sidewalk leading to the main entrance of the court house, but doubtless temporary wooden duckboards could be provided to carry pedestrians around the obstacle, Barney assured the building superintendent.

It was equally unfortunate that at eleven A.M. on June 30, 1863, 1st Lt. Archibald Smith, commanding, elected to move Battery A into a more favorable position slightly to the south and west, on the grounds of the First Presbyterian Church, which commanded any enemy approach from South George Street. "Sorry, doctor, but it's all here in Goodspeed's definitive study of the battle, and we must be accurate, mustn't we?" Barney soothed the Rev. Dr. Claude Mulhouse as the Department of Public Works crew stolidly set up another seventy-foot-square of white, wooden trestles squarely in front of the parsonage.

The Greens Committee of the Dexter Hills Country Club advised the membership that, as the fourteenth hole was temporarily out of use, the fifteenth hole should be played twice during the upcoming club tournament.

"What do you mean 'condemned'?" bellowed Mr. Al Hoopes, proprietor of the Sleepy Hollow Motel, on the highway just west of Dexter. "For Pete's sakes, colonel, we just added ten units last summer!"

"I'm sure you'll be paid a fair price for the property," Barney said firmly. "I agree that it's too bad, but we simply can't have this sort of thing blocking the view." A hundred yards distant, a city workman was affixing a sign to a stake. On this spot, the sign advised, were the rude entrenchments marking the extreme right flank of the line held by the Dexter Home Guard during the afternoon of June 30, 1863, and hotly attacked from three P.M. onward.

By sheerest chance the extreme left flank, on what had been Grierson's Farm, was now occupied by the Playland Skating Rink & Amusement Center. This, too, would have to go, Barney told its dumbfounded owner. "We can't very well erect a marble shaft in the center of a skating rink, can we?" he had asked reasonably. "Not to mention an observation tower and the usual public conveniences."

"Do you really think we ought to be seen together?" Anne asked over dinner that evening in the Revolutionary Tavern of the Hotel Phineas Dexter.

"What's to suspect?" Barney replied calmly. "Shouldn't the congressman's daughter be helping out with the congressman's favorite project? Relax, Annie." He chuckled softly. "We're driving 'em, girl, driving 'em hard. Wait till the Dexter Farm Machinery Manufacturing Company learns that Jeb Stuart's Horse Artillery spent an hour bang in the center of their employees' parking lot!" And then his manner grew solemn. "Tomorrow," he said gravely, "we start to throw in the reserves." He lifted his old-fashioned. "I give you General Phil Sheridan"

"But we had no idea, my dear colonel," protested his honor, Mayor Leon Gladfelter, the following morning at the emergency meeting of the city council, hastily assembled at the urgent behest of the director of public safety, who had been the first to learn of the latest development from his near-hysterical chief of police. "We had envisioned a park on the outskirts of the city, on the actual ground where the Confederates were finally repulsed. But this ——" His honor stopped, at a loss for words.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Traffic has always moved straight through Continental Square," the director of public safety repeated for the fiftieth time that morning. "Straight through, never around; either north and south on George Street, or east and west on Market. The traffic signals are set for straight-through movement; the traffic lanes are painted for straight-through movement. My men are going crazy out there, trying to move cars around those confounded trestles, gentlemen. Crazy, I tell you."

"Nevertheless, gentlemen," Barney said, coldly adamant, "it remains a historical fact that Major Rudolph Snyder, the commanding officer of the Dexter Home Guard, received the surrender of the remnants of the 45th South Carolina Cavalry Regiment in the center of the town square. It would be unthinkable to leave a site of such tremendous import unmarked; indeed, the current thinking in Park Service is in the direction of something in the nature of a simple memorial arch. Possibly a statue, but more likely an arch. Probably granite or native limestone, depending on cost."

"An arch!" yelped the director of public safety. Despite the double windows which preserved the council chamber's air conditioning, it was now possible to hear what sounded like a distant but vociferous flight of wild geese. The telephone by the mayor's chair buzzed softly but insistently. His honor cradled the instrument to his ear and paled. Then he hung up.

"Traffic's backed up for eight blocks in all directions," he said hoarsely. "A lady's given birth to a baby in an ambulance tied up near Pine Street, and Hook and Ladder Number Two report they couldn't move an engine six feet beyond their doors. What do we do now?"

"I suggest," said the Middle Atlantic regional project planning officer calmly, taking a puff of his cigar, "you consider setting up temporary one-way streets. Merely," he added kindly as he observed an apoplectic flush color the plump cheeks of the director of public safety, "for the period of the suitability survey. We in the service take a very dim view, gentlemen, of a park site which lacks an adequate system of traffic control, and your handling of this situation will have a most important part in my feasibility report."

It was at this precise moment that the proceedings, already tottering on the brink of chaos, were further complicated by the arrival of Homer K. Brinckerhof, secretary of the Dexter Chamber of Commerce, who had just concluded a most unsatisfactory discussion in his office with a group of prominent Dexter businessmen. Dexter's economy, Mr. Brinckerhof said in a choked sort of voice, could doubtless survive the loss of the Sleepy Hollow Motel and the Playland Skating Rink & Amusement Center—the influx of tourist dollars would fill that gap, and other motels and amusement centers would assuredly be required in the fullness of time—but were the members of the city council aware that the tract of land recently purchased by the Omega Electronics Corporation was now entirely surrounded by white wooden trestles? "We've been plugging this Omega deal for five years," Mr. Brinckerhof said, his tone unsteady with strong emotion. "Their annual payroll would be in the millions." He sobbed, unable to say more.

"Ah, yes," Barney observed thoughtfully, tapping the ash from his cigar, "I know the area well; Snyder's Last Stand, Goodspeed calls it. 'Falling back under the furious and sustained assaults of Gillingham's Georgians, it was astride these bloody acres that the heroic Major Snyder determined to hold or die.' Goodspeed phrases it superbly, I think you will agree. We'll probably want to reconstruct the Sunken Lane that once cut diagonally across the property."

"Colonel Warren," spoke up Mayor Leon Gladfelter, and there was steel in his voice and iron in his soul, "I must ask you to wait outside while I discuss a matter of the gravest importance with my city council. If you please, colonel."

Passing from the council chamber, Barney was nearly knocked over by the hurried entrance of a large, florid man whose expression was that of one about to foam at the mouth. T. J. Hanson, president of the Dexter Farm Machinery Manufacturing Company, arriving late for work, had discovered that that section of his company's parking lot reserved for executives was now encompassed by Colonel Warren's all-too-dreadfully-familiar white trestles. T. J. Hanson was not happy about this.

It took about a week for Dexter's municipal machinery to sort itself out, and another week to get back to normal operations. The Department of Public Works took a little longer.

In response to the poignant telegram, signed jointly by Mayor Gladfelter and Judge Rauhauser, Congressman Carruthers had promised to resist with every means at his command any attempt by the National Park Service to impose its will upon the good citizens of the great city of Dexter. COURAGEOUS CARRUTHERS DEFIES THE BUREAUCRATS trumpeted the Dexter *Gazette*. "Let us rejoice," bade its lead editorial, "that Dexter has sensibly rejected the dead past in favor of the bright future."

Anne Carruthers and Barney Warren were married just a couple of weeks ago, very quietly, in Washington. They have decided to make no announcement of their nuptials in the Dexter *Gazette* until the memory of those white trestles has become fainter. Since Barney is due to be transferred to Inter-Allied's Rome Bureau, he and Anne feel that the matter is not urgent.

There is little doubt of Sam Carruthers' re-election next month; even the opposition concedes that. State Senator Fenstermacher has his suspicions, of course, but he is a sufficiently astute politician to know when he's licked and that there are times when the best thing to do with a touchy issue is just to leave it alone. And preferably dead.

Which is as good a reason as any why, next time you happen to be in Dexter, Pennsylvania, it might be wiser not to mention the Civil War. THE END

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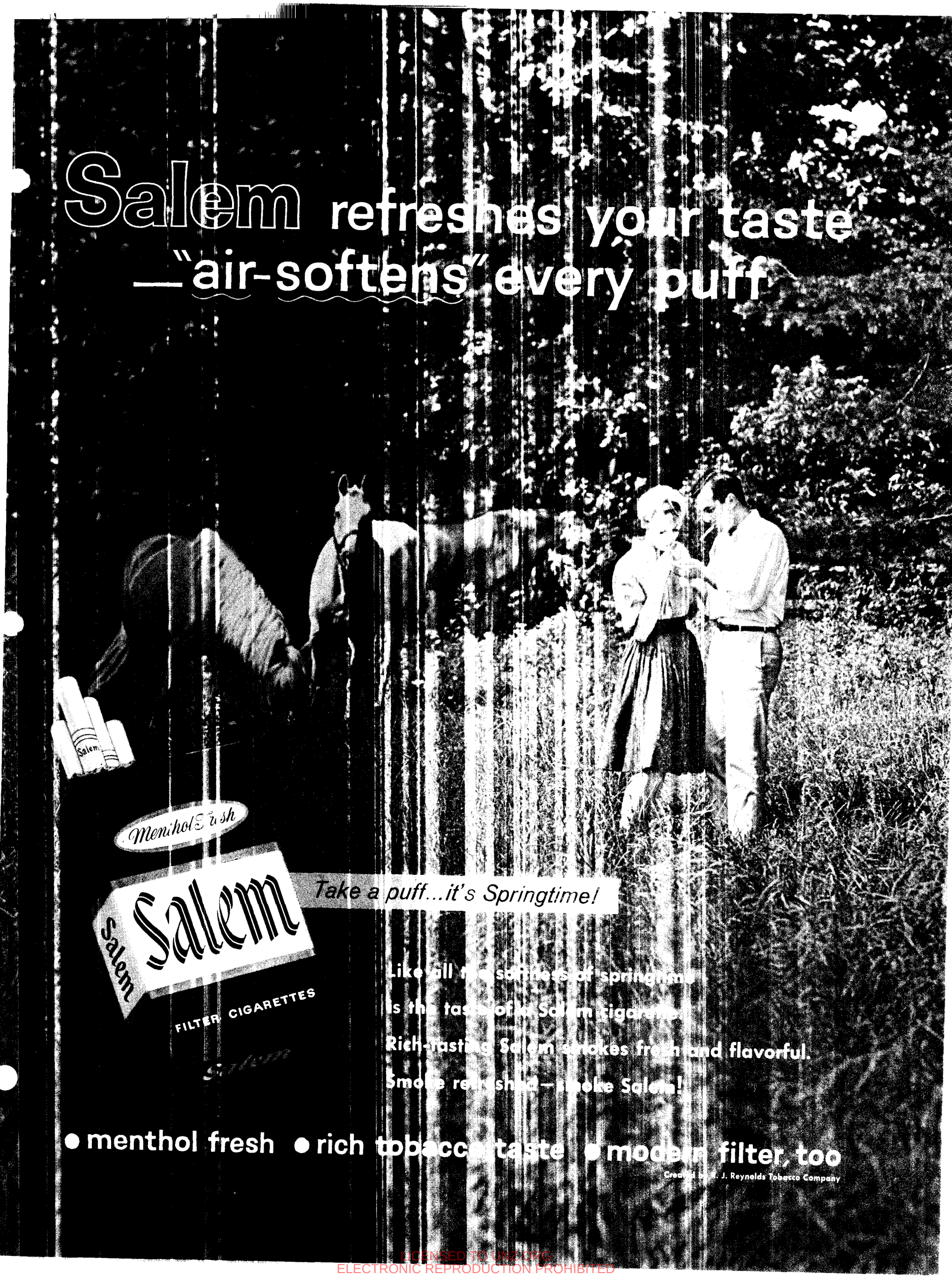

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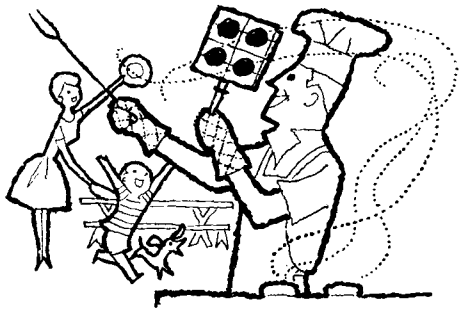

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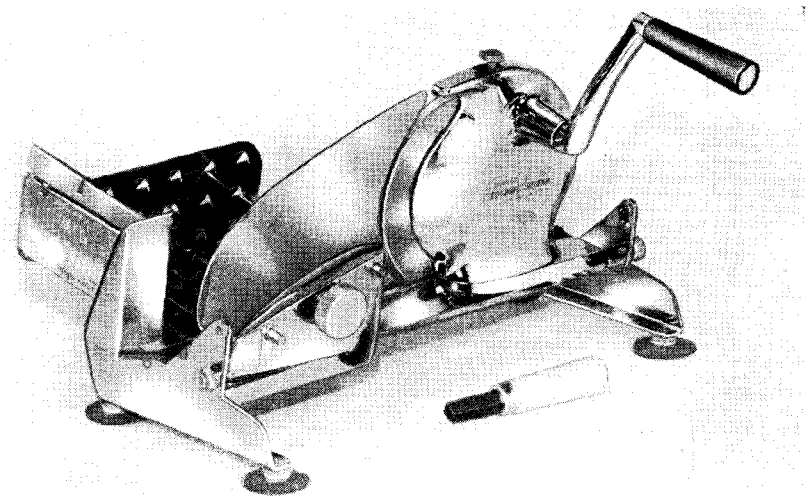

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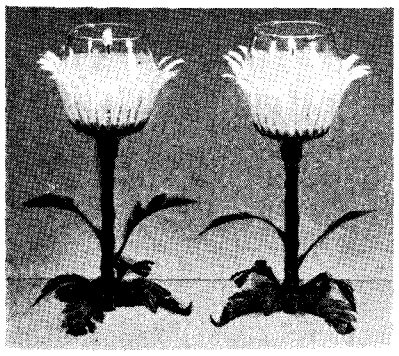

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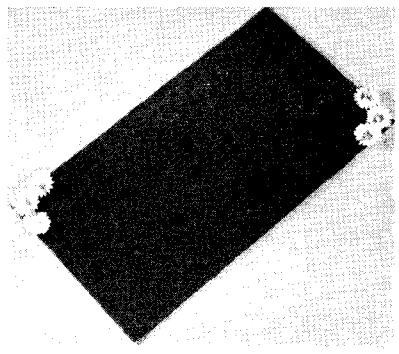
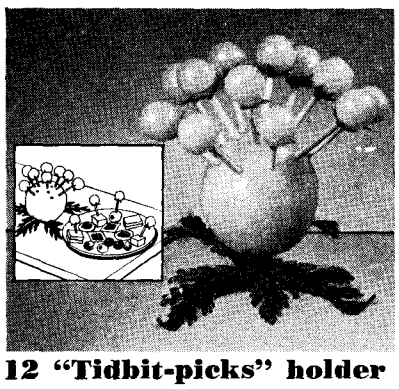
68 Daisy-cup Citronellas Pair $6



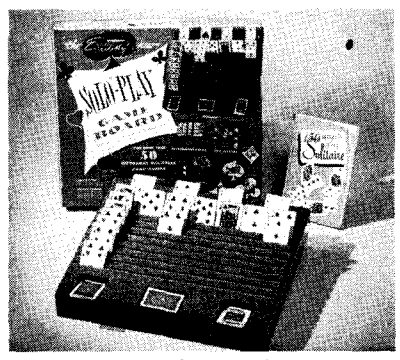
New grass-look door mat
Charming way of reminding visitors to wipe their feet before entering your home. Green plastic grass-pile surface; white daisies at corners. Imported from Italy. 14¾ x 27".
69 "Green-grass" Door Mat $6.00

Light up your grounds
Post lantern is guiding light for callers, shows beauty of grounds. Weatherproof, bonderized black finish aluminum won't rust or discolor. Heavy beveled glass. 13" h., 6½" w.
70 Weatherproof Post Lantern $11

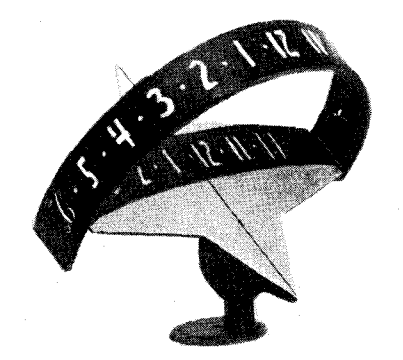
For stamp collectors
Oldtime salt box inspires this New England pine box with inner holder for trading stamps... Early American style with gold-tone lettering an eagle. Hangs on wall. 12" x 6½" x 4".
71 Salt-box Stamp Holder $4.00



12 "Tidbit-picks" holder
Luscious look-real plastic orange or lemon, each with 12 matching "picks" for canapes; olive, onion, or fruit in cocktails. Buy several!
72 Orange "Tidbit-Picks" Set $2
73 Lemon "Tidbit-Picks" Set $2



Play solitaire 150 ways
Portable "Solo-Play" game board with cards, instruction book. For travelers, vacationers, home players, hospital patients, shut-ins. Easy-play view even from lie-in-bed position.
74 "Solo-Play" Game Board $4.00



Novel garden sun-dial
New and different sun dial! The sun shines through cut-out numerals and projects the hour on face of dial. The time of day can be seen from a considerable distance. Cast aluminum.
75 Easy-View Sun Dial $8.00

Top adjusts for comfort
Add this leg-lounger to chair, adjust top to wanted angle for ottoman-comfort... or use as extra seat. Brown tufted vinyl, 19 x 14½ x 14" seat; washable. *West of Mississippi* $10.98
1 Tilt Leg-Lounger *East* $ 9.98

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Brooke's professional stock-in-trade is her "super-American look."

The Bouncy World of a Breezy Blonde

Top teen-age model and budding actress Brooke Bundy leads a dizzy, coast-to-coast life and loves to talk and talk about it.

Not only is there "nothing like a dame," as a song writer once put it; there is absolutely nothing like a dame who is at the effervescent age of eighteen—Brooke Bundy, for example. A delightful mixture of girl and woman, she takes life blithely.

"I never worry about anything," she says. "My mother gets mad because of it. Oh, I used to worry about the bomb, but you can't go around worrying about the bomb all the time."

As one of New York City's top teen-age models, Brooke makes $18,000 a year, an extraordinary income for a teen-ager. And her life is glamorous beyond her years. More noteworthy is the effect she has on her contemporaries. She has qualities which, when caught in photographs and reproduced on billboards, on television and in magazines, influence other teen-agers to buy one soap instead of another, or to adopt a new style. As her boss, models' agent Jerry Ford, says: "Brooke is an ideal teen-age type. With her super-American look, she's just the girl to sell toothpaste and fashions to young girls."

Brooke has very little to say for the "super-American look" and professes not to know why anyone would want to emulate her.

"I was a very ugly little girl," she says, "and I'm still not very pretty. I have a figure like a little boy and awful legs and I'm hideous without makeup."

Brooke is not the fine-featured, high-fashion type. Her beauty is believable and so, for that matter, is her personality. Like many a girl her age, she bubbles over with wild and wonderful

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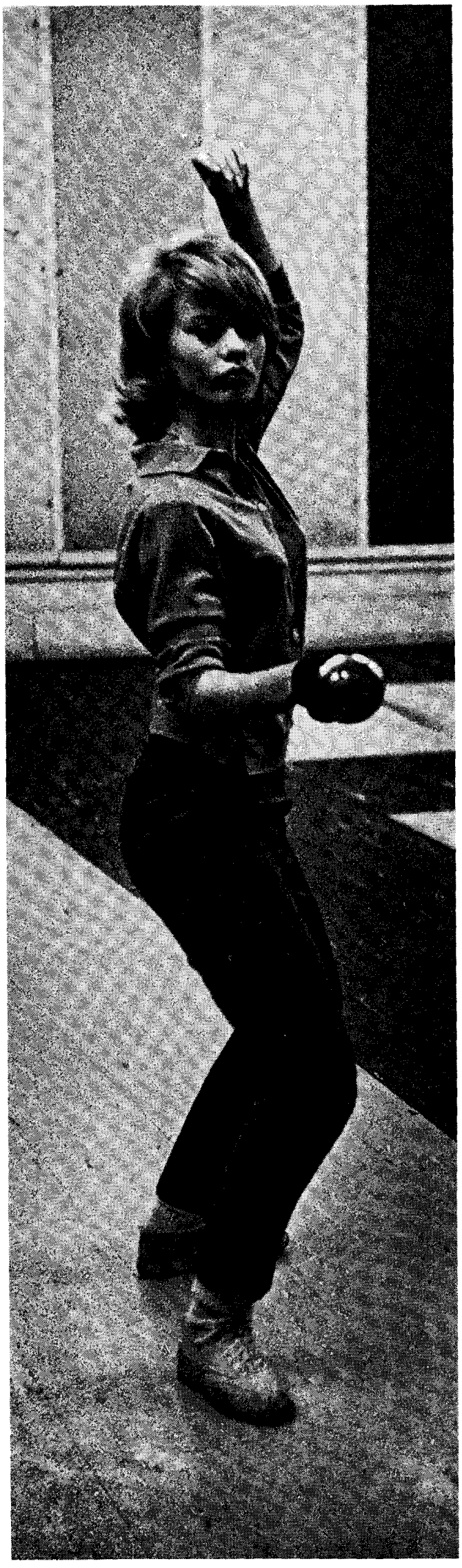

Twice a week Brooke takes lessons at a Greenwich Village fencing academy.

As a model Brooke gets forty dollars an hour—even while she's making up.

thoughts. Insatiably curious, her questing mind jabs in all directions. ("It's funny," she says. "I hear statistics like only 14 percent of Americans have flown in their entire life. And then I wonder where America is. Is it Los Angeles or is it Elephant's Breath, Iowa?") One moment Brooke plays at being cynical; the next she bursts with aspiration and fantasy.

"I want to get hold of $52,000," she says, "and rent fifteen minutes on NBC or CBS. That's what it costs—I've already priced it. And then I'm going to tell them all where to go. Everybody, I mean. All the creeps, from the men who take my cab away from me—they've seen me hail it first, but they grab it anyway; I chase them for blocks and yell through the window—to Mr. Khrushchev, king of the creeps.

She'd Ask Her Mother

"And then I'll show slides of Rome and Venice. My mother took me to Europe last fall and I just loved it, except the Italian men are so spoiled by the women there. Sometimes an Italian man would come over and show me his car keys and ask if I'd like to go for a ride with him and be so confident and debonair and think he's offering me a big deal. But then I'd tell him everyone in America has a car so I wasn't very impressed. And anyway I'd have to ask my mother."

If even in this urban age the "typical" American girl is still the apple-cheeked small-towner, Brooke is not typical. She is a city kid. Like most New Yorkers, she loves to talk about the city and exaggerate its horrors.

"Once I was hit by a car at Seventy-second Street and Lexington Avenue," she says. "I must have lay out on that street fifteen minutes and no one stopped. It finally got me bugged, so I looked up at this woman who was stepping over me and I said, 'Uh, Miss.' And she looked down at me and said, 'Are you hurt?' I said, 'No, I always lie at Seventy-second Street and Lexington Avenue.' She tried to get me to stand up, of all silly things! Obviously she never watched television."

Traffic is just one of the hazards Brooke has survived. Her mother, a former model, believed in keeping her baby at her side, so when Brooke was as young as eight she was taken along to El Morocco and the Stork Club.

"I would sit back in the corner of the booth," she says, "and watch everything. I don't think it particularly hurt me."

Her education, which began in an experimental school when she was eighteen months old, took her through a succession of schools, public and private, including a boarding school in Connecticut.

"Some of the girls there were such hypocrites," she says. "They considered me an outsider because I didn't wear high-priced McMullen blouses and circle pins, you know? And they went to church on Sundays, but that was as far as religion went. And they kind of blushed at dirty jokes, but didn't—oh, I don't know. They were just kind of horrible people. I was possibly the most unpopular girl in the school, really. And then I started to model and they became friendly all of a sudden. I learned a lot about people that year."

Modeling changed Brooke's life. She transferred to the Professional Children's School in Manhattan, from which she received a high-school diploma last year. She started to earn considerable amounts of money—an average of $375 a week, at forty dollars an hour. And she found herself in a congenial world.

They All Had Divorces

"I love the people I work with," she says. "I mean they're not like the class-conscious crowd. You can be a Martian and be green and it doesn't matter as long as you do your job. That's all that counts. I think that's a good way to be. Modeling is a good field to grow up in."

Brooke is an only child. When she was six her parents were divorced, an event which didn't disturb her, she says, because "all my friends h parents who were divorced." Her father, an illus trator, died when she was thirteen and the death grieved her deeply. She still refuses to discuss it.

But the girl is more than the sum of her misfortunes. She lives happily with her mother and aunt in an apartment in Manhattan's fashionable

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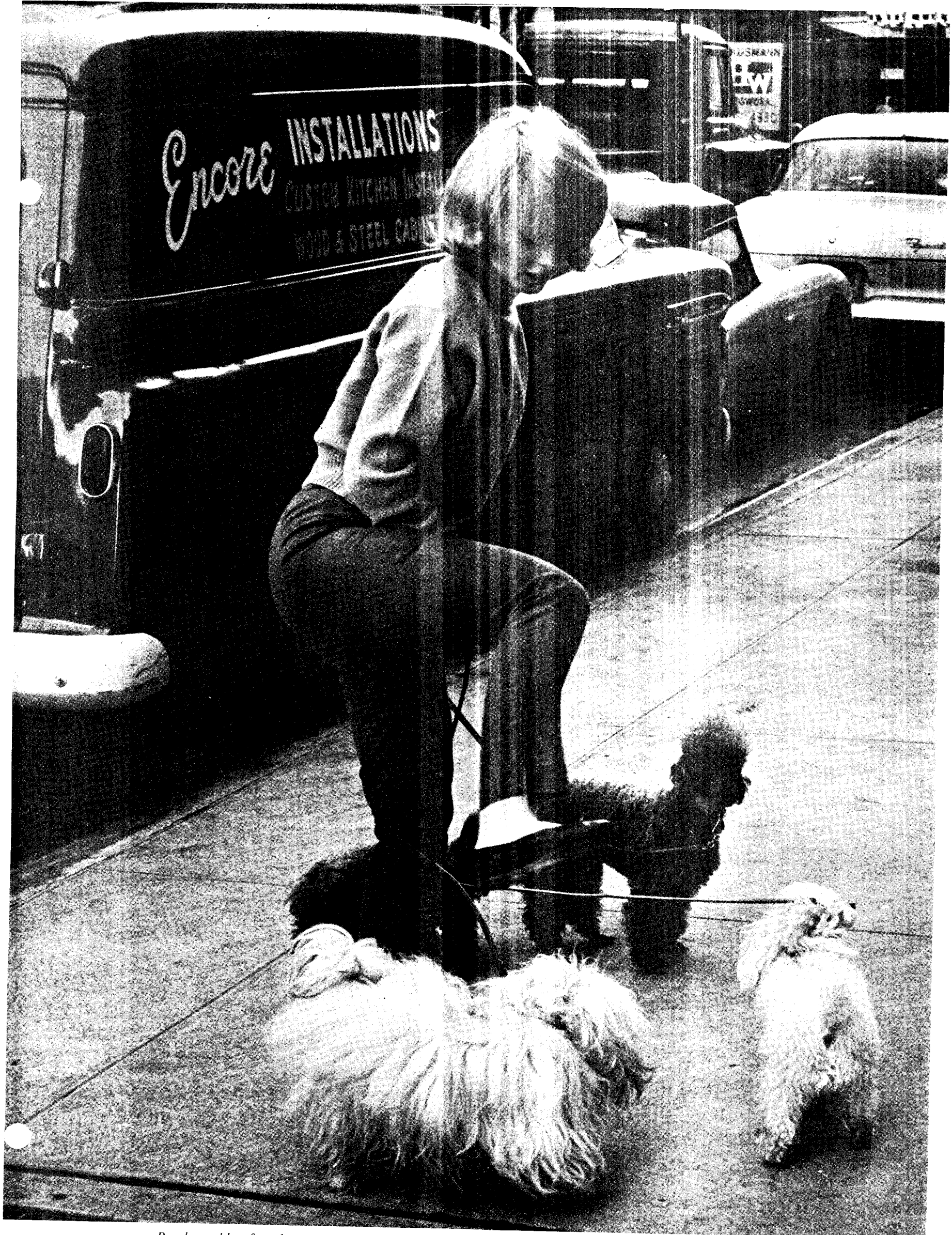

Brooke and her four dogs. "I love to come home and find those eight eyes looking at me in the dark," she says.

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In Hollywood Brooke twists with her best beau, Peter Helm. She went west for movie and television work.

Off to the drag races, Brooke takes along her shaggy dog, Haffa-Doodie.

Upper East Side, rides English sidesaddle in Central Park and enjoys a brisk social life.

"I'm friendly with everybody," she says. "I try to be, anyway—more than just courteous. I don't have many friends but the friends I do have are good ones."

Her friends are city kids too.

"I don't really know anyone that has got kind of—I hate to say it—corn in their hair," she says. "I've never known anyone who hasn't, like, seen a Broadway play."

But Brooke's horizons are expanding. She wants to act—she had a bit part in the 1958 Broadway play *J.B.*—and, at considerable sacrifice in modeling income, spends more and more time on the West Coast, trying to establish herself in television and motion pictures. Already she has played in two episodes of TV's *Donna Reed Show*.

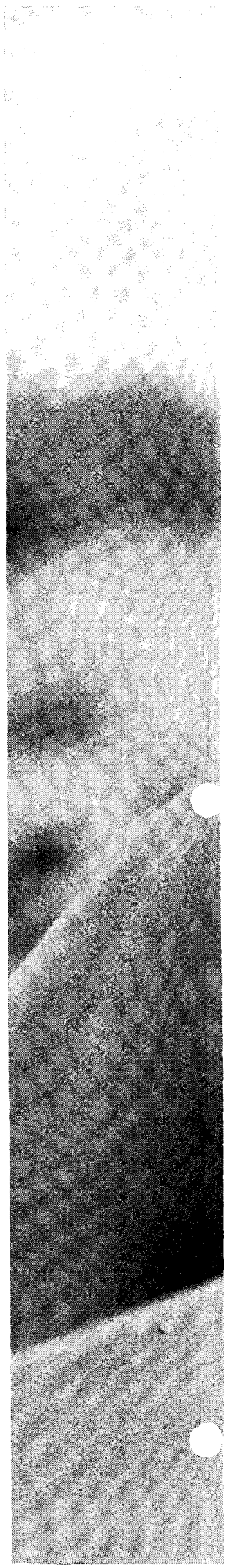
Frightened of Marriage

"People out there," she says, speaking of the Hollywood set, "are frightened, you know that? They're frightened to get married, so they just live with each other. I guess they're afraid of being tied down or something like that. I think it's terrible. Maybe I'm terribly moralistic.

"But California is great. Everyone in New York told me I'd hate it, that it's so very nonsophisticated, so non-everything; that they wear high heels with slacks and red-fox jackets and just horrible, horrible things. Now I like the West best. To me it means sun and healthy people."

At eighteen, Brooke is well along what she calls "the stormy path"—the rough road to maturity. She is still a teen-ager, of course, and not ashamed to show it ("I'm least happy when I'm hungry. I'm so queer for peanut butter that my mother has to hide it"). But sometimes she speaks with real understanding of her future, not as an actress or a clothes horse but as a woman.

"When a woman loves someone," she says, "and that person is in pain, she feels a desire to pressurize that pain out of the person and have it for herself. My aunt did this to me once a long time ago. I wasn't in physical pain—it was sort of anguish. But she hugged me. I mean I remember it vividly. It was very sweet." THE END



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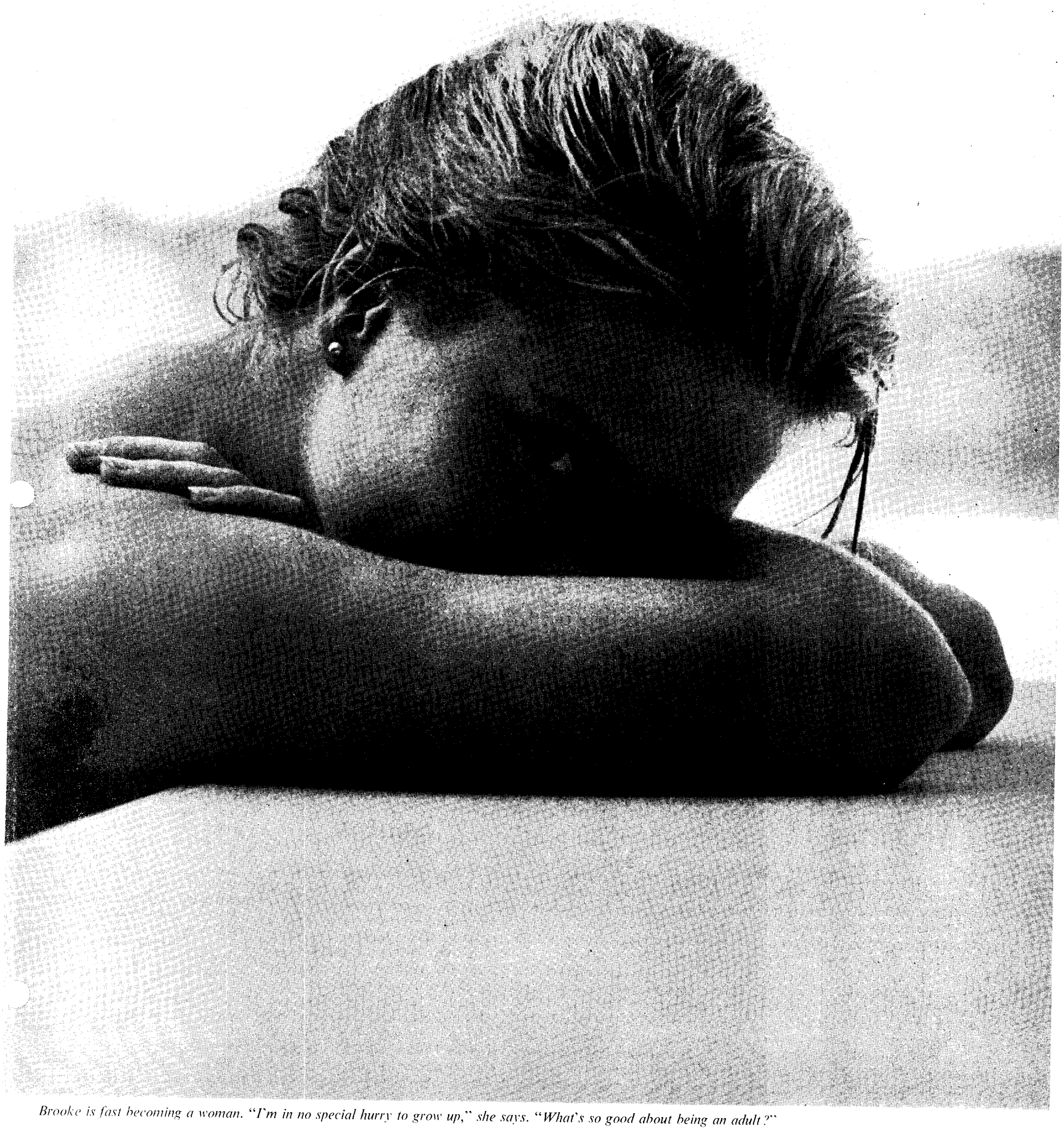

Brooke is fast becoming a woman. "I'm in no special hurry to grow up," she says. "What's so good about being an adult?"

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Trying to Get Out of Moral Hock

They are at it again. Nixon versus Brown, Romney versus Swainson, Rockefeller versus Whosit. From now until November they will be disagreeing, taking violent exception, setting the record straight and demanding retractions. But there is one thing that all of them would agree on, we suspect: It costs too much. Campaigning is becoming prohibitively expensive.

In the fall of 1961 President Kennedy appointed a committee, headed by Prof. Alexander Heard, dean of graduate studies at the University of North Carolina, to see what could be done about the high cost of campaigning. The committee estimated the cost for local, state and national candidates in 1960 at $165,000,000 to $175,000,000. Said the committee: "Individuals and organizations providing substantial gifts at critical moments can threaten to place a candidate in moral hock. In consequence, a disturbing and fundamental failure of present practices is the widespread cynicism about the democratic system that they produce."

To combat this cynicism and to broaden public participation in politics, Doctor Heard's committee recommended two kinds of tax incentives for contributions to presidential and vice presidential campaigns. The first would be a credit of one half of the total contributions *against the amount of tax that the individual owed* the Federal Government up to $10 per year ($20 for a joint return), and the second a maximum deduction of $1000 (President Kennedy lowered it to $750) *from the amount of income that is subject to the Federal tax.*

The committee expressed the hope that "the incentive to medium-sized gifts, coupled with the incentive to small gifts, will stimulate the massive giving needed by the parties." It proposed the establishment of a "central Federal repository, with a nonpartisan or bipartisan advisory board . . . to be called the Registry of Election Finance." All political committees that raised or spent as much as $2500 for President and Vice President, and all families or individuals that spent or contributed $5000 a year, would be required to file regular financial reports with the Federal election registry. In the committee's judgment this would be the most effective way to prevent excessive campaign contributions.

In forwarding the committee's recommendations to Congress, President Kennedy noted that "Congress may . . . wish to consider the applicability of any of the recommended practices to campaigns other than Presidential or Vice Presidential." Congress has had before it many proposals to broaden the base of campaign contributions. The House now has a bill (which has already passed the Senate in a somewhat different version) that would provide a $10 tax credit for contributions to Senate or House campaigns.

The proposals of the Heard committee deserve the support of the Congress. They have been endorsed by former Presidents Eisenhower and Truman, and former presidential candidates Nixon, Stevenson and Dewey. Tax incentives of this kind will, we believe, have a salutary effect on our democratic system. They will broaden the base of financial support for o... political parties, and because they wi... apply every year, they will help the parties overcome a perennial problem: the sporadic flow of funds.

We hope that Congress will coordinate and combine the proposals for presidential and congressional elections to establish uniform methods of collecting and reporting and to provide a reasonable ceiling on tax credits for contributions to Federal elections.

A Minority Acclaimed

There is a fine old American custom that gives every dog, and nearly every other creature that ever lived, his day. To honor notable persons we have Jackson Day on January 8, Frances E. Willard Day, February 17, Wright Brothers Day, December 17. We also have Groundhog, Flag and Arbor days.

Until recently, however, there was an omission in the calendar of special days. We are happy to report that this oversight has been corrected by the Honorable Joseph F. Periconi, president of the Borough of the Bronx in New York City. He has set aside May 20 as "Bronx Protestant Council Day." As Andy Griffith might say, "They don't hardly have days like that no more."

The day has its serious, and we think, highly commendable purpose. In proclaiming it Mr. Periconi said, "Protestantism has contributed much to American life and culture and seeks diligently to preserve American freedom and to encourage greater understanding and appreciation among all Americans for the general good."

There is another reason for offering a cheer (not a Bronx one) for Borough President Periconi: There are 675,000 Catholics, 502,000 Jews and only 217,000 Protestants in the Bronx, so Mr. Periconi has struck a blow for minority rights. Next thing you know they will be talking about electing a Protestant President of the United States.

Presidential Syntax

We have always suspected that it is not easy for the President of the United States to extemporize on every subject under the sun while a group of reporters stands ready to pounce on every word. President Eisenhower was frequently criticized for syntactical lapses in his press conferences. Mr. Kennedy is generally considered to be more articulate in these sessions, but there are times when even he has his troubles. Not long ago a reporter asked him whether he had any comment on "the so-called reverse freedom rides, whereby some Southern segregationists are attempting to send Negroes to the North?" Here was the answer:

> Yes, I think it's a rather cheap exercise in a —— You know, this country—people are moving every day by the thousands—25 percent of our population live in different states in the last decade than they did. There are hundreds, and thousands, of people coming from one state to another. So that this, rather, exercise in publicity to indicate, if I —— This man, it seems to me, really doesn't merit very much comment. I think he's —— We have difficulties in every area. We have people who ar... out of work in every area. We ha... people who are inadequately housed in every area. And we ought to do better in every area.

We see no cosmic significance in this. It simply shows that neither party has a monopoly on scrambled syntax.

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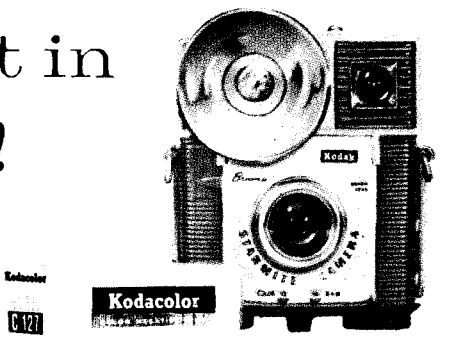

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